The Saturday Evening
POST
September 1, 1956 — 15¢

AUG 2 8 '56

How Miss Minnie Stole the $3,000,000

I HAD THROAT CANCER
By Herbert King

A New Perry Mason Mystery

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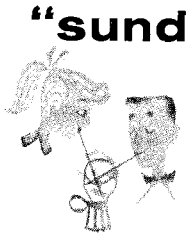
Floor is Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile, Style Nos. 777 and 770.

"sundae" basement solves everyday problems



This room belongs to some of the luckiest teen-agers—and the cleverest parents—in all the world! Just last month, upstairs, it was anybody's guess who owned the living room—the high-school set or the grownups. Now everybody's happy, especially Mother. For not even dancing feet and spilled drinks will mar the gay floor of Armstrong Excelon Tile. Even popcorn sweeps up quickly, because the plastic surface is so smooth. In fact, the only real trouble you're likely to have with Excelon Tile is *choosing* it, for there are so many lovely colorings and handsome designs. Putting it down is simple . . . even paying for it is easy, for this is a really inexpensive floor. In every way, Armstrong Excelon Tile is the best of today's low-cost resilient tile floors, for every room in your home.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, just published, "New Beauty for Basements and Basementless Houses." 16 color pages, dozens of exciting decorating ideas. Also included, description of the basement playroom shown above. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5609 Madison St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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Got the week-end wanderlust?

Just telephone ahead...*then go!*

Spur-of-the-moment trips can be fun, especially when you use the telephone to make last-minute arrangements. It's so quick and easy to telephone ahead for reservations . . . to call out-of-town friends and relatives you'd like to visit . . . to keep in touch with things back home while you're away.

Next time you plan a trip, let the telephone smooth your way. The cost is small.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

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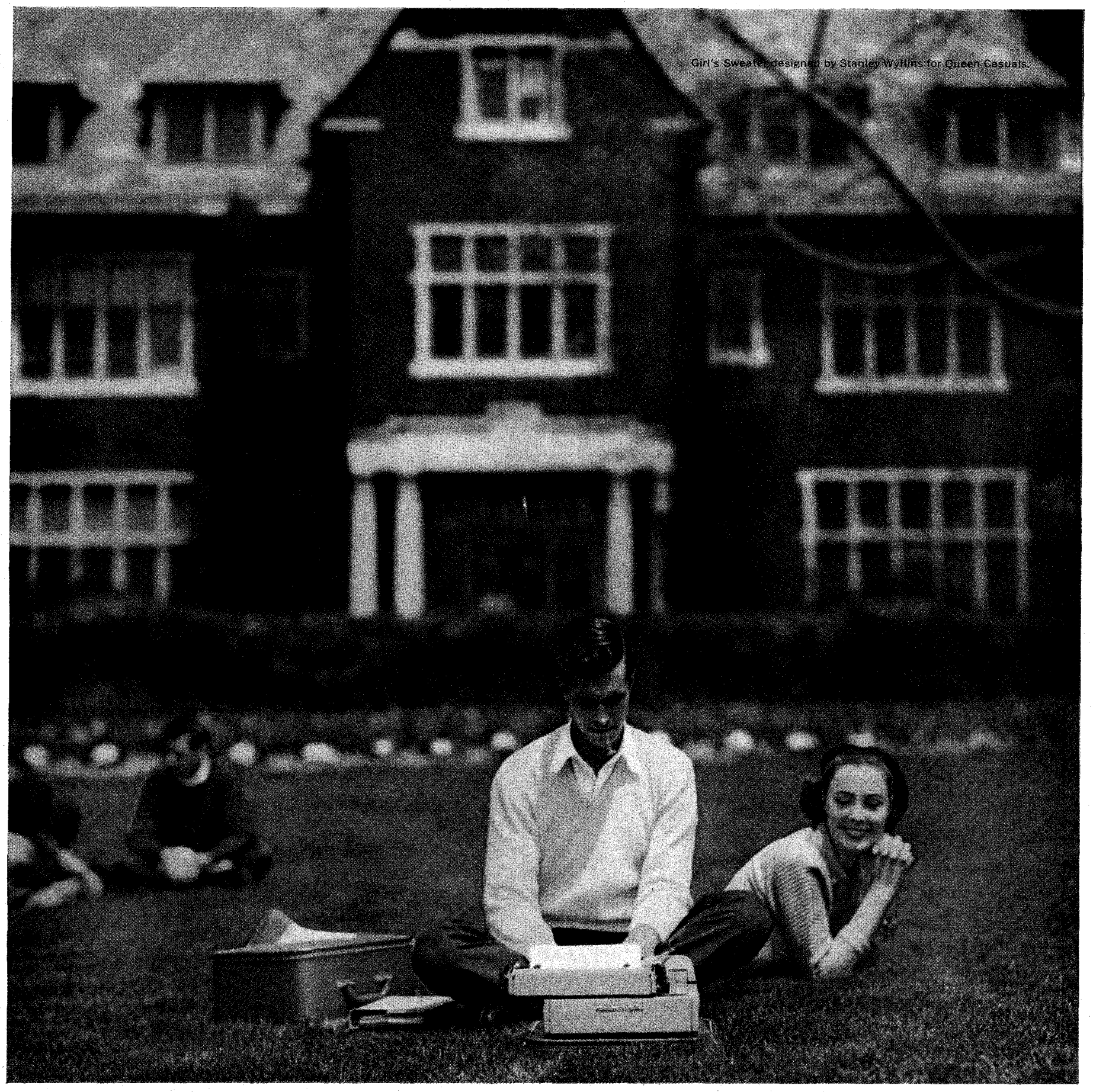

SITTING PRETTY *with a new Remington Quiet-riter portable*

Tests show that students who use typewriters get up to 38% higher grades. Why not give your boy or girl this advantage in the school year just beginning? But, before you buy, make sure that you see the new Remington Quiet-riter, the *modern* portable that gives you more for your money in typing ease and convenience...in appearance...and in durability!

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And you can now choose your Quiet-riter in any of these handsome decorator colors—*Desert Sage, Mist Green, White Sand and French Gray.* Elegant luggage-type carrying case and touch typing instruction book included!

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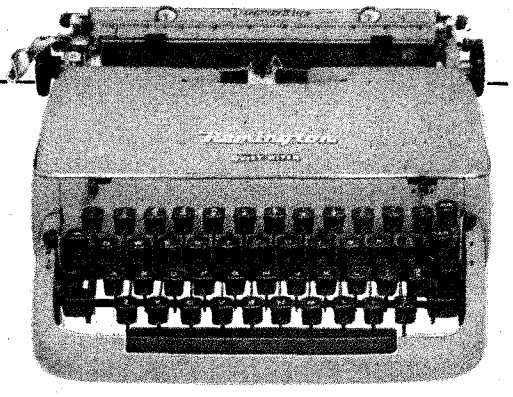
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION



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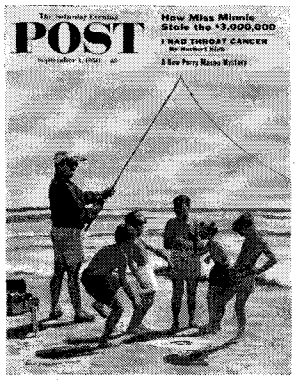

THE COVER

Mr. Rodney Fischer, an eminent metropolitan banker who is accustomed to being treated with deep respect, is not being. If that is a sardine he has caught, it may cop the surf-casting championship, for it is indeed of great size. But the boys' happy faces and the man's apoplectic face indicate that it is a small sample, or child, of something more ambitious. If one of the boys procures a broomstick, hammers some staples on it for line guides, and with one cast reaps a heavyweight striper, that apoplectic face will get worse. Mr. F. should set his rod in the gadget Dick Sargent has painted behind him, and lie down and relax his bile; if he goes to sleep, he may catch something decent. While he stands up, his blinding raiment must terrify all the fish who are old enough to think.

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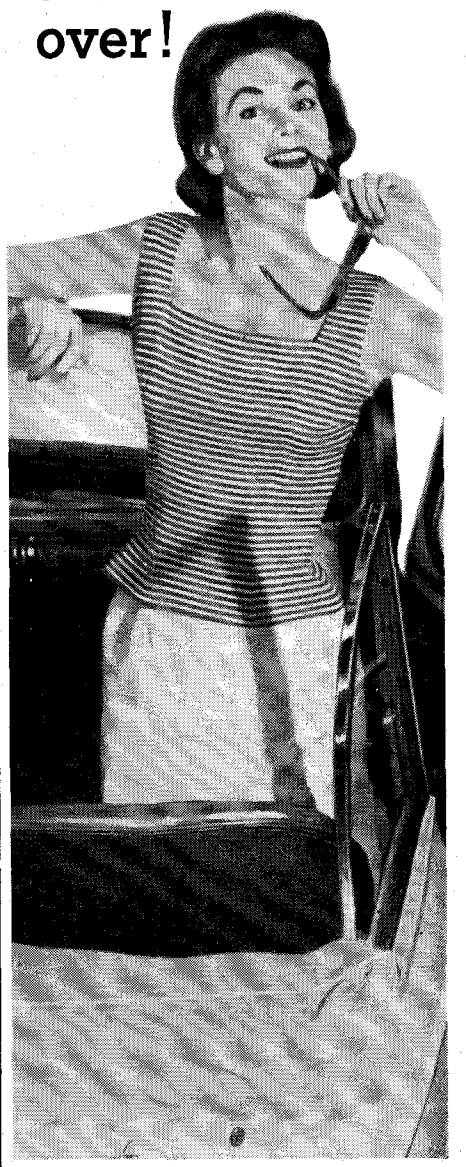
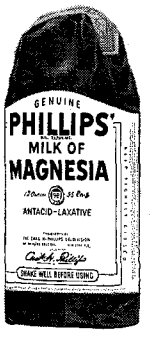
My constipation worries are over!



Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than *any other laxative* which acts only on constipation... gives *better* relief than *all* of them—because it *also* relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. Three tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely. Your sleep is not disturbed. When morning comes you get the relief you need to start the day feeling wonderful. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



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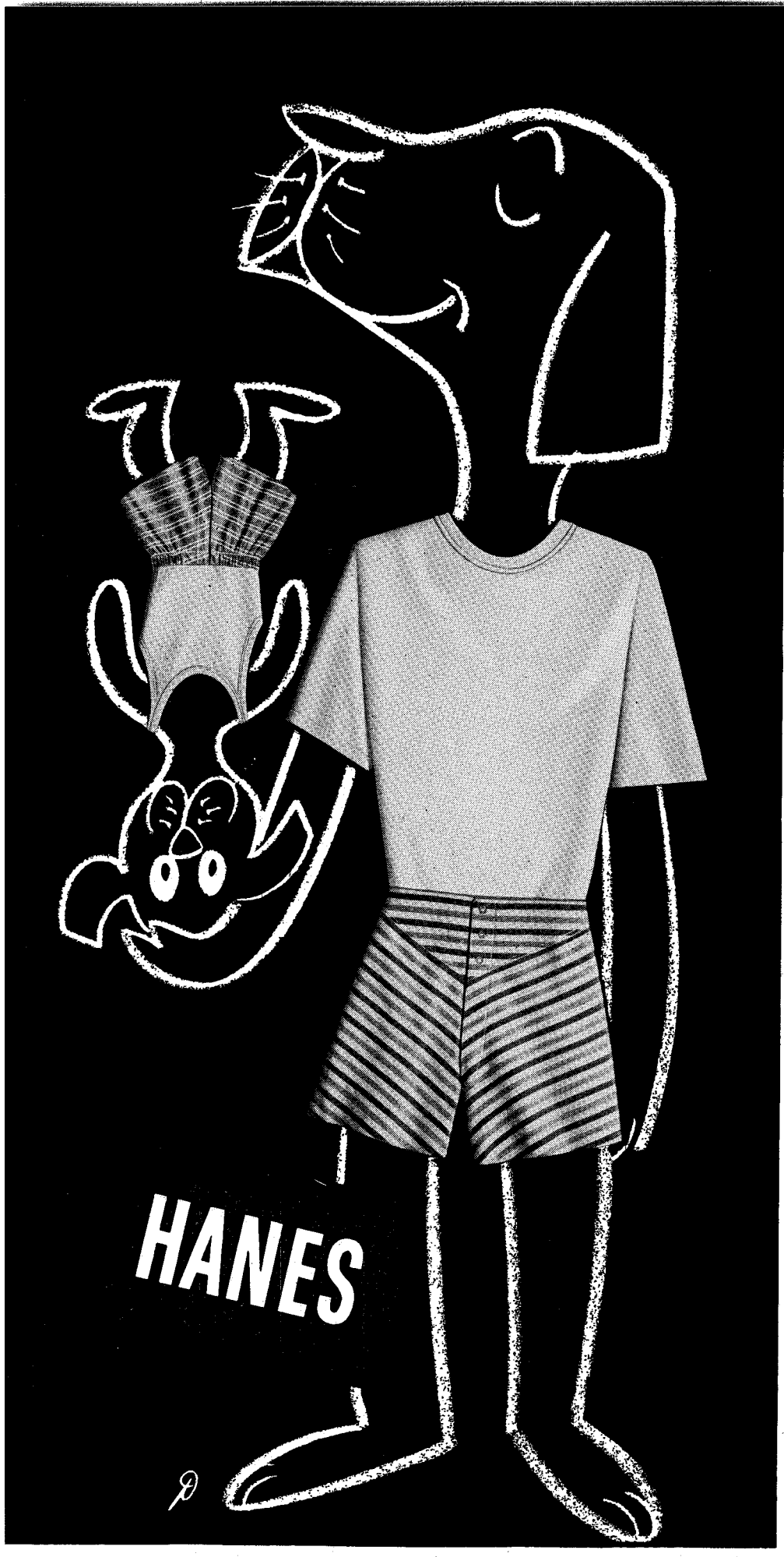

Look Ma, no seams!

Ever try on a pair of shorts that had *no seam in the seat?* They're called Hanes *Givvies* and they're wonderful! Nothing to twist or bind or annoy you. Just complete comfort, every time, everywhere. The secret? Hanes' patented bias-cut that does away with the back seam and lets the fabric s-t-r-e-t-c-h when you sit or stoop. Roomy leg openings, too. No thigh bind. Fine, high-count broadcloth with a heat-resistant elastic waistband that laughs at tubbing. **$1** for men. **65¢ to 69¢** for boys.

More great buys	*for men*	*and boys*
Nylon-reinforced T-shirts	$1	75¢
Nylon-reinforced undershirts	79¢ to 85¢	59¢
Fig Leaf Briefs	95¢ to $1	69¢

Get more than you bargained for . . . get

HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N.C. Canadian Manufacturer and Distributor, C. Turnbull Limited, Galt, Ont.

Letters

Foreign-Aid Burden

Dear Sirs:

Your excellent editorial FOREIGN AID SEEMS TO HAVE COME TO STAY [July 28] should be read and reread by every member of Congress until the light dawns on them that they are perpetuating the habit of accepting presidential estimates of foreign-aid needs and voting most of the amounts demanded. And an engraved copy should be sent to Eisenhower and the top-level spendthrifts in the national capital.

R. D. THURSTON
McKinney, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial indicates displeasure because the beneficiaries of American aid do not—as a consequence—become pro-American. I think rather that it would be better to admire the moral fiber of foreign politicians whose sympathies are not to be bought. Generosity with strings attached becomes graft, and we make a mockery of democracy when we sulk when faced by a neutralist.

K. RODGERS
Vancouver, British Columbia

Drug Addicts

Dear Sirs:

More power to yourselves and Dr. Laurence Kolb [LET'S STOP THIS NARCOTICS HYSTERIA!, July 28] for having "the guts" to publish the sanest treatise on the subject of narcotics I have read since the death of my late friend and confrere, Dr. Ernest Bishop . . .

My only criticism of Dr. Kolb's splendid contribution is his failure to emphasize sufficiently the fact that most "pushers" of narcotics are themselves addicts and are in business to gain funds with which to satisfy their own cravings.

EDWARD H. MARSH, M.D.
Chappaqua, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

That The Saturday Evening Post should publish an apology for drug peddling and addiction, advocating the selling of drugs to addicts so that they can "earn their living" is inconceivably shocking.

MRS. JOHN T. W. MARTIN
Unionville, Conn.

● *Doctor Kolb advocated the formation of medical committees which would decide which patients should be carried on opiates while being prepared for treatment and which ones should be given opiates indefinitely. At no time did he suggest that drugs should be sold to addicts.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Unfortunately, too many people—like myself—have failed to look at this problem in the proper perspective.

A very enlightening article.

M. KLINEFELTER
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

For years I've been wondering why the dope addict has been condemned by the American people, while alcohol has become so legal it is accepted as part of our way of life. Yet thousands are suffering directly or indirectly from its use.

MRS. F. G. POYNTER
Middletown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It took real courage to face this issue, which, it would seem, has been so seriously perverted by constant exaggerated publicity.

MRS. LENA FLETCHER
Forks, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I consider your article a distinct disservice to America.

RAMSEY G. CAMPBELL
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

If it is so easy to cure addicts why hasn't the Public Health Service issued some vital facts about the "successes" they have achieved?

JOSEPH W. MAX
Philadelphia, Pa.

Curious Cows

Dear Sirs:

On your July 28th cover [by Amos Sewell] you've got the laziest cows I've ever seen; they don't even jump over that low fence. Here in North Dakota they jump over four ft. high fences or higher with barb wire. We have to use electric fencing to keep our cows in. Where did you find such lazy cows and low fences?

IRENE AMB
Portland, N. Dak.

POST
They Call Me a Helicopter Hobo
Pitfalls of Remodeling a Home
Report on "Narcotics Hysteria"
Democrats' Chairman Paul Butler

Dear Sirs:

Do you realize that the fence is there only to help the artist fill up the picture—surveyors are not that lucky.

Cows are curious, friendly and loving, too. When a big wet rough tongue licks my face so very gently, then another licks my other cheek, and perhaps a dozen pairs of dark brown eyes look at me so intently, and the rodman is a thousand or so feet away—it does give me a peculiar feeling, but I never let the cows know it.

MARJORIE GOAD, *Engineer*
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The poor, city-bred engineer; he doesn't know how to get rid of curious cows. Bow and (Continued on Page 6)

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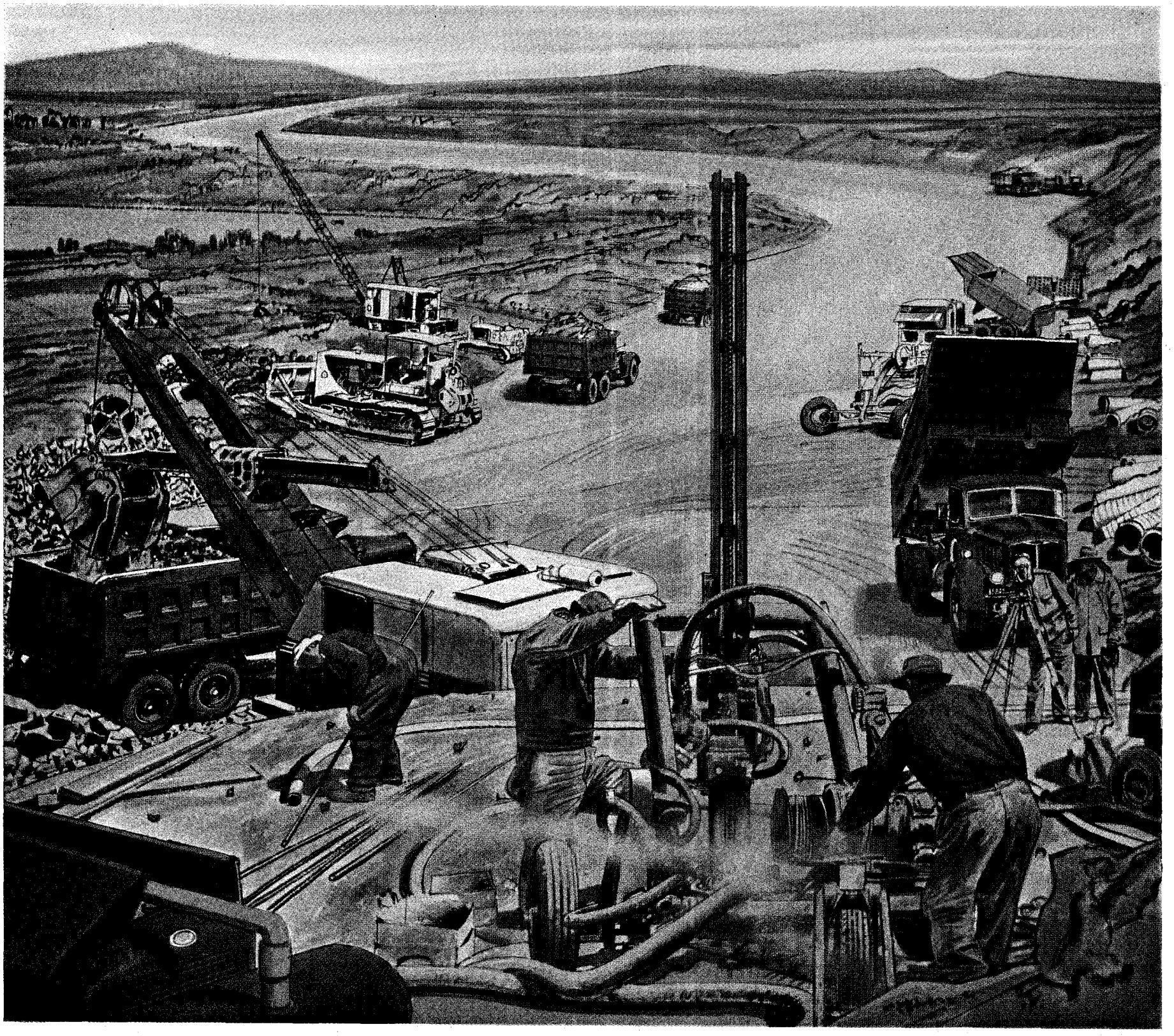

They give us a million miles of freedom...

YOU'VE SEEN a thousand of them, a thousand times, down a thousand roads. An old hat squashed back on the head, flannel shirt, faded khaki pants—and distance in their look. Sometimes they're just yanking a bad kink out of an old road. At other times they're building a great new super highway, wide as a city block and a whole state long.

They're the roadbuilders, but what they really build is freedom. Freedom for all of us to go rolling across the land and see what our country is all about.

If a big hill blocks the way, they grab a hunk of it and move it over there. Or they wing you across a mighty river on one great sweep of steel. Need a tunnel? There it is—right through a granite mountain. They have shown us how to get from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh across Ohio to Indiana in one smooth, effortless roll. Or they swing us around Boston traffic and put us deep into the Maine woods so easily we can't believe we're there.

Next time you wheel along a wide, smooth, ribbony highway, look around. The roadbuilders have been here. They have gathered closer all this big, beautiful land and put it just outside your windshield. They did it with sweat, and know-how, and an American love of freedom—and every foot of it is *yours*.

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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IT'S HERE! WONDERFUL NEW INSTANT "CREAMER"

For those who love fresh cream and modern convenience

IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

Fresh-tasting Pream® is a new dairy product . . . made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. It's powdered . . . nothing to spill. And Pream doesn't spoil in daily use!

Now a *brand-new free* Pream recipe folder introduces you to a new kind of cooking with thrifty Pream. To find out how to glorify simple basic recipes, write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

NEW RECIPE

The best Scalloped Potatoes

Combine ½ cup Pream with 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper and 2 tbsp. flour. Arrange 2 cups thinly sliced potatoes and ½ cup sliced onions in greased 2-qt. casserole. Shake in half the Pream mixture. Cover with 2 more cups thinly sliced potatoes and another ½ cup sliced onions and remaining Pream mixture. Add 4 sliced frankfurters. Pour 1½ cups boiling water over potatoes, dot with 2 tbsp. butter. Cover and bake in 375°F. oven 30 minutes. Uncover, bake about 30 minutes longer or until tender. Serves 6.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PREAM

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

tip your hat to them, son; and then walk slowly toward them, hat dangling from hand at about a foot above your head. When they begin to shy away, jump at them and yell, "Boo."

FRANK BRYAN
Groesbeck, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Those cows aren't being rude. They are asking a silent question of the young man. "Is our pasture the next to be torn up and made into a housing project? If so, where do we go from here?"

Furthermore, their thoughts are getting through to the young man. Else why the guilty look?

MRS. F. E. STANLEY, JR.
Glenside, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I resent the remark about women having conniption fits from cows. I've never yet met a cow I couldn't drive.

KAY CLARK
Jewett, Ill.

Restoration Comedy

Dear Sirs:

The article WE REMODELED OUR HOUSE . . . AND HOW! [by Selwa Roosevelt, July 28] was delightfully refreshing.

My reactions: six spontaneous chuckles, two shrieks of glee, one uncontrolled guffaw.

A. ED WALLACE, SR.
Gainesville, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

It is astonishing and disappointing that the Roosevelts didn't employ the services of an architect.

Everyone would have been happier. And a lot less money would have been spent.

By frightening people whom a "cavalier attitude toward money" would bankrupt, the article harms Operation Home Improvement.

CHARLES D. BONSTED
New York, N. Y.

Unspoiled Wilderness

Dear Sirs:

THE TREK TO SOLITUDE by Paul Schubert (July 28) was a delightful account. . . .

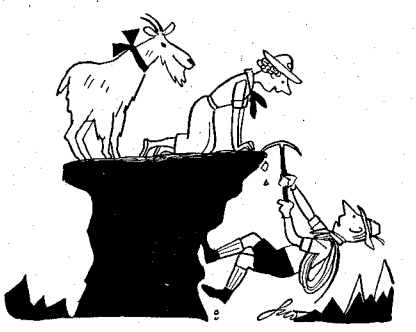
In the winter of 1947–48, Dr. Will Schunk, of Sheridan, whose hospitality the Schubert party enjoyed, roused the Wilderness Society, the Izaak Walton League of America, with which I was then associated, and others to the threat against Solitude posed by the Bureau of Reclamation and its supporters, who wanted to put a high dam at the lake's outlet. . . . It took some doing, but the would-be raiders were repulsed. . . .

Guy Forbes, a Sheridan-area rancher, testified at a 1948 hearing on the Solitude issue that this was the most beautiful lake on the American continent. I confess I haven't seen them all, but I'll back his play until I'm shown one whose beauty is superior to it.

WILLIAM VOIGT, JR.
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It isn't true that only a "few hearty sportsmen" go up to Lake Solitude. I go to a girls' ranch in Wyoming and the



girls (ages 11–15) make at least one trip up to the lake a summer; and few of us are experienced riders or mountain climbers.

COTHEAL KLEINHANS
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

$1200 Limit

Dear Sirs:

I have read with interest your editorial LET THE OLD FOLKS EARN ALL THEY CAN!, July 21, suggesting that the provision we call the retirement test be repealed.

We would be among the first to recognize that repeal of the provision (under which beneficiaries who earn $1200 or more in a year may not receive all of their benefits) would make administration of old-age and survivors insurance much simpler. A great many people assume, however, that paying the benefits to all insured persons over 65, whether they were employed or not, would be relatively inexpensive. . . .

Our records show that in December, 1955, 1,212,000 aged people were fully insured under old-age and survivors insurance, but were not drawing benefits. . . .

If there had been no retirement test in the present law for persons aged 65–72, the number of beneficiaries on the rolls in 1955 would have been increased by about two million. The total benefit disbursements for 1955 would have been increased by about $1.9 billion, amounting to 40 per cent of the current cost of the program. . . .

Our actuaries say that, from the viewpoint of long-range costs, abolition of the test would require a tax increase of about 1.4 per cent of the pay roll.

VICTOR CHRISTGAU, *Director*
Bureau of Old-Age & Survivors Insurance
Social Security Administration
Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare
Baltimore, Md.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

15, 16, 17–James R. Bingham. • 18, 19–Ivan Dmitri. • 20–John Gutmann. • 21–John Gutmann, United Press, Wide World, United Press. • 22–Larry Kritcher. • 23–Gus Pasquarella. • 24–Linwood Maddrey (Norfolk Ledger-Star), Ollie Atkins. • 25–Aufenger Studios, Jimmy Klebau (Norfolk Ledger-Star), James E. Mays (Norfolk Virginian-Pilot), Ollie Atkins. • 26, 27–Glenn Grohe. • 28–George Burns. • 29–Amos Sewell. 30, 31–Peter Scheier. • 32, 33–Lynn Buckham. • 34–Black Star, Rapho Guillumette. 35–Cartier-Bresson (Magnum), Brian Brake (Magnum), Cartier-Bresson (Magnum), Rapho Guillumette. • 39–Sid Avery. • 43–William A. Smith. • 61–Peter Scheier. 80–Anonymous, H. D. Walters, two anonymous; Michigan State University.

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- Real Filtration
- Full King Size

All the pleasure comes thru

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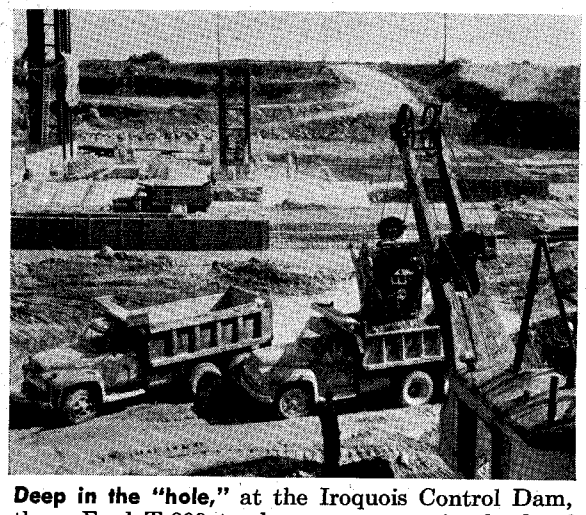
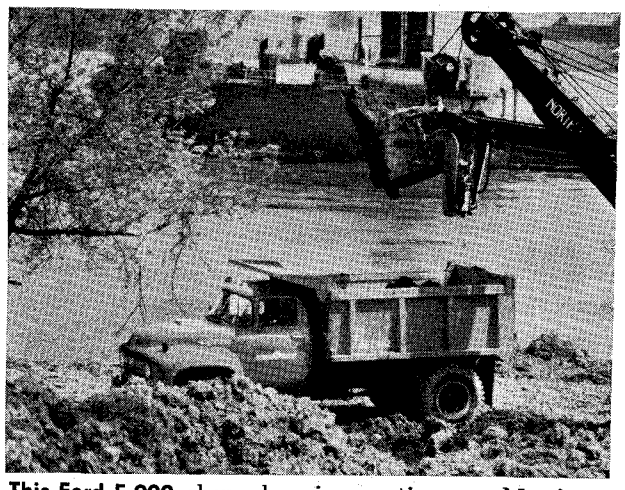


Deep in the "hole," at the Iroquois Control Dam, these Ford T-800 tandems move massive loads of glacial till. *The Ford T-800 handles up to 2½ tons more payload than any other tandem in its class.*

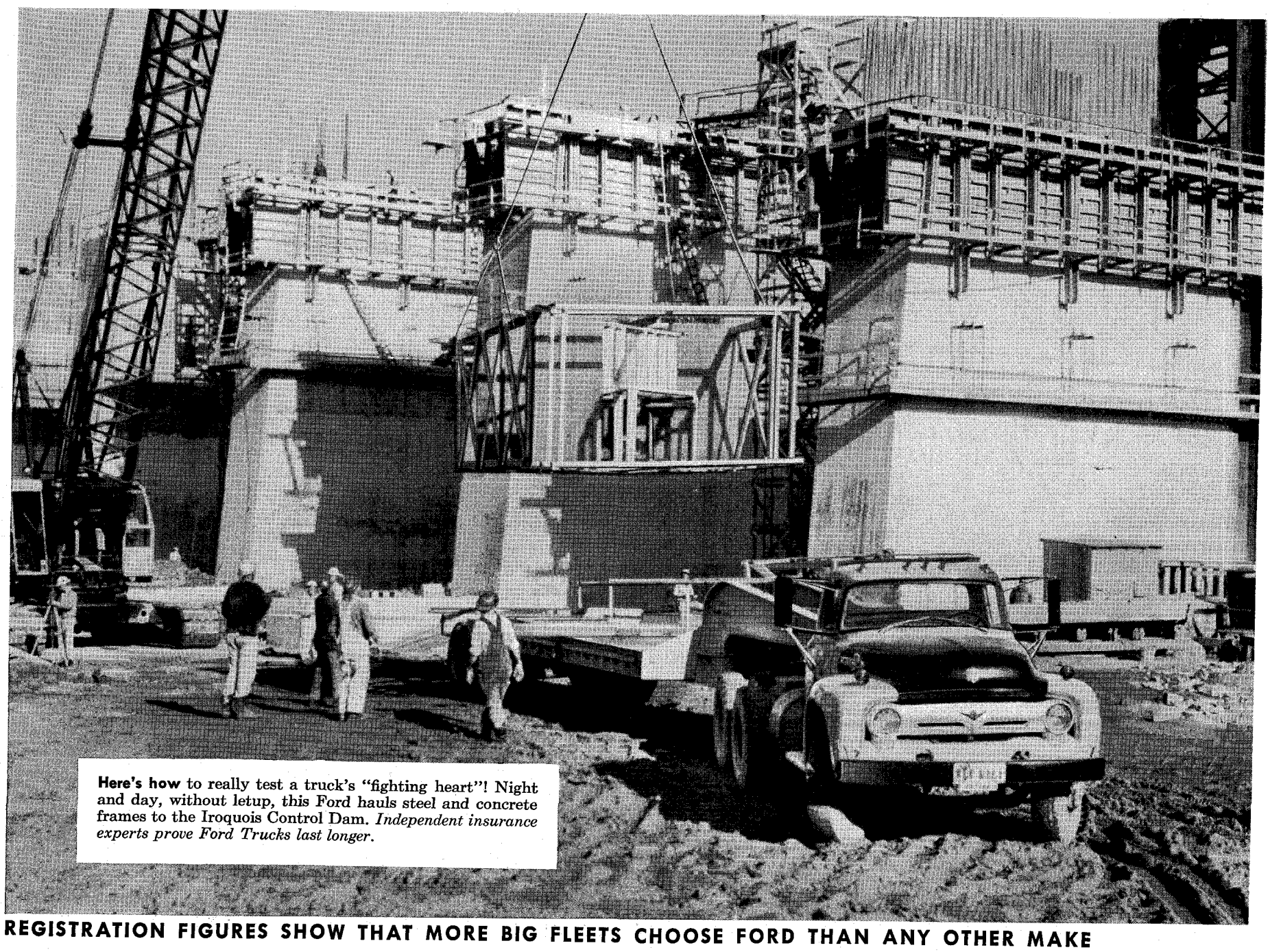
A Ford F-700 hauling quarried rock for the Spenser Island Pier Causeway. *F-700s are among the lowest priced trucks in the 21,000 GVW class . . . and low price is only one reason Ford Trucks cost less!*



This Ford F-900, shown here is operating near Morrisburg, Canada. *Only Ford offers modern Short Stroke design in every truck, every engine—V-8 or Six—for more horsepower per dollar.*

Ford Trucks prove their

...on the biggest construction



Here's how to really test a truck's "fighting heart"! Night and day, without letup, this Ford hauls steel and concrete frames to the Iroquois Control Dam. *Independent insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer.*

REGISTRATION FIGURES SHOW THAT MORE BIG FLEETS CHOOSE FORD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

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"My Fords operate cheaper, faster and have less breakdowns than any trucks I have ever used," says fleet-owner Lloyd Oakes, of Massena, N. Y. *The big fleets buy more Fords than any other make . . . more proof that Ford Trucks Cost Less.*

Near the South Galop Channel improvement project, a Ford Pickup meets trouble that's hub-deep, wades right on through. *Ford running costs are low—thanks to the efficiency of modern Short Stroke engine design. Because the distance pistons have to travel has been greatly reduced, there is less friction—resulting in longer engine life, greater oil and gas savings.*

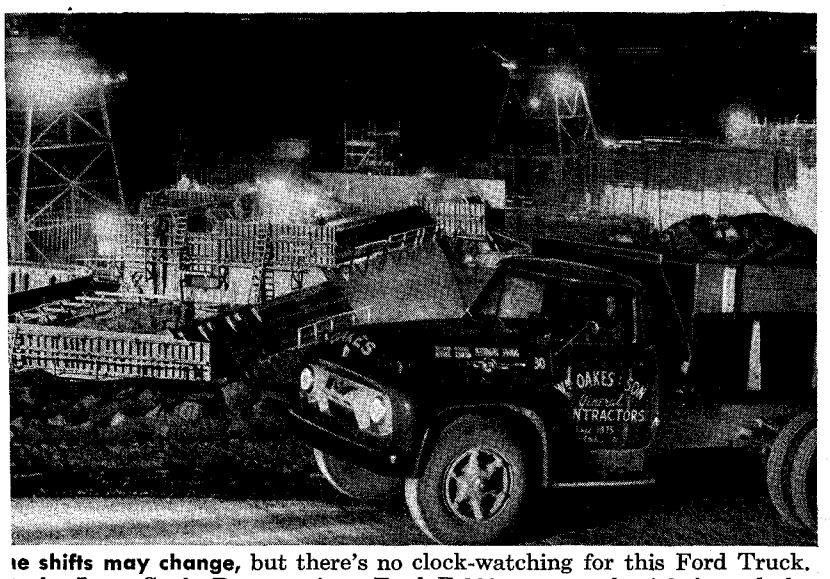
sure-fire dependability

job since the Panama Canal

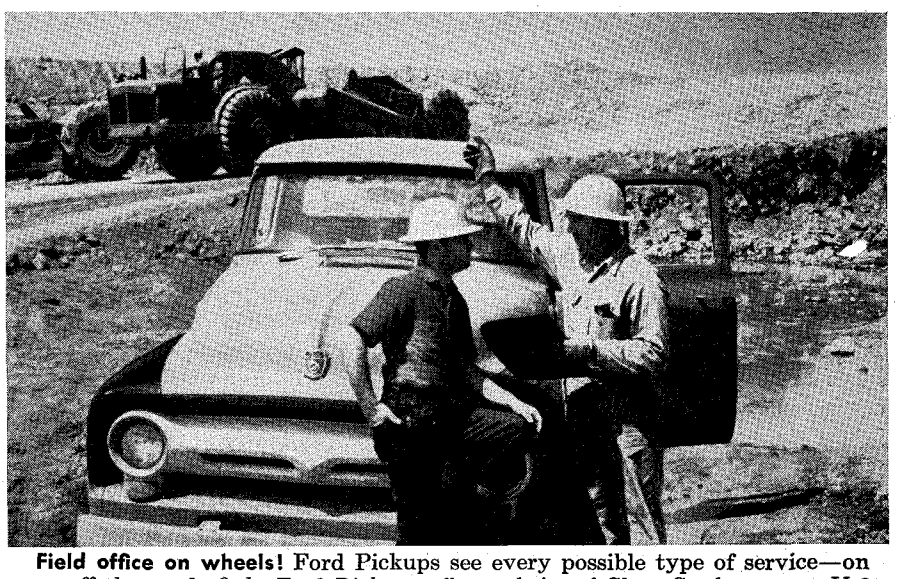
Not since the construction of the Panama Canal has the world seen such a massing of men and machines as are working on this—the billion-dollar St. Lawrence Power and Seaway project.

The going's plenty rugged and the completion date allows no delay. That's why Ford Trucks are on the job everywhere. If you're a truck owner, there's a moral here: No other truck combines Ford's low operating cost, Ford's rugged construction, and Ford's day-in, day-out dependability. See your Ford Dealer and see why Ford Trucks will cost less on your job.

Power to spare! This Ford T-800 makes big jobs routine, handling prefabricated structural forms up to 20 tons.



ıe shifts may change, but there's no clock-watching for this Ford Truck. t the Long Sault Dam project, Ford F-800s are on the job 'round the ɔck, day after day. *Ford F-800s are long-run endurance champs. They're r and away the most powerful trucks in their class.*



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Using latest registration data on 10,502,351 trucks, insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer!

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Editorials

Must We Aid Nations Which Seize Our Property?

Despite the drums and tramplings in London and Paris, not to mention the anxious diplomatic maneuvers, which have followed the Nasser effort to dispossess the non-Egyptian owners of the Suez Canal, the real danger to international stability is not so much what happens to the canal as what happens to international investment and the respect for pledged obligations upon which it rests. After all, the canal will probably remain open to traffic, whoever is in charge. In any event, Egypt gets it by treaty in 1968. And Egypt has agreed to compensate the present owners, at least in principle, and to keep the canal open to traffic. What Nasser's rash act has done to the good faith which is essential if Western capital is to be advanced for Eastern and mid-Eastern development is another matter.

Unfortunately, the Western nations themselves must bear some responsibility for the collapse of even a pretense of respect for obligations among highly nationalistic but capital-starved peoples. For example, in 1952 the Assembly of the United Nations passed a resolution declaring that underdeveloped countries had the right to nationalize resources within their borders, after rejecting an amendment proposed by the United States delegation insisting that treaty rights of nations and individuals and the principles of international law be respected.

To the shame of the West, this amendment received the support of the United States only. Even Great Britain, with her enormous capital investments throughout the world, abstained. The Assembly adopted the resolution giving a green light to future Nassers and Mossadeghs. As Isador Lubin, United States representative at the U.N., put it, the resolution would cause "private investors everywhere in the world to think twice before they place their money in underdeveloped countries."

Whatever private investors should have done, there has not been much that they could do as long as Uncle Sam, the biggest public investor in the world, insisted on pouring out foreign aid to countries which have been unwilling to agree to respect property rights of foreign investors. Had we said at the outset, "We have no intention of handing out money as taxpayers to countries which refuse to treat us fairly as investors," our position in the present crisis would have been consistent. As things are, the West is forced to submit to blackmail all the way from Suez to Indonesia. The probability that Nasser will fall on his face hardly improves the prospect for development of economically backward areas.

The tragedy is that Egypt, and the whole Middle East, needs Western capital more desperately than we need opportunities to invest it. There will be multifarious suggestions as to what to do next. Our suggestion, which admittedly comes a little late, would be to announce that as of now the foreign-aid barrel is closed to countries which refuse to accept their responsibilities or stand by their agreements.

How Much Press Quizzing Should the President Endure?

When a reporter asked President Eisenhower at one of his press conferences, "Why do you spend so much time with Billy Graham?" it began to look as if something would have to be done about White House press conferences. Perhaps this weekly "morning line-up" is the most "democratic" method yet devised for informing the nation upon the Administration's conduct of its business, but when offhand impertinencies and palpable needling creep in, the dignity of our highest political office is clearly compromised. Neither the requirements of an "informed electorate" nor the sanctity of a free press justifies such a sacrifice.

Much of the questioning of the President on the current state of his health was shockingly vulgar and occasionally downright cruel. Manifestly the health of the President, who is a candidate for re-election, is an important item of information to which the people are entitled. The country has not forgotten how the dying Roosevelt was foisted on us in 1944. But the efforts of some of the men surrounding the President to minimize his heart attack and his operation, and even to make it appear that Mr. Eisenhower is a sort of Hercules because of these episodes, account for much of the curiosity behind the reporters' questioning. But beyond the routine statements of the medical experts and surgeons who attended the President on the occasion of both his illnesses, it is difficult to see what many of these questions have added to necessary public knowledge.

One reporter said that he had inquired around among the President's neighbors at Gettysburg and found that "they are afraid you won't live for another four years." What did Mr. Eisenhower think about that? Another asked if it was true that the President was "suffering from some kind of dysentery disturbance." These are questions which no reasonably sensitive man would put to his best friend, because no reasonably sensitive man would expect another to predict his life expectancy or to go into details regarding the functioning of his alimentary canal. But a President is supposed to give the right answers.

At any rate he is expected to do so by the interrogators at White House press conferences. The people as a whole, we firmly believe, would greet the President with wild acclaim if his response to just one of these boorish questions was "None of your so-and-so business!"

Democratic Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana reflects the impatience of many Americans with "the daily diagnoses, the too candid commentaries and the degrading spectacle of our Chief Executive being shown in the light of a guinea pig."

On other matters than health it is at least questionable whether the nation's welfare is served by expecting the Chief Executive to give off-the-cuff judgments on every aspect of public policy without preparation or advance notice. On at least one occasion—notably the unfortunate comment on "neutralism"—Mr. Eisenhower was caught with a flash opinion which by no means reflected the Administration's considered views on that subject. All in all, it seems to us that the White House press conference needs pruning if it is to be the source of information on the affairs of the nation and not a game which might be called "Eight Hundred and Twenty Questions," or "Let's Trap Prexy!"

Red China's Five-Year Plan Reveals a Rice-Paper Tiger

The folders given out this summer in Red China's pavilion at the Paris Fair lay great stress on the wonders of their Five-Year Plan, which began in 1953 and runs through 1957.

Percentages make impressive reading. National output will have gone up (by law) 51.1 per cent. Industrial production has been ordered to increase 98.3 per cent, and farm products must rise 23.3 per cent by value. Shortfalls can always be balanced by an abrupt rise in the output of severed heads, a Red specialty in China.

But even if every goal were reached exactly, the evidence is that Red China, for all her 600,000,000 people, and despite considerable progress, is a long, long way from being a first-class power, as that term is generally understood as a measure of strength. Modern war is largely an industrial affair, and power can be expressed as a function of oil and steel resources, electric-generating capacity and ocean shipping.

In none of these can Red China be anything but a minor figure, by any world comparison. The United States generates roughly seventy times as many kilowatt-hours as Communist China each year; refines over 2000 times as much petroleum; makes at least 100 times as much iron and steel; commands 25,000,000 tons of ocean shipping, against less than 500,000.

Figures like these need not be cited in a spirit of windy arrogance. They can serve a useful purpose if they reduce the manpower myth and bring a sense of proportion to current cant about Red China's fearful strength. There is a vast difference between having the power to oppress 600,000,000 people and that necessary to convert latent energy into the live, vigorous growth which marks a first-class power by world standards.

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This 1.7-mile stretch is the first part of St. Louis' new expressway system in operation.

HOW TO GET THREE MORE HOURS A WEEK AT HOME

Follow the lead of Larry Wood and his fellow commuters in St. Louis. They voted themselves the time. How? It's a result of Missouri's 10-year highway program

Larry Wood spends 90 minutes a day on a bus—going to his St. Louis office in the morning and returning to his suburban home at night. And Larry is *typical*—for buses carry *half* the people going into the downtown area. What's more, traffic congestion has been getting steadily worse.

But last year, St. Louis commuters had a chance to cut traveling time as much as 40% by putting an "X" on a ballot. They helped pass a bond issue which will produce multiple-lane expressways coursing right into center city. All these limited-access highways are designed to carry buses as well as automobiles. Result: Larry's bus trip will be cut an estimated 18 minutes each way. That's 150 hours a year—over six full days! He can stay in bed later—get home in time to play with the children. Motorists will have even more time.

The expressways are part of Missouri's model 10-year highway program started in 1952 In urban areas, state and federal money pays for everything but half the cost of acquiring right-of-way. The local bond issue, which Larry helped pass, will pay that. In 10 years, Missouri will spend more than a half-billion dollars building roads: expressways in urban areas, highways between cities, and 12,000 miles of additional farm-to-market roads. Federal Interstate Highway Aid will help. (Missouri spent more than $3½ million last year on surveys to take immediate advantage of the new Federal program.) But overall road improvement is still a *state* responsibility.

Good roads save far more than they cost—in time, in lives and in actual cash. To find how you can help the road program in your own state, write for the free booklet, "Road Block." Address Dept. 9, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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Go to your Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store and take a look at the new Transport "A." Do this before you buy any tire. You'll *save money at the start* and you'll *save money in the long run.*

"TRANSPORT" MEANS QUALITY IN TRUCK TIRES

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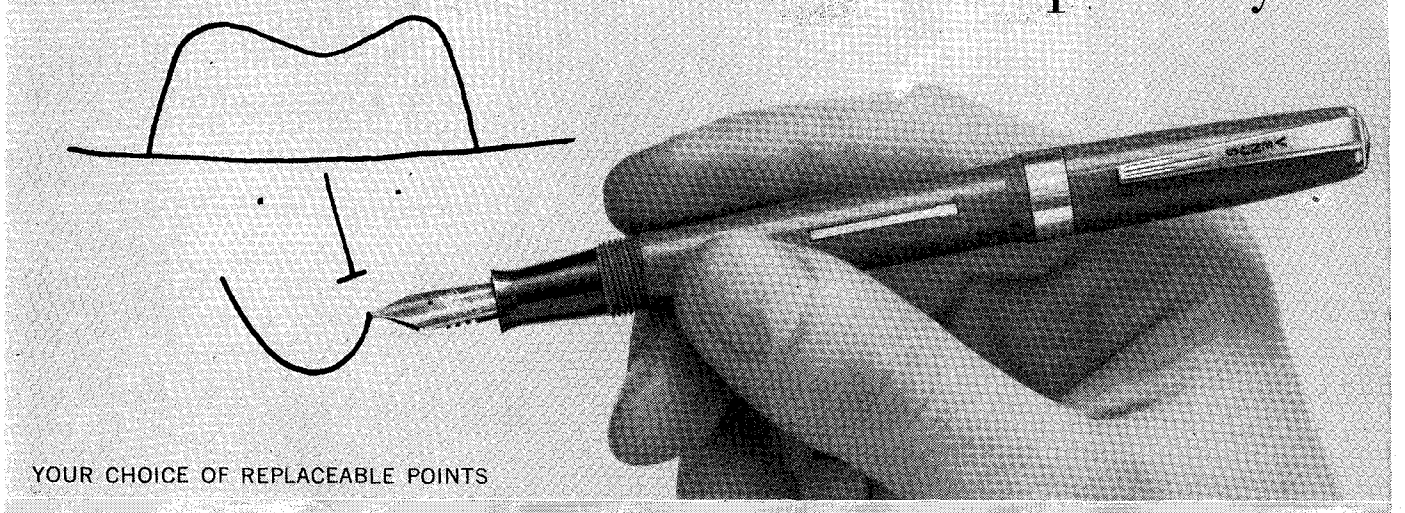

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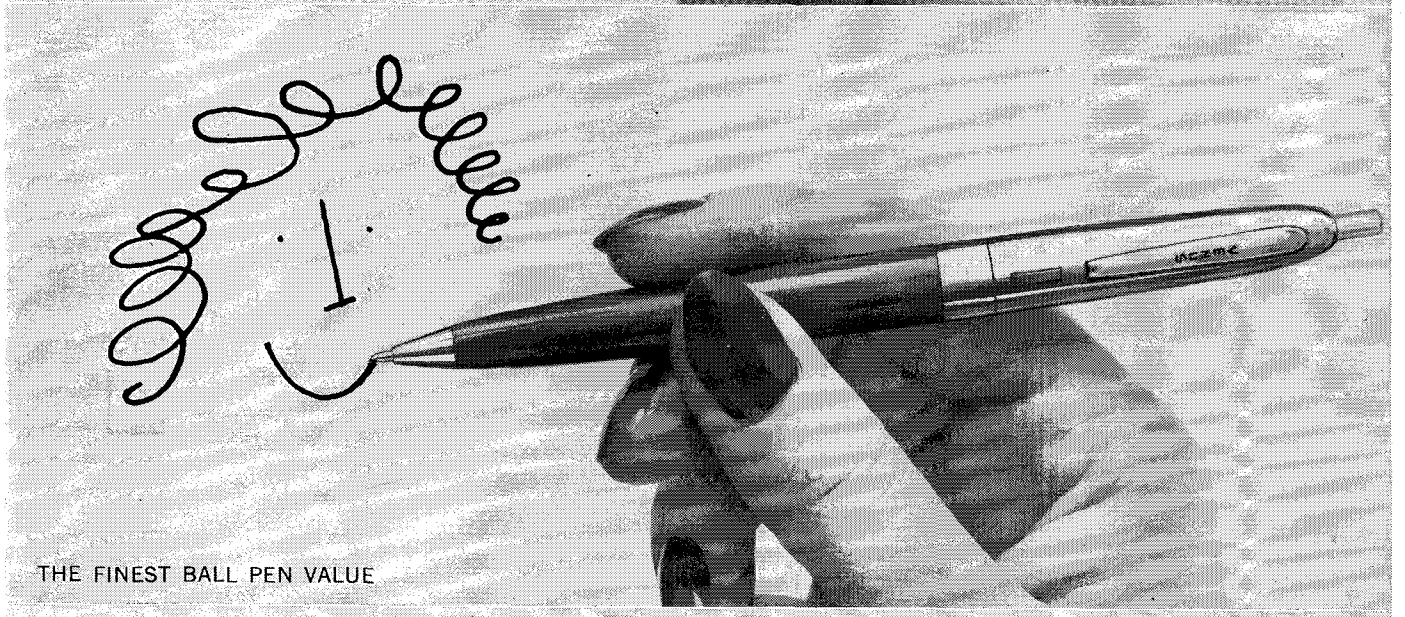

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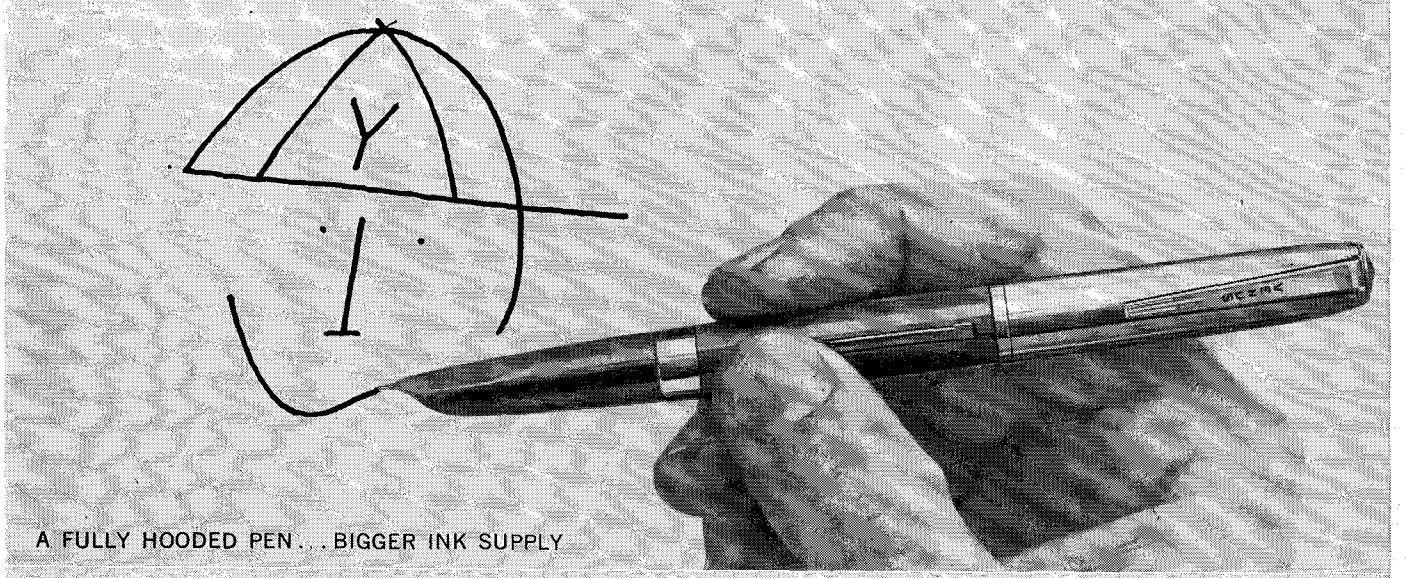

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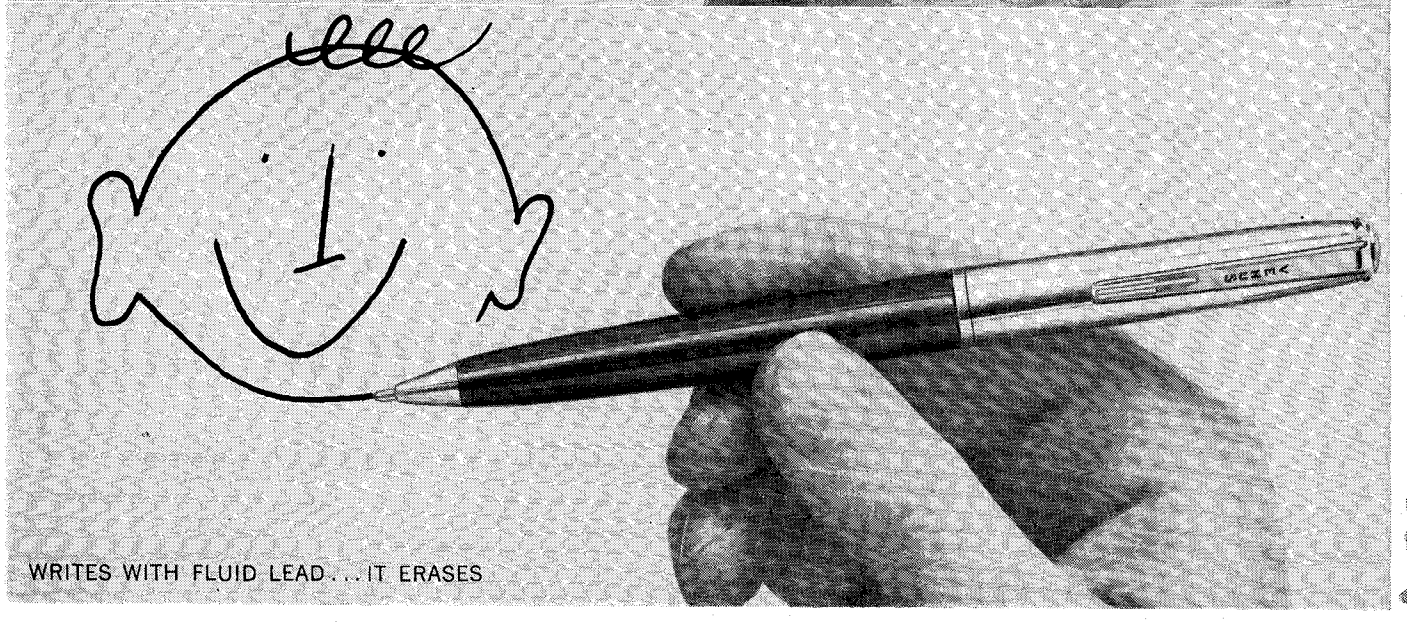

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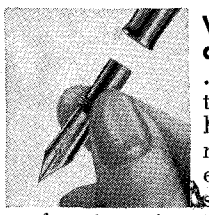

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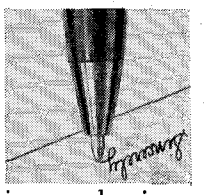

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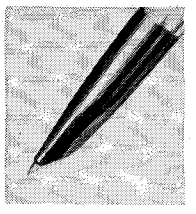
Venus Autograph Fully Hooded Pen . . . has extra-large ink capacity and luxury pen features. Patented ink control assures smoother, continuous writing . . . instant starting every time. Ideal for home, school or business. Tempalloy point glides smoother, writes clearer.



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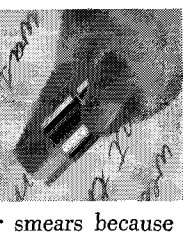

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It's the wonderful people around you who make this a great time to live in. Such lovely, slim-waisted women! Such lean, good-looking men!

Thanks to sensible eating habits, today's active people keep their waistlines slender —and feel fine. Their up-to-date taste is for the lighter, less filling foods and drinks.

Pepsi-Cola goes right along with this sensible trend in diet. Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

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refreshes without filling

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

Who was trying to pin a killing on the rich young playboy? And what did Perry Mason's mysterious client have to do with the crime?

Beginning a new mystery by
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, picked up the telephone and said, "Hello."

The well-modulated voice of a woman who was apparently young said, "How much does Mr. Mason charge for a day in court?"

Della Street's voice reflected cautious appraisal of the situation. "That would depend very much on the type of case, what he was supposed to do and ——"

"He won't be supposed to do anything except listen."

"You mean you wouldn't want him to take part in the trial?"

"No. Just listen to what goes on in the courtroom and draw conclusions."

"Who is this talking, please?"

"Would you like the name that will appear on your books?"

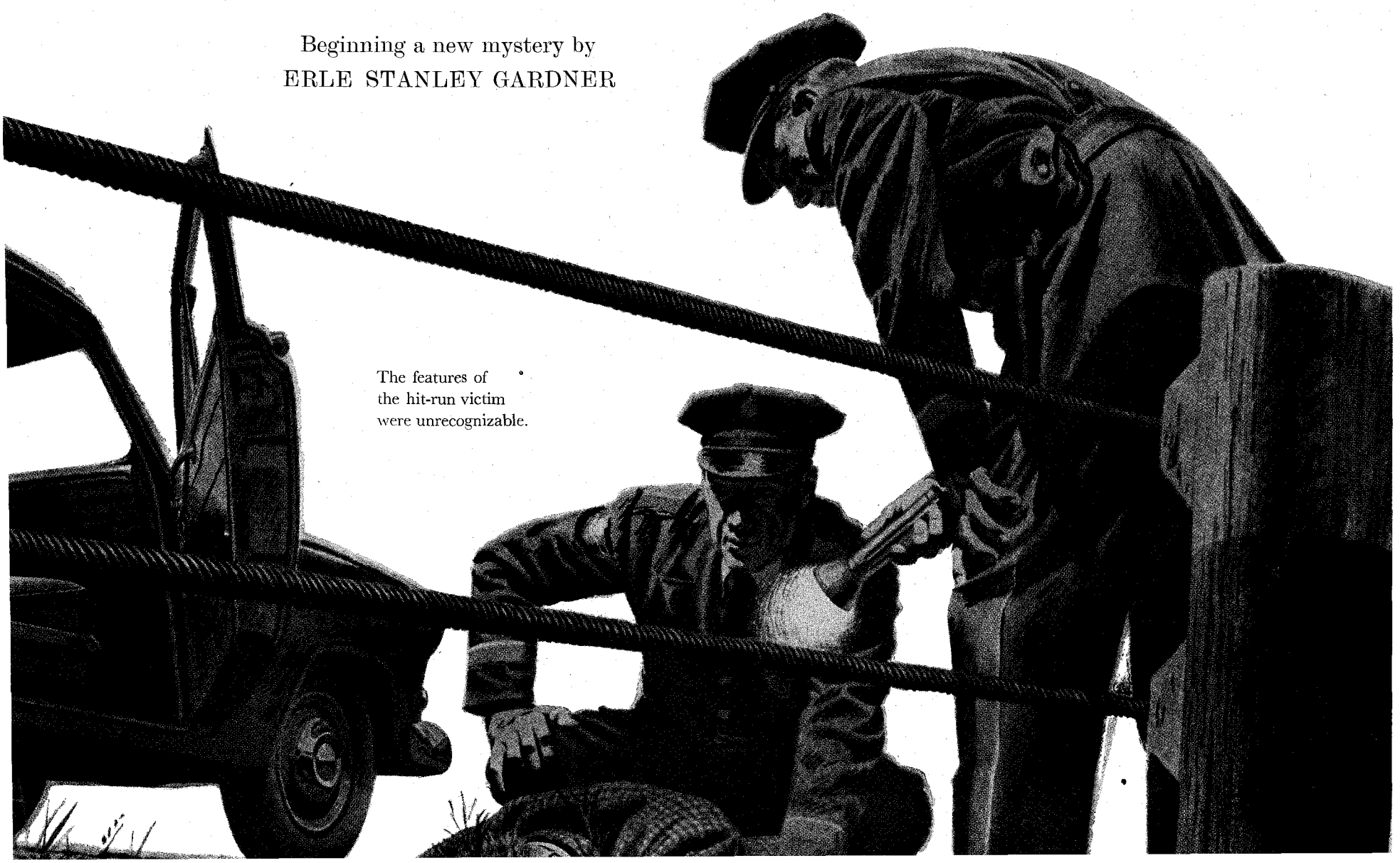
"Certainly."

"Cash."

"What?"

"Cash."

"I think you'd better talk to Mr. Mason," Della Street said. "I'll try and arrange an appointment."



The features of the hit-run victim were unrecognizable.

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"There isn't time for that. The case in which I am interested starts at ten o'clock this morning."

"Just a moment, please. Hold the telephone," Della Street said.

She entered Mason's private office. Perry Mason looked up from the mail he was reading.

Della Street said, "Chief, you'll have to handle this matter personally. A young-voiced woman wants to retain you to sit in court today just to listen to a case. She's on the phone right now."

"What's her name?"

"She says it's Cash."

Mason grinned and picked up his telephone. Della Street got on the other line and put through the connection.

"Yes?" Mason said crisply. "This is Perry Mason."

The woman's voice was silky. "There's a criminal case on trial in Department Twenty-Three of the Superior Court entitled People versus Balfour. I would like to know how much it's going to cost me to have you attend court during the day, listen to the proceedings, and then give me your conclusions."

"And your name?" Mason asked.

"As I told your secretary, the name is Cash—just the way the entry will appear on your books."

Mason looked at his watch. "It is now nine-twenty-five. I have two appointments this morning and one this afternoon. I would have to cancel those appointments, and I would only do that to handle a matter of the greatest importance."

"This is a matter of the greatest importance."

"My charges would be predicated upon that fact, upon the necessity of breaking three appointments and ——"

"Just what would your charges be?" she asked.

"Five hundred dollars," Mason told her curtly.

The voice suddenly lost its silky assurance. "Oh! I—I'm sorry. I had no idea —— We'll just have to forget it, I guess. I'm sorry."

Mason, moved by the consternation in the young woman's voice, said, "More than you expected?"

"Y-y-yes."

"How much more?"

"I—I—I work on a salary and—well, I ——"

"You see," Mason explained, "I have to pay salaries, taxes, office rental, a law library to keep up, and a day of my time. . . . What sort of work do you do?"

"I'm a secretary."

"And you want me just to listen to this case?"

"I did—I guess I —— I mean, my ideas were all out of line."

"What had you expected to pay?" Mason asked her.

"I had hoped you'd say a hundred dollars. I could have gone for a hundred and fifty. . . . Well, I'm sorry."

"Do you have a car?"

"No."

"Any money in the bank?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A little over six hundred."

"All right," Mason said. "You've aroused my curiosity. If you'll pay me a hundred dollars, I'll go up and listen."

"Oh, Mr. Mason! Oh, thanks! I'll send a messenger right up. You see, you mustn't ever know who I am—I can't explain. The money will be delivered at once."

"Exactly what is it you want me to do?" Mason asked.

"Please don't let anyone know that you have been retained in this case. I would prefer that you go as a spectator and that you do not sit in the bar reserved for attorneys."

"Suppose I can't find a seat?" Mason asked.

"I've thought of that," she said. "When you enter the courtroom a woman will be seated in the left-hand aisle seat, fourth row back. She is a red-haired woman about—well, she's in the forties. Next to her will be a younger woman with dark chestnut hair, and next to her will be a seat on which will be piled a couple of coats. The younger woman will pick up the coats and you may occupy that seat. Let's hope you aren't recognized. Please don't carry a brief case." There was a very decisive click at the other end of the line.

Mason turned to Della Street. "When that messenger comes in with the hundred dollars, Della, be sure that he takes a receipt, and tell him to deliver that receipt to the person who gave him the money. I'm on my way to court."

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

Ted had a few drinks at the party. He said he passed out and remembered nothing until he came to in his automobile.

Perry Mason reached the courtroom of Department Twenty-three just as Judge Mervin Cadwell was entering from his chambers.

"Everybody rise!" shouted the bailiff.

Mason took advantage of the momentary confusion to slip down the center aisle to the fourth row of seats. The bailiff called court to order. Judge Cadwell seated himself. The bailiff banged the gavel. The spectators dropped back to their seats, and Mason unostentatiously stepped across in front of the two women.

The younger woman deftly picked up two coats which were on the adjoining seat. Mason sat down, glancing surreptitiously at the women as he did so. The women were both looking straight ahead, apparently paying not the slightest attention to him.

Judge Cadwell said, "People of the State of California versus Theodore Balfour. Is it stipulated by counsel that the jurors are all present and the defendant is in court?"

"So stipulated, your honor."

"Proceed."

"I believe the witness, George Dempster, was on the stand," the prosecutor said.

"That's right," Judge Cadwell said. . . . "Mr. Dempster, will you please return to the stand?"

George Dempster, a big-boned, slow-moving man in the thirties, took the witness stand.

"Now, you testified yesterday that you found certain pieces of glass near the body on the highway?" the prosecutor asked.

"That is right; yes, sir."

"And did you have occasion to examine the headlights of the automobile which you located in the Balfour garage?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"What was the condition of those headlights?"

"The right headlight was broken."

"When did you make your examination?"

"About seven-fifteen on the morning of the twentieth."

"What did you do?"

"We went out to the Balfour residence. There was a four-car garage in back. There was no sign of life in the house, but someone was moving around in an apartment over the garage. As we drove in, this person looked out of the window and then came down the stairs. He identified himself as a servant who had one of the apartments over the garage. I told him that we were officers and we wanted to look around in the garage, that we were looking for some evidence of a crime. I asked him if he had any objection. He said certainly not, so we opened the garage door and went in."

"Now, directing your attention to a certain automobile bearing license number Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six, I will ask you if you found anything unusual about that car?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What did you find?"

"I found a broken right front headlight, a very slight dent on the right side of the front of the car, and I found a few spatters of blood on the bumper."

"What did you do next?"

"I told the servant we would have to impound the car and that we wanted to question the person

(Continued on Page 68)

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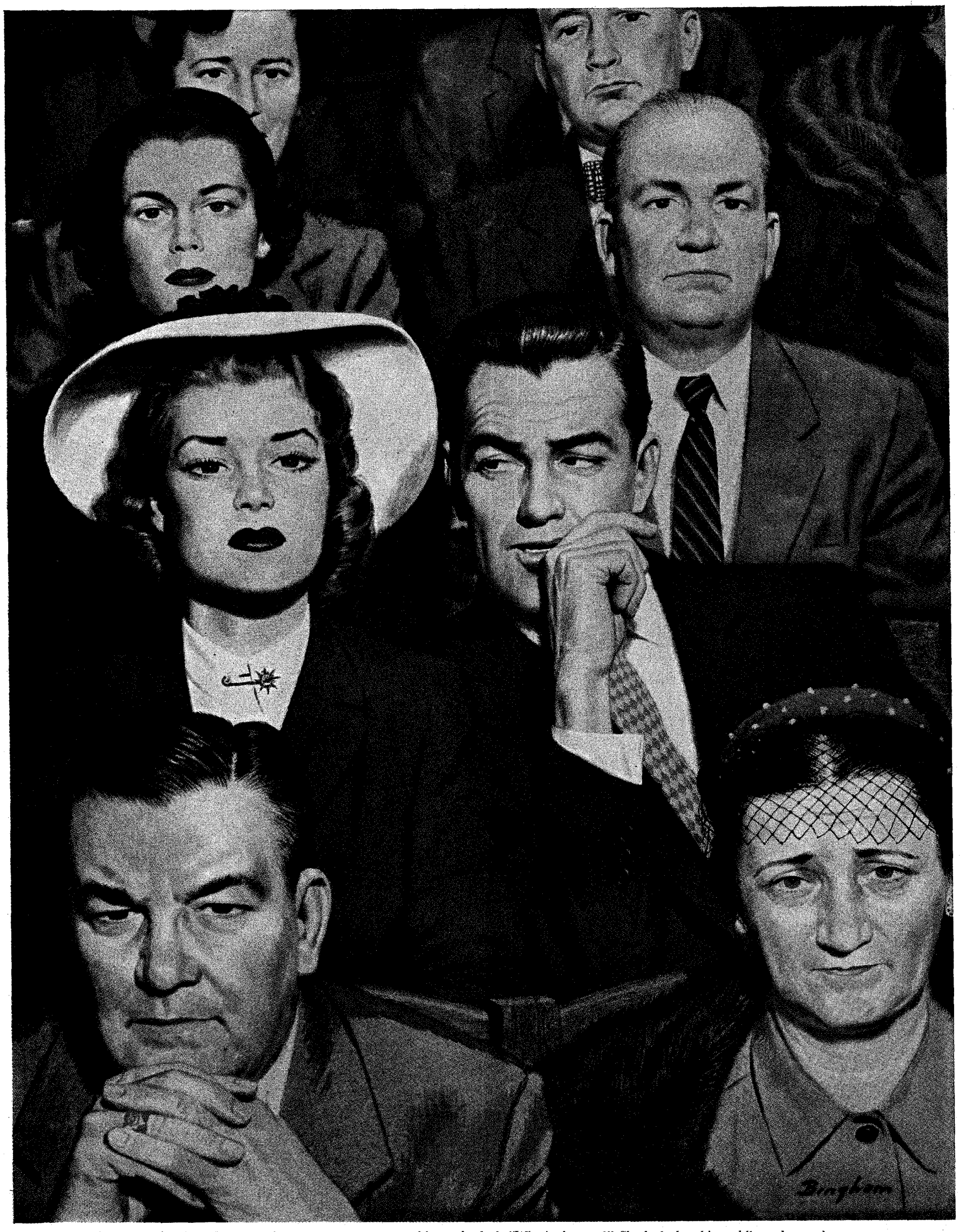

Perry Mason leaned over to the young woman next to him and asked, "What's the case?" She looked at him coldly and turned away.

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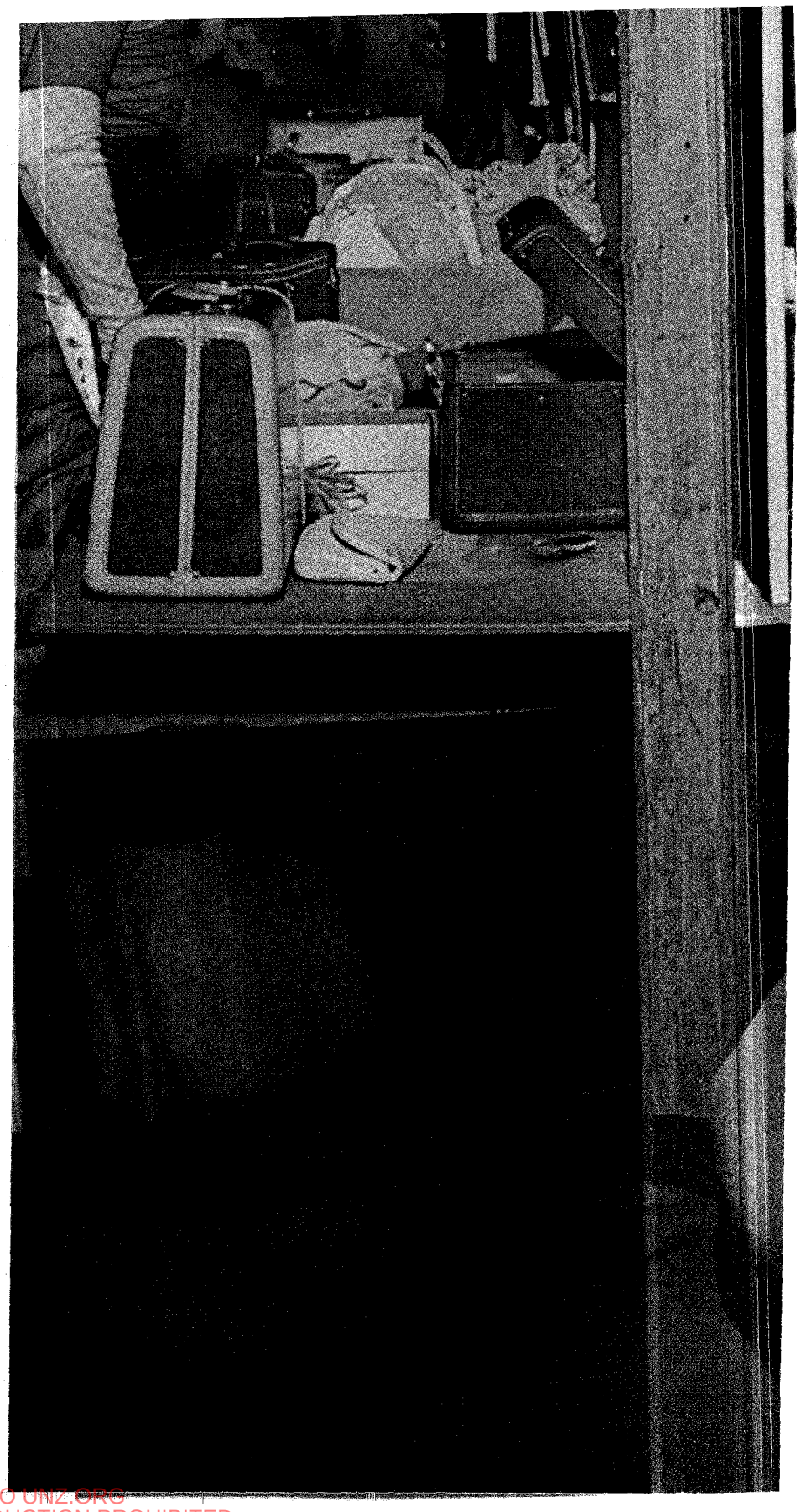
The Face of AMERICA

Candidates for the Crown

They came from towns with homely names—Cotton Plant, Jonesboro, West Memphis, Bald Knob, but they were far from homely. On record, they were the prettiest girls in all Arkansas, gathered in the little town of Brinkley for the annual Miss Arkansas Pageant. For two days last June thirty-six contestants displayed their charms and such talents as blues singing, baton twirling and dramatic reading. Here, on the third day, you see the finalists assembled in the air-conditioned dressing tent (right) to prepare for the last round in this battle of beauty. Lending a helping hand was the reigning Miss Arkansas, Cherie Bowers, soon to yield the crown she wears here. At 10:30 that evening, the smoke finally cleared and Barbara Banks (above: second from left), an eighteen-year-old coed from Conway, emerged the winner. She won a kiss from the governor, a $1000 "scholarship," and a new wardrobe to wear at the Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City, N.J. next week. ● Photographs by Ivan Dmitri



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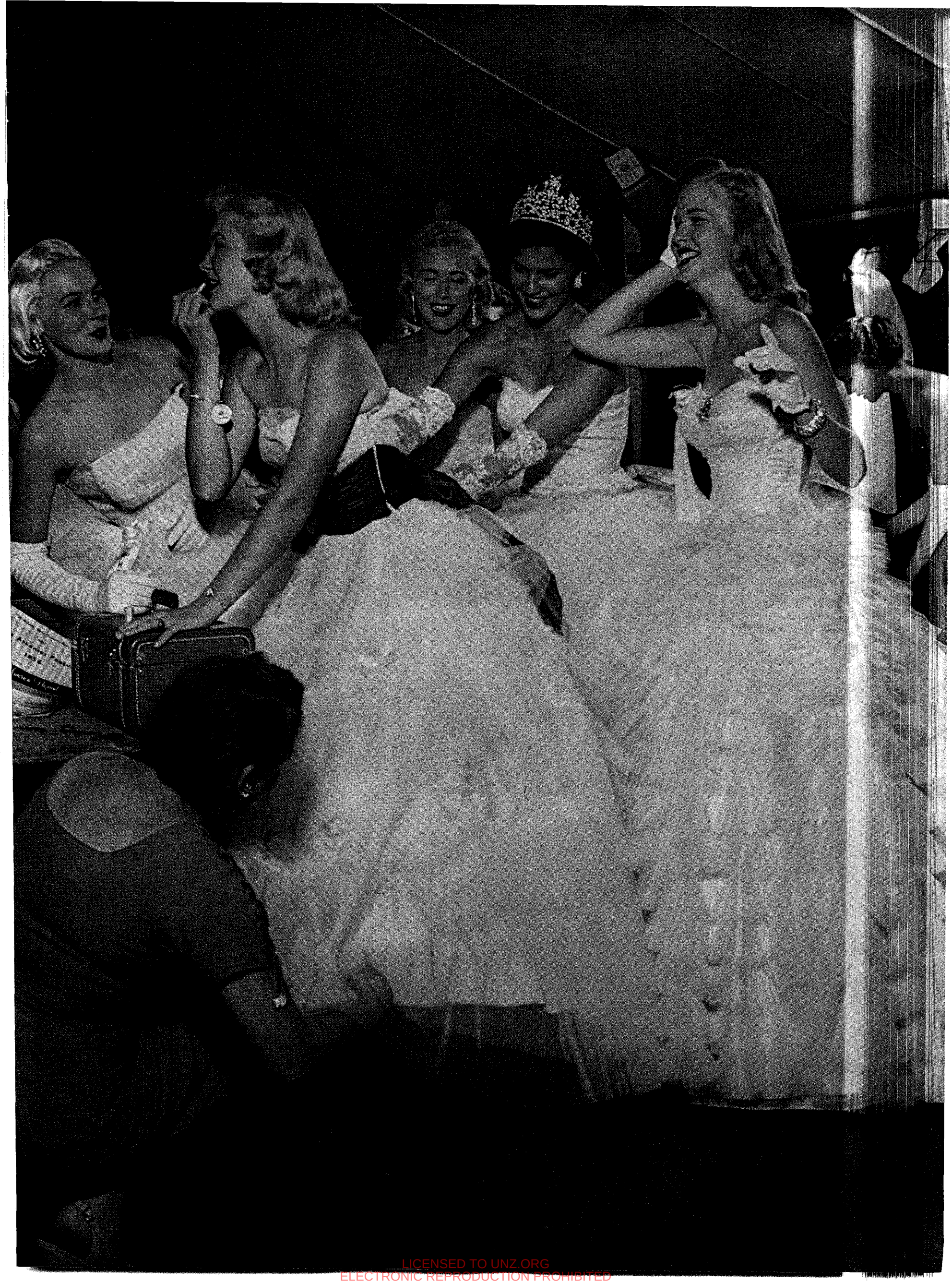

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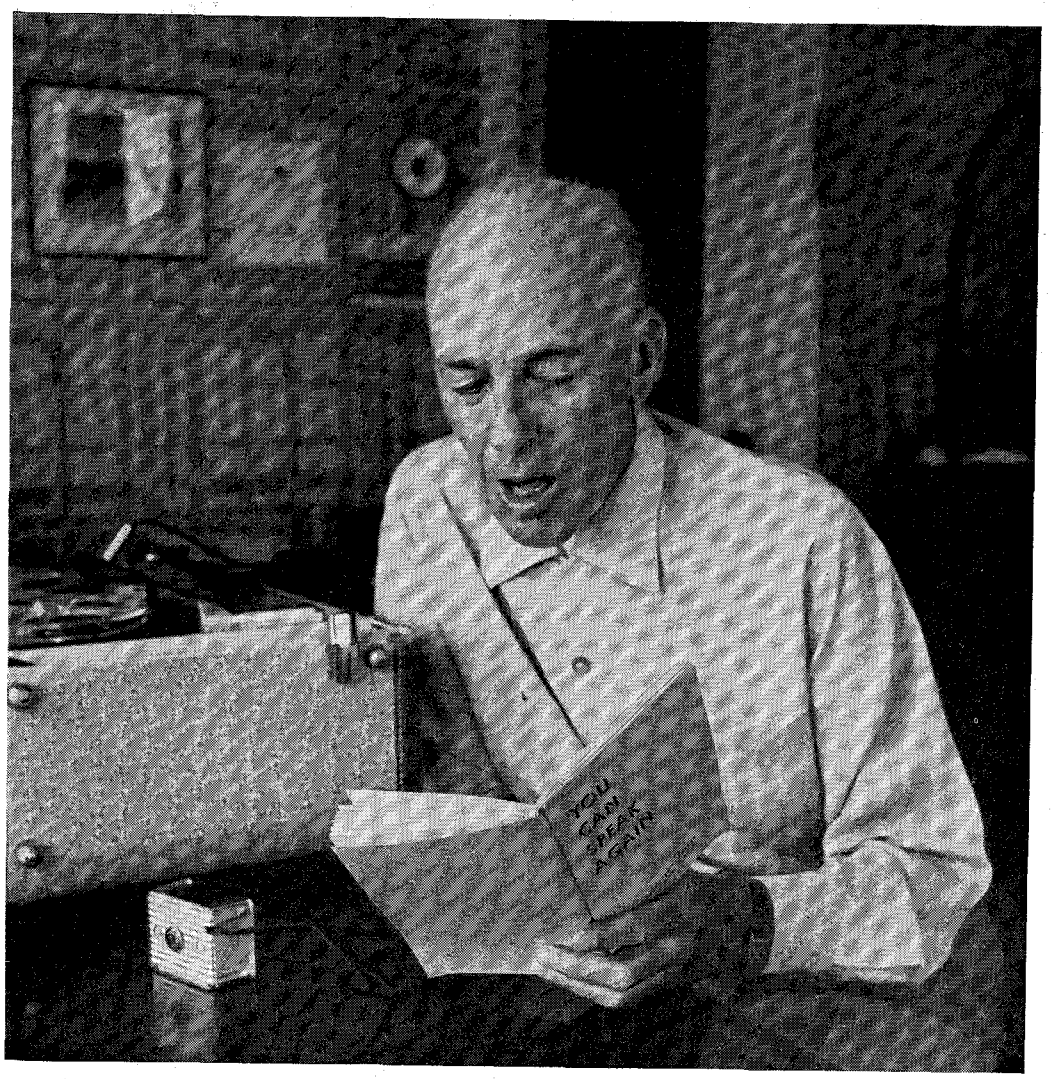


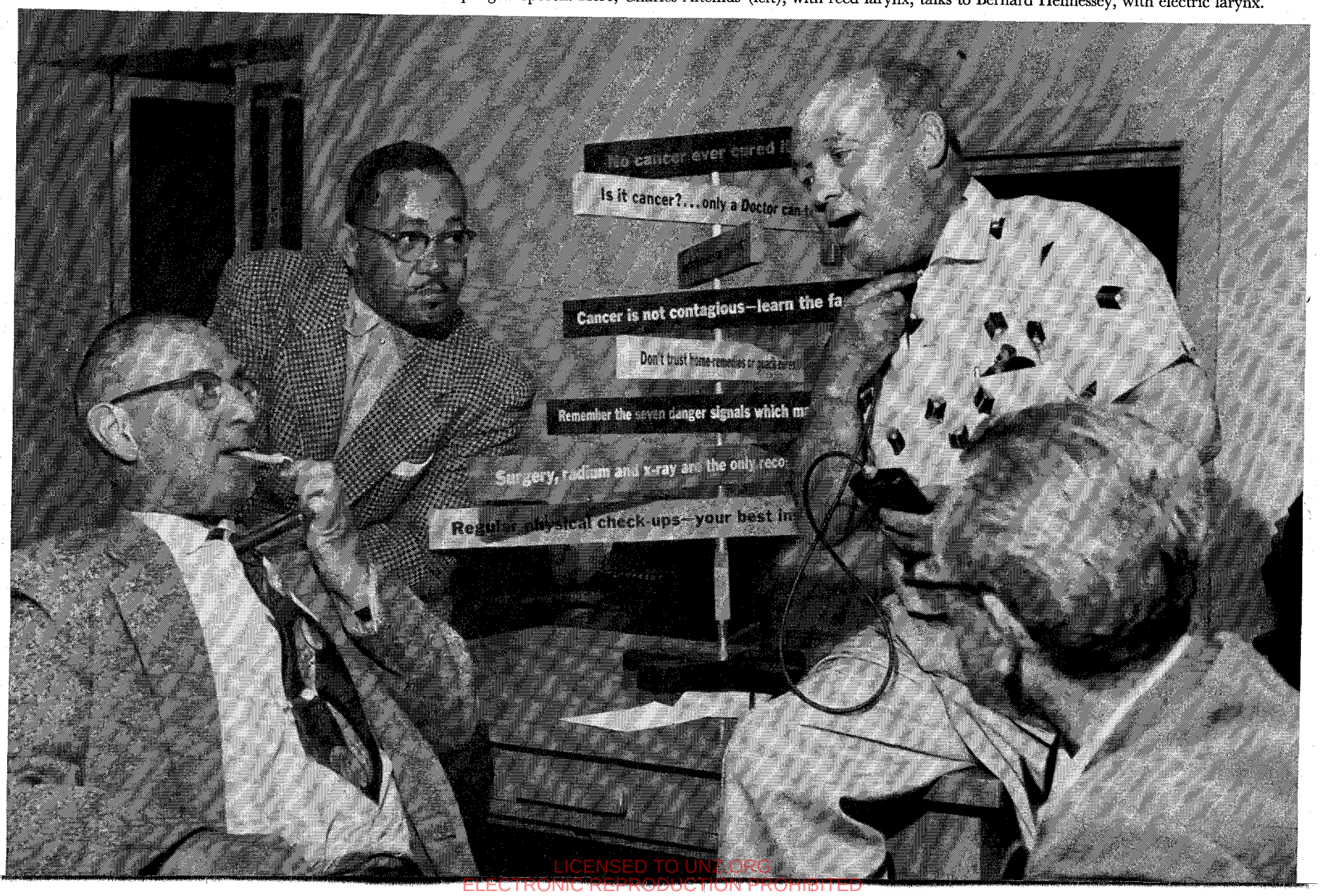
The author, a "laryngectomee," must speak without a larynx (Adam's apple) and breathe through an opening in his neck. Above, with a tape recorder, he practices "esophageal speech" by gulping air, then shaping it into sounds with his mouth.

I Lost My Voice to Cancer

By HERBERT KING

Surgery for throat cancer deprived the author of the power of speech. Here he reveals how he and thousands of fellow victims are learning to "talk" again.

Artificial voice-makers are easier to master than esophageal speech. Here, Charles Altemus (left), with reed larynx, talks to Bernard Hennessey, with electric larynx.


Is it cancer?...only a Doctor can
Cancer is not contagious—learn the fa
Don't trust home-remedies or quack cures
Remember the seven danger signals which m
Surgery, radium and x-ray are the only reco
Regular physical check-ups—your best

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Twice a week throughout the school year, fifteen to twenty pupils are called to order in the strangest class of the San Francisco Schools, Adult Division. At an instructor's signal, the pupils gulp a mouthful of air and utter in unison a sheeplike bleat, a prolonged "ba-a-a-a." Again and again they repeat this sound, and others as simple, first in chorus and then individually.

Similar gatherings go through this strange rite in other metropolitan centers such as Cleveland, Detroit, Boston and Los Angeles. They gulp air and, with each swallow, utter sounds. Eventually the sounds become intelligible words.

Pupils in these classes are called "laryngectomees." They had been silenced by life-saving surgery for cancer of the larynx—the voice box. Those who have had this operation can no longer speak normally; their vocal cords have been removed. Now, in special classes, they are learning to speak again.

The victim of cancer of the larynx often ignores warning symptoms. For some weeks he may have a hoarseness of voice, so slight at first as to be hardly noticeable. At times he may have suffered a complete but temporary loss of voice, and thought it was a case of laryngitis. The huskiness is seldom accompanied by soreness, and is sometimes neglected until too late. For cancer of the larynx develops rapidly if it goes untreated, and may prove fatal in as short a time as three months.

Such cancers brought death to Babe Ruth and Damon Runyon. They have ended the lives of thousands of others who did not heed the danger signal of continued hoarseness. But the growth, caught in time, can be arrested by X ray or removed by surgery. And in some cases the entire voice box must be removed to prevent a fatal spreading of cancer cells.

I write this after having been a member of the San Francisco class for esophageal speech for six months. I, too, am a laryngectomee, and I am learning to talk again in this new way.

Until last fall I headed my own firm, with offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Seattle. We sold packaging and processing machinery to food packers and canners on the Pacific Coast. I spent much time talking to customers, as a salesman must, talking and talking until suddenly I could talk no more. Shortly after my operation I thought it best to dispose of my business. Perhaps, as my speech improves, I can resume an active role in business, as have so many retrained laryngectomees.

At the American Cancer Society's San Francisco headquarters, Mrs. Elsie McQueen teaches fellow laryngectomees how to talk. Some advanced speakers are able to produce 200 syllables with one mouthful of air.

Now that I think back, I remember short periods of huskiness during the two years before the malignancy was found. In August, 1954, during a convention of our industry in San Francisco, I lost my voice completely. For two days I communicated by means of a pad and pencil. My friends and customers were amused, and I was unworried.

Later that week my voice returned. But the huskiness continued. It was an effort to make myself heard in noisy surroundings. I felt no pain. There was no unusual sensation except, toward the last, a frequent desire to clear my throat. That is one of the dangers of laryngeal cancer; it seldom gives a painful warning in time for a reasonable chance of cure. Fortunately for me, I did not wait too long.

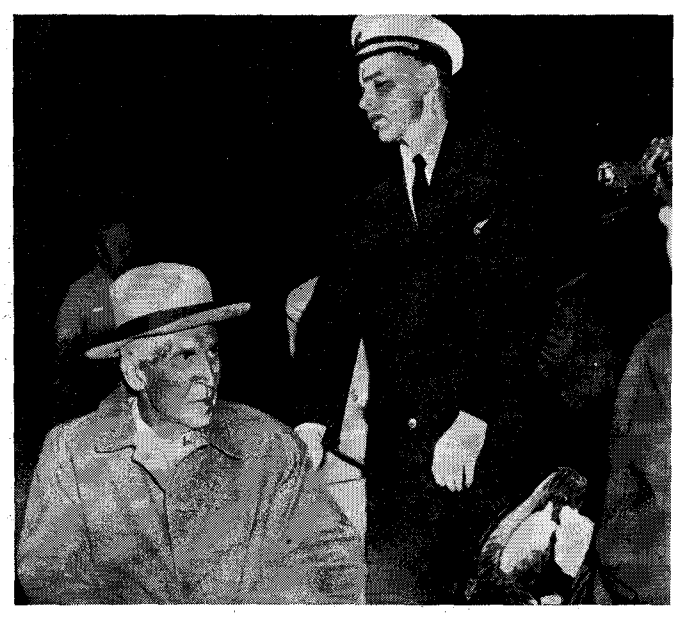
When I asked my family doctor for something to help my persistent "cold," he wisely sent me to a throat specialist. I am alive today because the specialist, Dr. Neil D. Mulcahy, disregarded my demand for simple medication. It was late in the afternoon, after his office hours, but he insisted on making a thorough examination. He found a small growth on my right vocal cord.

When a growth is discovered, a sample of the tissue is taken (Continued on Page 71)

THESE THROAT-CANCER VICTIMS WERE NOT AS LUCKY AS THE AUTHOR . . .

Broadway writer Damon Runyon (left) died in 1946. Walter Winchell (right) founded a cancer fund in his memory.

Babe Ruth gave the disease a long fight—died at 53. Throat cancer is most common among men over 35.



Ex-Ambassador Paul McNutt, once the handsomest man in politics, shortly before his death in 1955.

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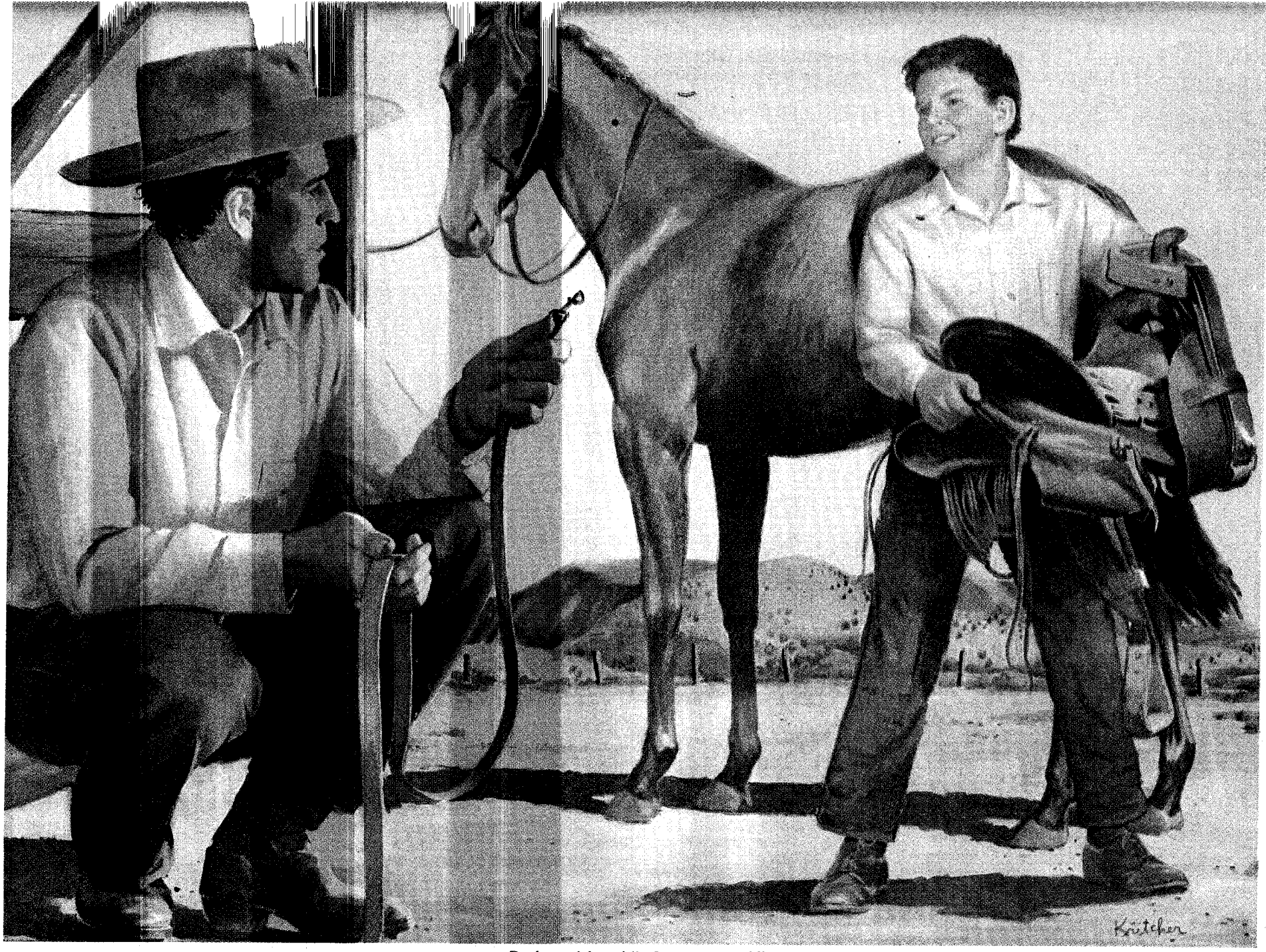

Paul stood by while Jory put a saddle on the filly.

Time to Grow Up

By BENNETT FOSTER

Was his son too young for a man's job? Paul didn't think so.

The house was quiet when Paul Rowan woke up; the only sounds were Stella's gentle breathing and the thump of the windmill pumping water to the tank. Paul listened, trying to discover what had roused him, and then got up and prowled the darkness. In Jory's room the bed was empty and the blankets gone. Carefully, so that his wife was not disturbed, Paul took his clothes and dressed. There was a lantern on the porch; he lit it, crossed the yard, and in the barn found boy and missing bedding. Jory stood beside the box stall, his blankets in his arms, and in the stall the yearling filly they called Redwing's colt turned to look at Paul.

The colt was hurt. Some member of the hay crew had left a snarl of loose wire when the haystacks were fenced and the colt had cut herself on it. Paul had doctored a raw, red wound across her chest while Jory held her; then they had put her in the stall and made her comfortable. But that was yesterday and this was now.

"Well?" Paul Rowan demanded of his son.

"It's cold," Jory said. "I thought I'd cover her."

Jory was undersized for twelve years old—not very big at all—and he was apprehensive. It wasn't really cold outside, just crisp December weather, but a cover on the colt could do no harm.

"Not with those blankets," Paul Rowan said. "Not unless you want trouble with your mother. We'll get a cover from my camp bed."

The camp bed was in the saddle room; so were the blanket pins. Jory stood by the colt's head while Paul put on the cover. That done, they went back to the house and undressed in the kitchen. The blankets were restored to Jory's bed and Paul tucked the boy in; then, in his own bed he lay wide awake, thinking about Jory and Redwing's colt.

A man who works for wages takes the best job he can get. The year before, just at the end of June, Paul Rowan had gone to work on Harrold's ranch, out south of Millardsville. Ed Harrold was a gruff old man who lived in town, traded in cattle and made livestock loans.

"I fired the man I had," he told Paul when he hired him. "He couldn't hardly wash his face without he asked me first, and I can't be chasing out there all the time. I'll pay fifty a month and I want you to run the outfit like you owned it."

Fifty dollars was a lot of money—twenty-five was the going (Continued on Page 62)

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Ordeal by Canoe

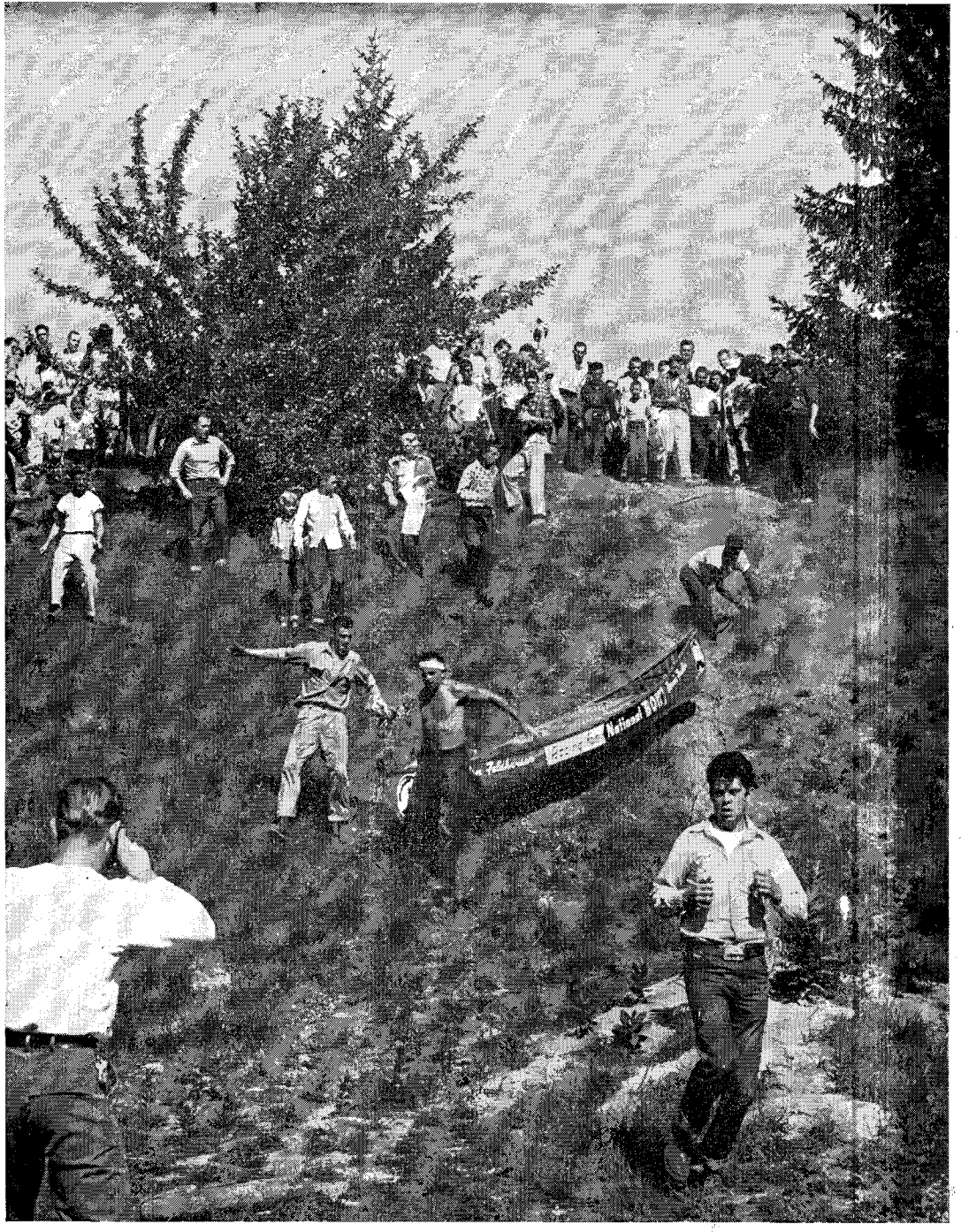
By BILL WOLF

Few races are as punishing as this weekend's annual 240-mile river marathon in Michigan. It takes a rugged outdoorsman to finish—let alone win.

The main branch of the Au Sable River in Michigan is a nice place for a leisurely canoe trip. The river wanders with a steady current for approximately 240 miles from the inland town of Grayling to Oscoda, where it empties into Lake Huron. There's nothing in the river to tax the energies of even a moderately experienced canoeist.

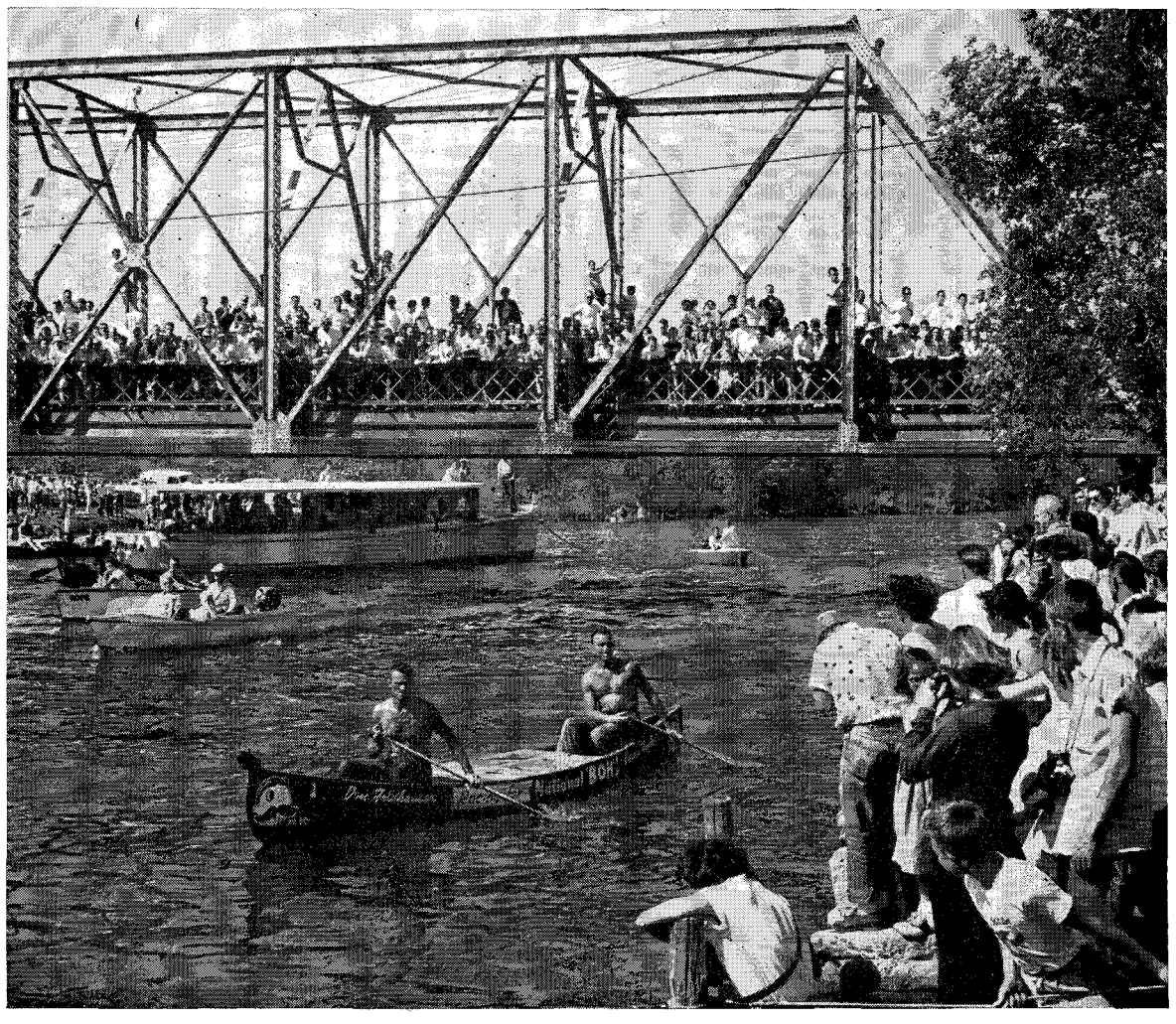
This weekend, however, this same stretch of water will become the course of what is possibly the toughest, most punishing canoe race in the world—the annual Michigan Canoe Marathon. Starting at 8:30 P.M. on September first, approximately twenty-five teams of canoeists will put into the river and churn off in a nonstop speed-and-endurance contest along the 240-mile course. This is the tenth year for the race, and state police estimate that there will be up to 10,000 spectators. Past performances indicate that many of the contestants will drop out along the way because of exhaustion, injury or banged-up canoes. Some will get lost. And it's anybody's guess whether the record will be broken.

Bernie Fowler and Don Feldhauser were the winners last year. They started at Grayling, the first of twenty-five teams to get under way, and, except for brief portages over six power dams along the river, they never stopped their monotonous but miles-consuming beat of fifty to fifty-two strokes a minute until they reached Oscoda the next afternoon, seventeen hours, thirty-eight and one-half minutes later. When they unlocked their cramped fingers from the paddles and hoisted their stiff bodies to the dock, they were winners of $1000 first-place prize money, a trophy, the plaudits of a big holiday crowd awaiting them and congratulatory (Continued on Page 77)



Portage at Five Channels Dam. Marathoners don't waste time carrying canoes on their shoulders in the usual manner. They just drag their reinforced boats over rocks and brush.

The winners, Don Feldhauser and Bernie Fowler, cross the finish line at Oscoda in the 1955 race after seventeen hours of paddling. The victory was their third in a row.



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By ROWLAND T. MORIARTY

MISS MINNIE'S STOLEN MILLIONS

The amazing story of how a quiet woman pulled a $3,000,000 swindle with the aid of a fountain pen and an honest face.

Minnie Mangum's schoolmates recall her as a shy child who always walked alone. She became shy again last December when she was arrested for embezzlement and escorted into Norfolk police headquarters to be booked.

This is where Minnie worked—and stuffed her purse. The assets of her firm, Norfolk's Commonwealth Building and Loan Association, were purchased by the Home Federal after Miss Minnie's secret came to light.

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On a hot afternoon in August, 1955, a pudgy little woman sat in a banking office in Norfolk, Virginia, making calculations on a memo pad. She glanced up at a young man in a rumpled seersucker suit who sat on the far side of her desk. Her heavy-lidded eyes reviewed the figures again, and she said she felt—yes, it was certain, the loan he sought was possible.

The young man hitched back from the edge of his chair and grinned. Miss Mangum, he said, could not imagine what this would mean to him and his wife. They wanted their own home, and had despaired of scratching together the down-payment money.

"Money!" exclaimed Minnie Mangum with apparent distaste. "It's not just getting money that counts; it's making money useful."

She spread her pale, plump hands on the desk. They were all that remained of young beauty to Minnie Mangum, and she glanced at them as she explained to the young man that she did not want to be thought frivolous about money. Banking and frivolity did not mix. Nevertheless, banking had its human side.

The young man was hearing one of Miss Mangum's favorite precepts. It seemed to be the key to her character, and it was taken as such by a newspaper biographer of Miss Mangum in 1953, when she marked her twenty-fifth anniversary with Commonwealth Building and Loan Association as its assistant secretary and treasurer.

The biographer saw her as the most notable career woman in banking in Virginia's Tidewater country. "In this business," he went on, "Miss Mangum has found her way up by combining good business sense with plenty of sympathy, understanding and a genuine interest in other people's problems."

What no one then dreamed, of course, was that Minnie Mangum's interest in other people's problems had also sent her climbing to eminence as an embezzler. That was Miss Mangum's secret as she talked with the young man in seersucker. When that secret was discovered four months later, Miss Mangum stood revealed as the Tidewater's biggest crook since the days of Blackbeard, the pirate. She had made off with almost $3,000,000 of the loan association's money, more than twice as much as the gun-toting bandits who looted Brink's express office in Boston. And Minnie Mangum's only weapon was her fountain pen.

Even more incredible to investigators who backtracked the twenty-two-year-old trail of Minnie Mangum's embezzlements was her disposition of the stolen millions. Nothing fitted the usual pattern—no money lost in the stock market, at the race track or flung away on pleasure.

Instead, almost all the stolen money had been used to make other people happy. Miss Mangum's kinfolk had been showered with all manner of gifts, including homes and expensive automobiles; some had been set up on farms or established in business. Fellow workers had been awed by the munificence of her holiday remembrances. Friends had been remembered on all kinds of holidays, and hundreds of needy persons had been given financial help. Minnie Mangum was, as her prosecutor later said, "the most generous person with money—another's money."

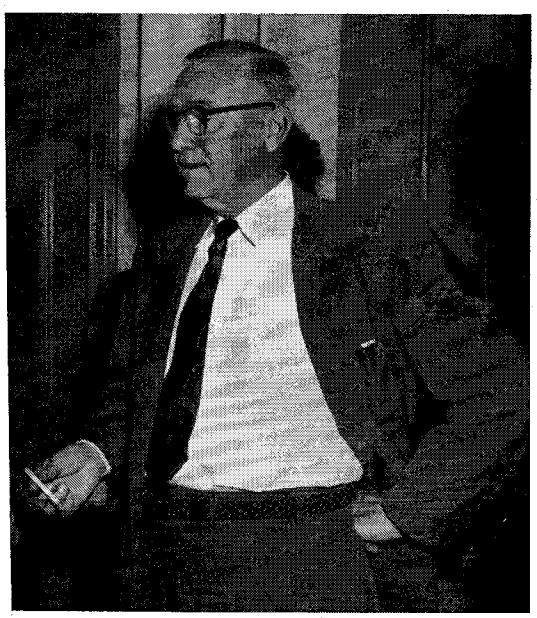
The stolen millions came almost entirely from the Commonwealth Building and Loan Association's "untouchable" reserves. These were actually undistributed profits. They were primarily a financial cushion. Depositor shareholders had book equity in that fund, but their equity would become cash in hand only if the association were liquidated, an event that was not contemplated. In consequence, none of the depositors who trusted in Miss Mangum's integrity lost a cent of actual cash. Her only obvious victims were a bonding company, hit for $250,000, and Uncle Sam's Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation, which probably will lose around $100,000.

Some people in the Tidewater country rather admire Miss Mangum—or Miss Minnie, as she was often called in the Southern manner. They have a feeling that all Minnie Mangum did was to take a lot of money lying around uselessly and put it to work doing good.

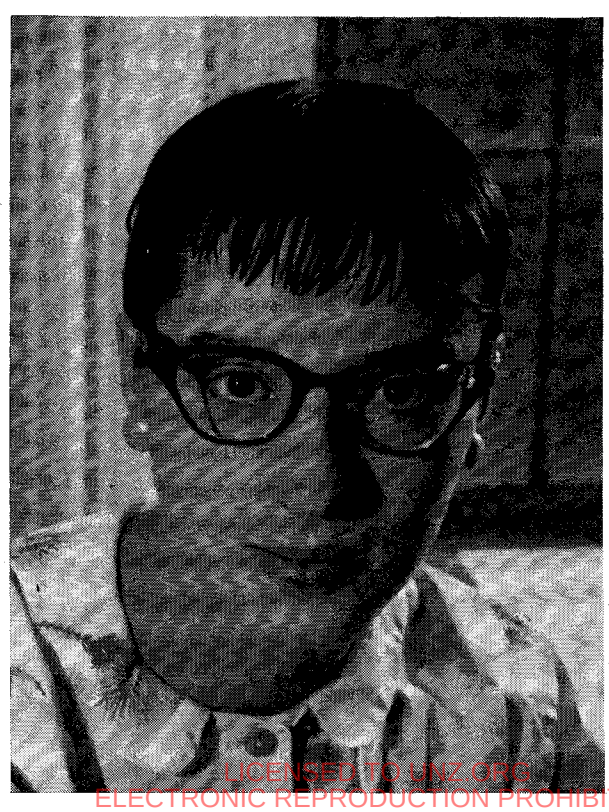
Psychiatrists take another view. Miss Minnie's conduct has been explained as a flight from reality, a sentimental journey out of an empty, unhappy childhood into a world where generosity with stolen money compensated for everything.

Minnie's father, John Joseph Mangum, was a railroad worker. He, too, was a periodic fugitive from reality, which for him was the burden of supporting nine children, of whom Minnie was the fifth. Weekend drinking bouts were his escape. (Continued on Page 56)

Miss Minnie wore a colonial costume when her firm dedicated its new home in 1950. She was a profusely generous friend to evangelist Coretta Mason (above, left), who still was standing by her last December (below).



President Roy Philips put the money in the reserve fund—and Minnie took it out.



Mrs. Esther Marie Cannon called Miss Minnie's fast-shuffling methods to the attention of the bank examiners.

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By STUART CLOETE

Helpless in Love

He was as bold as ten lions, a man who feared nothing—except marriage.

Piet Marais loved his mother and hunting. He hated girls and the police. Both were dangerous to liberty. Maybe it was liberty that he loved best.

A man with a girl—a wife—was like a knee-haltered horse. Every time he raised his head to stare about him he was aware of the riem that held him fettered. A married man was crippled, bound. Besides, with a mother like his what need had a man of a wife? He thought of the bread she baked, of the biltong she made, of the pickles, the jams and preserves. He thought of the poultry she raised, of the vegetables in her kitchen garden.

One day, perhaps, he would have to marry, but that day was a long way ahead. It was beyond the horizon of his mind—like death. He looked out over the veld where a dozen tall gray cranes walked through the grass, like women, trailing their sweeping tails. A few rose on wide wings, uttered a creaking cry that was almost a metallic rattle, and then settled down again. It was a pleasure to watch them—to watch anything that was free.

Beyond the birds, beyond the boundary of his farm, was the place where he had had that last run-in with the police. He'd just shot a kudu bull and they had warned him that if they caught him again they'd run him in. They said it was a mile from his own boundary. He had said, "And what's a mile? When no one farms here? It belongs to some man in the city who never comes. Besides, we have always hunted here. I and my fathers before me."

"Well, you can't now," the policeman said. "That is the law."

"The law," he'd answered. "Man, we were here before the law."

"Well, the law's here now, and it's come to stay," the policeman said.

What an idea! Of course, it all meant nothing, except that he'd have to be more careful. But it was hard to think of policemen as human beings. Hard to believe they had mothers, were loved by someone, were even born as other men. He saw them born in khaki, booted, belted and spurred, equipped with helmets and revolvers—infant monsters, enemies of freedom.

He pulled out his watch. It was as large as a child's ball. He was hungry. His stomach rumbled. *Before heaven,* he thought, *I'm so hungry I could eat a policeman.* But it was a pleasure to be hungry. Soon his mother would call; then they would eat. There would be roast guinea fowl and cold buck. And rice and pumpkins and potatoes and bread and jam, and coffee to drink. Everything of his own growing, including the wheat for the flour, except the coffee, the sugar and the rice. On a good farm, with a good mother, a man lived well. He knew what he was eating. When one's ma cooked food one had grown oneself one could truly give thanks to God both for the meal one was about to eat before one began, and again, for the meal one had eaten when it was over.

His mother called him. During the meal they did not speak. After it, he gave thanks with bent head and lowered eyes.

Illustrated by Glenn Grohe

The last thing Piet wanted was to be tied down by some woman.

It was then that his mother said, "What about this dance, Piet? Are you going?"

"Dance, ma? Me? With girls? I can't."

"Why not, Piet? Do you want men to think you are afraid?"

"Me afraid? When all men know I am quite fearless? Bold as ten lions?"

"Well, that is what men say. It is the talk of the village. It makes me ashamed that they say my great son, big as an ox, is afraid of small maidens—say that any girl can put him to flight by just waving her handkerchief."

"Ah," he said, "that is something. *Ja,* that is something indeed. Just because I do not like them—just because——You say they say that?"

"Then go and show them."

He banged his fist on the table. "If they think that, I'll go. *Ja.*"

"It is on Saturday," his mother said.

When he came back from the lands he found his mother pressing his best suit.

The dance was held in the big shed that belonged to the owner of the Boomspruit Emporium. It had been splendidly decorated for the occasion with hanging flags of many nations, and was illuminated by stable lanterns hanging from the rafters. There was a homelike smell of kerosene and hides and cheese—of all the stores which usually occupied the building. And then over this, like a cloth laid over a table, came the smell of people—of sweat from the happy dancers, of naphtha from the men's clothes which had just been taken out of mothballs, of perfume from the girls, of dust from the concrete floor, of the strong tobacco that was being smoked, of beer, of brandy—the whole combining into a kind of party smell that was associated with the music of the orchestra—two concertinas, a piano and a fiddle—in the minds of the dancers. Smell and sound were one, like the bouquet and the taste on the tongue of a fine wine—the wine of enjoyment.

The men's dark clothes made them almost invisible when they moved out of the lantern light. The girls, bright as butterflies, and as active, fluttered in circles about their invisible partners.

That was the way it looked to Piet when he stood at the (Continued on Page 75)

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"I must see you again," Piet said. "You have done something to me."

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He's Betting on the Atom Age

John Jay Hopkins, who built the nuclear submarines, is trying out other ways to harness the atom. Civilization isn't doomed, he insists—it's just about to begin.

By EDGAR SNOW

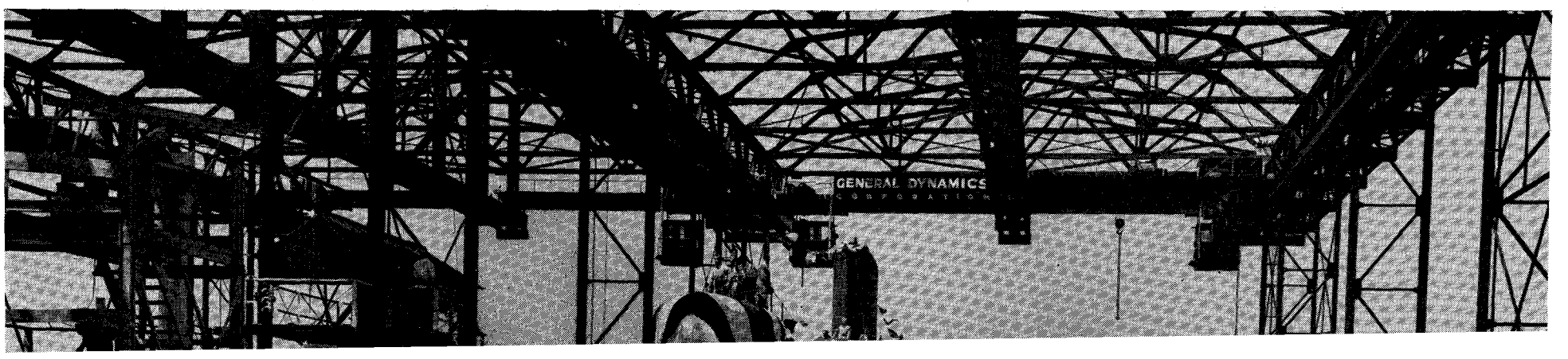
Hopkins believes that it's up to the United States to carry "the atom's message of hope" to the world.

Not everyone knows what General Dynamics Corporation is, but most people know that the Nautilus is the world's first nuclear-powered ship. General Dynamics built the Nautilus. More specifically, engineers and craftsmen of the Electric Boat division of General Dynamics built the Nautilus. They built it in collaboration with Admiral Hyman Rickover and men of the United States Navy, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Westinghouse Corporation. A typical submarine requires more than 2000 blueprints calling for at least 7,000,000 items ranging from a tiny washer to six miles of pipe, twenty-four miles of electrical cables and a reactor and turbine crammed into a narrow, shockproof hull. Capable of circling the earth repeatedly without refueling or surfacing, the Nautilus is a self-contained city under the sea, where the age of atomic transport began.

Symbolizing the achievement, Electric Boat's proud insigne is a miniature sphere with a submarine embossed on it. Ranked beside it are other spheres—five, thus far—which revolve around the mother globe of General Dynamics. One sphere is for Convair, which made the B-36 bomber, has pioneered Atlas, the intercontinental supersonic ballistic missile, and is working on nuclear-propelled aircraft for both the Army and the Navy. Another stands for Electro Dynamic, a producer of industrial and marine motors since 1880. A third sphere is for Canadair, Ltd., one of the largest aircraft factories in Canada. The fourth component is Stromberg-Carlson, well known for its electronic, telephonic and radio equipment. The fifth is General Atomic, organized to do everything from research in pure nuclear science to the production of "portable" reactors.

Presiding over all these satellites is the brisk, fast-talking president and chairman of the board of General Dynamics, John Jay Hopkins. The system is his (Continued on Page 53)

The nuclear submarine Sea Wolf, launched a year ago, is a Hopkins product. His General Dynamics Corporation currently is working on the first atomic-powered plane.



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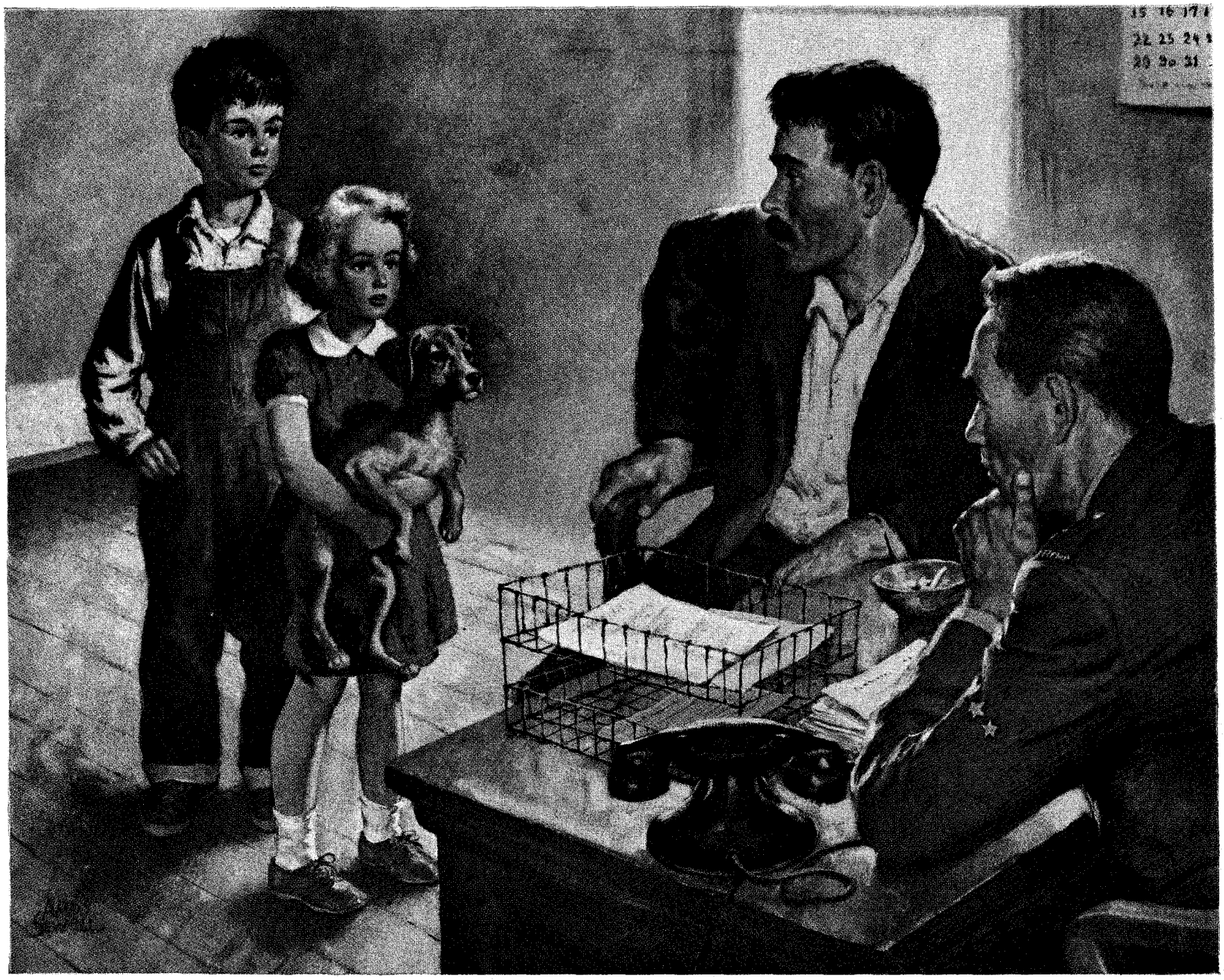

"He is not ratty!" Babe said indignantly. "He's beautiful!"

Babe's New Dog

There was only one way to make her forget the pet she had lost . . .

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Big Joe and the kids took their places at the dinner table while Uncle Pete was dishing up the spuds, green beans and round steak. Their housekeeper had recently married a sheepman from south of the river, so Uncle Pete had to do the cooking, and he never bothered with desserts. But the kids did not complain. Young though they were, they had already learned that in this world you had to take the rough with the smooth. And for them, Big Joe thought glumly, there had been a lot more rough than smooth.

"You ask the blessing, Baby," he said.

Babe sat at his right hand, and Little Joe at his left; partly so that he could watch their table manners, but also because he liked to have them near. In his loneliness since their mom died, Joe took comfort in their nearness. Babe was little and fair, the way her mom used to be; Little Joe dark and sturdily built, destined to be a big man like his pop.

Babe waited for Uncle Pete to take his place at the foot of the table before bowing her head above her clasped hands. All at once her head popped up again. A big car was turning in from the road. She watched it roll to a stop near the kitchen steps. A stout, swarthy man climbed out. Babe noticed her pop's black brows draw together in a frown.

"What's he doin' here, Pete?" he asked.

"I dunno," Uncle Pete answered. "I didn't ast him here."

"Who is he, pop?" Babe wanted to know.

Little Joe answered her question, "It's Tom Dunke, from Sanford. He's a bootlegger."

"What's a bootleg-er?" Babe asked wonderingly. She could see that the stout man was not wearing boots—just ordinary shoes, and badly scuffed shoes at that.

Nobody took time to explain to Babe. Big Joe got up and strode out to the back porch.

"Git!" he was going to say to Dunke. "An' don't ever come here again."

Uncle Pete operated his own still and occasionally he sold (Continued on Page 65)

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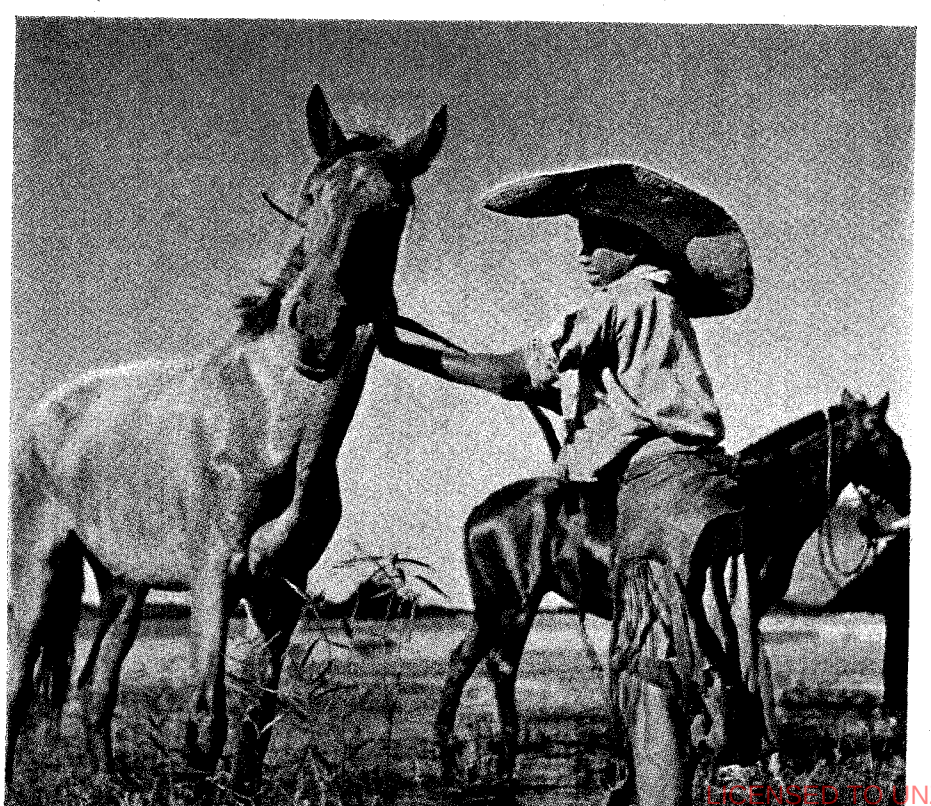
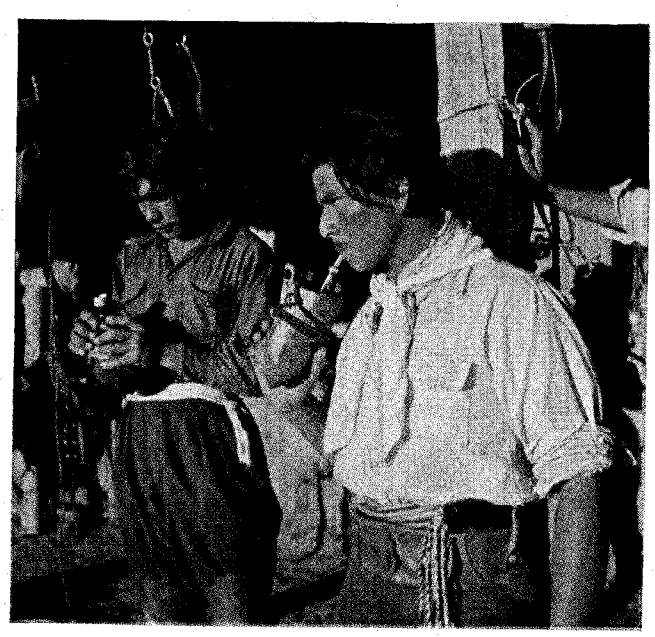
Paraguayan Indians cut out some of Eaton's cattle for the 250-mile drive to the beef boat. These cowpokes refuse to accept their pay in cash. They prefer, instead, to get a food ration and a monthly allowance of one shirt and one pair of pants.

Horses in Paraguay's parched Chaco country are watered at every opportunity. There's a lot of desert between drinks in this lizard-infested land.





When the gauchos get thirsty, they reach for a cow's horn full of cold maté—the Paraguayan version of iced tea.

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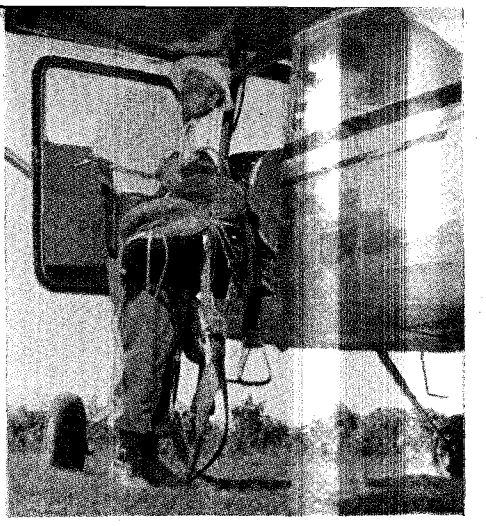
American Cowboy in a Wild New Land

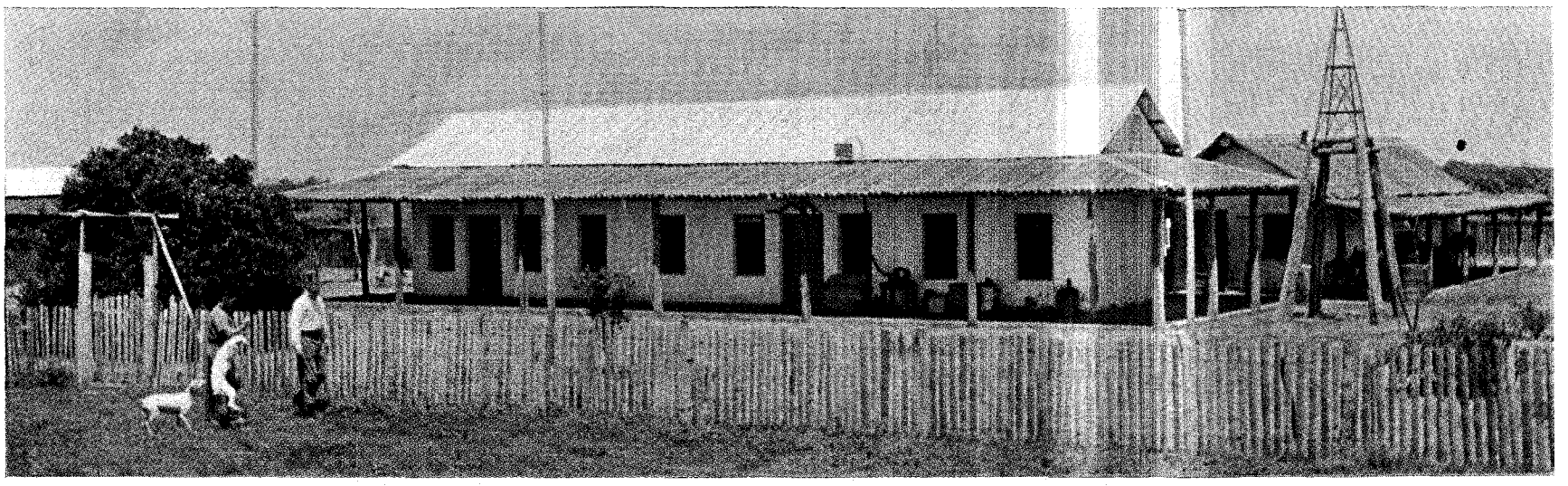
Bob Eaton runs a 160,000-acre ranch in the Chaco, a vast South American frontier which makes our old West seem tame.

By GEORGE WELLER



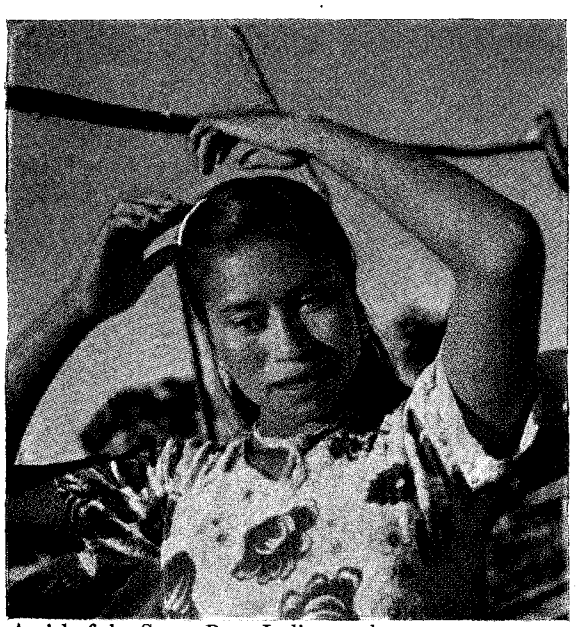
Rancher Eaton travels only two ways—by air and by horse. A plane is almost a necessity for him, because there are no highways in the Chaco.

While at their city home in Asunción, Mrs. Eaton and the kids keep in touch with the ranch by radio.



The Eaton ranch home. Bob, a Vermonter, came to the Chaco twenty-six years ago. He put up these buildings in 1946, on land which is valued at less than fifty cents an acre.

Photographs by Peter Scheier



A girl of the Santa Pena Indian settlement, where a man's wealth is measured by the number of wives he has.

ASUNCIÓN, PARAGUAY.

Running a 160,000-acre ranch on the last shootin' frontier of South America keeps Bob and Dorothy Eaton alert to many things outdoors more unpredictable than the weather. In the Chaco—a 95,400-square-mile, parched wasteland between the Andes and the Brazilian jungle—your steers die of thirst, taxes are preposterous, bad men shoot the good, soldiers rig the price of beef and rustlers forge your brands. The pampa wolf, a red-furred, black-maned thug, extinct elsewhere, kills calves for fun.

But one tiny puzzle has been nagging at the Eatons for more than twenty years, and darned if they can find an answer. The question is simply: "Say, how many Indians we got here on the place, anyhow?"

On vaccination morning recently, Dorothy, a handsome motherly woman in her late thirties, pulled the kitchen table out on the porch and laid out Bob's needles and rubber gloves. She found an uncommonly long line of waiting Indians stretching out toward the corral. From breakfast to sundown the Eatons punched the needle. When finally the red sun sank toward the Andes, they both sagged into chairs on the porch.

Then Bob brought it up again. "I think maybe I know about how many Indians," he murmured. "For once, I remembered to count 'em."

(Continued on Page 59)

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By FREDERICK BORG

A BIG GIRL NOW

He had thought she was too young for him.

That was a couple of kisses ago.

From the doorway, the living room seemed unoccupied. It was a big room, comfortably furnished, with brightly colored drapes swaying gently at the floor-to-ceiling windows. Beyond the windows, in the patio, a fountain sparkled in the sun. A sofa of magnificent proportions faced the windows, its back to the doorway. From behind this barrier came a murmured colloquy, followed shortly by the appearance of two heads, one dark, the other the color of fresh taffy.

"If there's one thing I can't stand," said Mary Abbott, of the dark hair, "it's a man who asks for kisses."

"I know," said her companion, a handsome young giant named John Randolph. "What I ought to do is knock you on the head and drag you off to my lair. Maybe I would if you weren't so doggone ——" He stopped to grapple for the right word. "—— regal," he went on after a moment. "You don't realize what you do to me, Mary. Every time I try to kiss you I find myself in the same fix."

"Fix?"

"I feel like a peasant in the presence of a queen. I could no more make a pass at you ——"

"The fact is," Mary interrupted, "you're just a timid soul. I hate to say it, but it's so. That goes for the way you work too. You'd sell twice as many appliances if you'd just look those buyers in the eye and refuse to take no for an answer."

"I led the field last year," John protested, getting to his feet and pacing agitatedly up and down before the sofa. "Eighty-six salesmen across the country, and I topped them all. You don't understand, Mary—the old high-pressure approach is as dead as last year's election promises."

"I don't believe it," Mary said, looking up at him from under her long lashes. "From what I've observed in my twenty-six years I'd say this is still a man's world, and that a man gets what he wants not by asking, but by taking."

"Oh, hell."

"Look at Warren Towne," she went on. "Not much older than you, yet he's vice-president of the second biggest store in Northern California. How did he get where he is? By being aggressive, that's how."

"He'd still be wrapping packages in the basement," John said bitterly, "if his old man didn't happen to be president of Towne and Jackson."

"You sound jealous."

"I'm just being realistic."

"You have to admit he's a go-getter."

"I'll admit anything," John said wearily, "as long as I don't have to hear about him."

"You're mad because you can't sell him anything."

"Not mad, just puzzled. He practically admitted, last time I saw him, that Argonaut makes the best appliances in the world, but he still refused to order." (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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Without volition, he took her in his arms and kissed her soft young lips. "You've grown," he said huskily.

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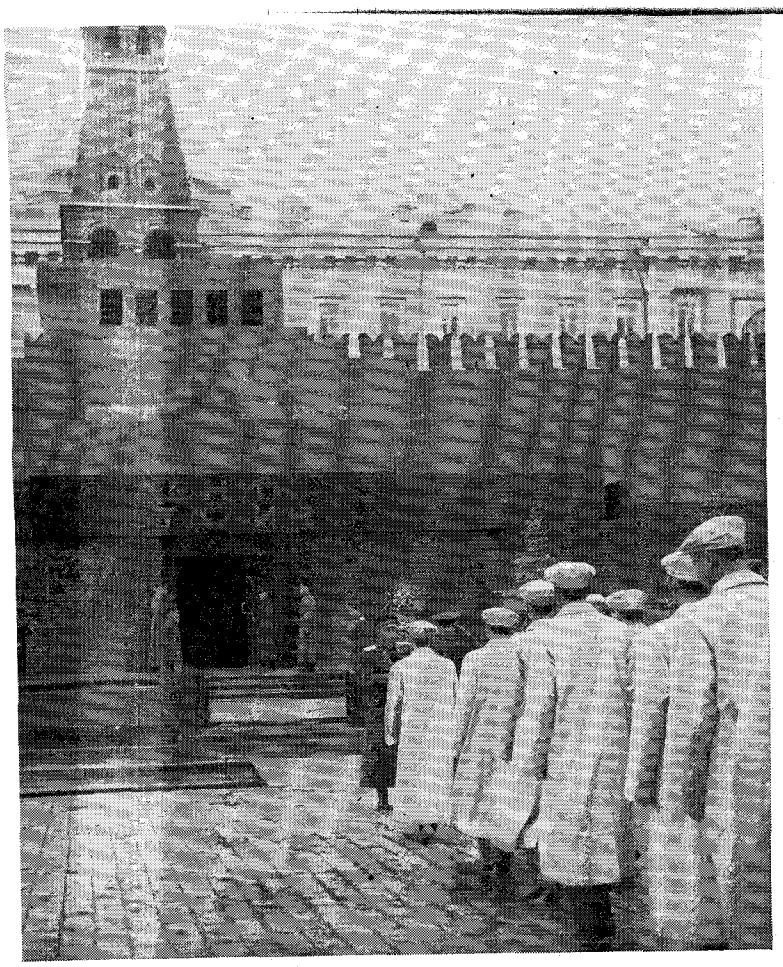

Pilgrims from Red China, all decked out in identical raincoats, shuffle toward the mausoleum under the Kremlin walls where Lenin's body—and Stalin's, too, so far—is on display.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 23

MOSCOW

By CHARLES W. THAYER

This is the mysterious capital of the communist world, where the dancing is superb, the subway magnificent, the slums horrible and the bread lines endless.

Summer afternoon on Red Square. Rear: St. Basil's Cathedral. Grim and drab by Western standards, Moscow is a city of wonders to people under communist rule.

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Young Soviets exercise their muscles at the New University, which turns out scientists and engineers by the thousands every year.

Moscow.

Here in this city of outward calm, but possessed of a record of explosive change, by far the oldest inhabitants are flocks of big black and gray birds. They circle and wheel in carefree fashion over the moiling crowds below them and over the privileged rulers of those crowds as well. They are able to do this because they are very privileged themselves—these are the famous hooded crows of the Kremlin. Their home is in the elms of the Alexander Gardens under the Kremlin's wall. As night falls they roost in the elms. They must feel very secure there because they have seen so many tenants of the Kremlin come and go. In fact, Muscovites say that if the hooded crows ever abandon Moscow the city will perish.

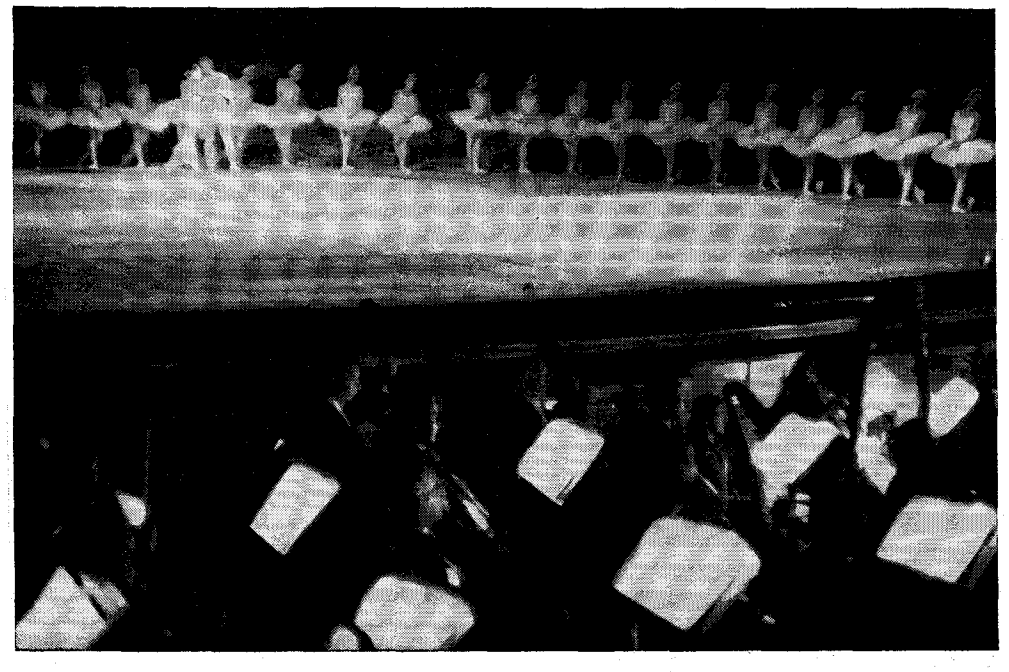
To know Moscow well it is necessary to know something of its history, so perhaps we might review some of the things the crows have seen during the 800 years they have been cawing and flapping over the Kremlin.

Eight centuries ago a ruler named Yuri Dolgoruki—"The Long-Armed One"—began chopping down some of the elms where the crows lived in order to build the first wooden "Kremlin," or fortress. Since, scarcely a century has passed without another intruder passing under the roosts of the crows and through the gates of the Kremlin. Each has aroused the Muscovites from a dreamy sort of sleepiness they enjoy and awakened them to intoxicating dreams of conquest.

Before taking a look at the city of Moscow as it is today, we ought to skip quickly over the rulers these privileged crows have seen. After The Long-Armed One, the Tatars of Kazan gave the Muscovites a rude awakening by walking in and setting fire to the Kremlin. Tough when hit and spurred, the Russians promptly chased the invaders to the neighborhood of the Urals and thereby established a new frontier. Then, skipping along, in the fourteenth century came the Mongol khans. They gave the Muscovites such harsh treatment that eventually they organized their neighbors, drove out the khans, and established the beginnings of modern Russia. During the next century the orthodox Russian monks and priests inspired the Muscovites to crusade against "the heretic Christians of Rome and Constantinople." The idea was to establish a (Continued on Page 73)

A snow-shrouded housewife stares longingly at some of the prohibitively priced appliances for sale at GUM, a huge, government-owned department store.

No one loves theater more than a Russian, and Russia's capital has some of the finest theaters in the world. Below: A performance of Tchaikovsky's ballet, Swan Lake, at the Bolshoi.



Rush hour in Moscow's fancy subway, the Metro. The Red bosses are so proud of this show place that they've named a street after it—Metrostroi.

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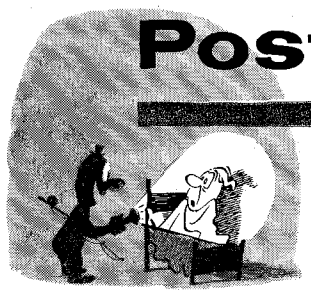

Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Gee, mom, I'll bet you were popular when you were my age! What was the name of that boy you were telling me about—Billy Somebody—the one that used to do such crazy things?"

"You know something, mom? I'm going to take a course in interior decorating someday, because I'd like to know how to fix up a house the way you do! Like that idea you had for doing over the game room with these real sunny yellow walls and jade-green curtains. Gosh, that'd be neat!"

"Mom, it sure is neat to have such a young-looking mother! It's like Cruddy Baker says, you take some people's mothers and you'd think they were their grandmothers or something, but the first time he saw you he thought you were my sister!"

"Isn't it awful, mom, the way some mothers won't let their kids invite other kids over to their houses? Like Carol Peevey. Her mother is always saying, 'Oh, why don't you and the kids go to a movie or something, instead of hanging around here?' and I'll just bet Carol is going to end up a juvenile delinquent or a dope fiend or something."

And the fast break:

"Mom, the kids came over this afternoon for some Rock and Roll and we were mixing malted milks in the game room, only Cruddy Baker poured his malt in daddy's paint sprayer and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's nothing to me what your little boy did with your ticket."

"I finally got Henry to join a club."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Retreat

I am that happiest of men,
A writer who enjoys a den:
A room with musty volumes banked,
A cloister hushed and sacrosanct.
It is my own, my secret lair,
And no one else may venture there—
Except my children, loud with strife;
My memorandum-bearing wife;
The serving wench who comes to dust
Immortal Sophocles's bust;
TV repairmen, lost or strayed;
Haphazard salesmen bent on trade;
The dog, that whimpers by the door,
And several hundred thousand more.

How nice it is to have a den
Remote from all the haunts of men—
A sheltered nook that brings to me
Inviolable privacy!

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Heinrich Schnibble and the Pitchman

"Gather in, friends, gather in a little closer so one and all can hear about this amazing new body balm which will give your tired ——"

"Excusen meinself, Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Schnibble! . . . Well, friends, here's a smart man who's ready to buy a good thing even before he hears about it. . . . Sir ——"

"Ach nein! Meinself ist already boughten."

"A satisfied customer! Yes-sirree, friends, a satisfied customer, eager to give a testimonial! . . . Mr. Schnibble, have you tried your Murkey's Magic Miracle Muscle Massage?"

"Ach, ja! Ich ben usen das Murker's und ——"

"And it made you feel like walking a little faster, stepping a little higher? Right?"

"Himmel! Meinself ist runnen und oberleapen der fence!"

"Thank you, Mr. Schnibble! . . . Now, friends, just rub Murkey's on your shoulders, on your back, on your ——"

"Ich ben rubben das Murker on mein stubbornisch balkenbrayer."

"No matter where you rub this Magic —— On your what?"

"Mein stubbornisch donkey mit balken und brayen."

"There you are, friends! Murkey's ben good for man or beast. Its Magic Miracle action gives new life to ——"

"Ach du lieber! Mein balker ist outkicken mit der heelers und schnorten und snappen der toothers, und Ich ben runnen mit oberleapen der fence!"

"Good-by, Mr. Schnibble. . . . Now, friends, just try ——"

"Suddenisch das balker ist collapsen mit foamen und rollen der eyeballers. Das Murker's ist ——"

"Just try das Murker's, friends. Satisfaction ist guaranteed or your money ben refunded."

"Himmel! Ich ben demanden ein donkey!"

"Beat it, bub; you'll get —— You ben demanden ein donkey?"

"Ja! Unlessen das crookisch Murker's ist refunden mein donkey, Ich ben callen der sheriff!"

"Go ahead mit der callen! Ich ben—that is, meinself ist got a license, und we don't ben got no donkey!"

"Der sheriff ist mein goot friend!"

"I don't care if der sheriff ist —— Look, Mr. Schnibble, all mein crowd ben driften off. Could I settle mit you later? Please?"

"Ach, ja. Ich ben waiten."

"Goot! . . . Now, mein friends, Ich ben sellen das balkenbra—I mean, das Murker's Donkey Remover ben—meinself is —— Ach! Ach! . . . Go bring der sheriff, Mr. Schnibble! Mit ein strait jacket. Und hurry!"

DAVE MORRAH

The Little Woman

She can make a bouquet from a bunch of
old weeds;
She can whip up a meal from just scraps;
She can fashion a lamp from a bottle or jug,
Or cover a wall with old maps.
She can redo a chair or refurbish a drape—
In fact, it's her favorite pastime.
She's really an expert at making things do—
But she can't wear the dress she wore
last time!

LEONARD A. PARIS

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much more than a hardtop...

it's a PONTIAC *Custom Catalina!*

Pontiac gave America its first look at hardtop styling . . . and ever since has been giving hardtop styling its *best* look—the *Catalina* look.

In the magnificent Custom Catalina by Pontiac you get interior glamour that is unsurpassed by even the costliest cars. The finest hand-buffed top-grain leather money can buy . . . rich, durable nylon . . . deep-pile carpeting—everything *perfectly matched* to its exclusive exterior colors.

And with all this you can enjoy another luxury—the luxury of America's finest performance—sparked by a mighty 227-h.p. Strato-Streak V-8 and smoothed to perfection by Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic*.

But don't think all this is too rich for your blood, because the price tag on this remarkable car hasn't yet caught up with its goodness. See your Pontiac dealer soon. You'll find the drive as pleasant as the price.

And remember, Pontiac is America's proven performance and economy champion. **Low extra-cost option*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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A brave little girl...
a cardiac golfer...
a tale of two hearts

Wausau Story

Cardiac golfer, M. W. Kyler gets tip from pro Willie Stepanik as American Heart Association representative looks on

by HENRY D. SAYER,
Former Industrial Commissioner
of New York State

"In my years of dealing with insurance matters, I had many contacts with Employers Mutuals of Wausau. So the name of that city was familiar to me although I'd never visited there.

"So I was especially glad to have an occasion to see firsthand the unique personality of this community. A community that got its roots from big timber and that's grown up to a busy, progressive city yet with its heart still bound close to deep woods and fishing streams.

"My tour of the city took me out to the Wausau Country Club where I saw Mr. M. W. Kyler playing golf. Because all of us are so conscious of heart problems, Mr. Kyler was particularly interesting to me. He had a heart attack 18 years ago but still leads an active business life and plays golf regularly. Here in Wausau sports therapy, so much in the news today, is never more than 5 minutes away from anyone.

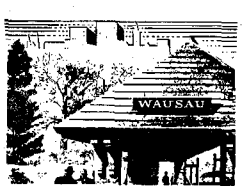
"But what came closest to expressing for me the warm friendliness and advantages of the Wausau way of life was the story of little Sandra Hoile. An article about Sandra's rheumatic fever appeared in the Wausau paper. Ever since then the entire community has taken her to its heart. As a grandfather I couldn't help wishing as I visited Sandra that all little girls could grow up in a community like Wausau. I'm glad I finally got to see Wausau."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

We at Employers Mutuals are glad we grew up in Wausau. And we're happy when folks like Mr. Sayer share our sentiments and pride in the Wausau way of doing things. We figure to keep on growing but never to outgrow our Wausau born idea that, in business as in daily living, friendliness and helpfulness should prevail. It takes outstanding employees to make a company "good people to do business with." We have many such people—but as our business grows we need more—especially in our sales department. If you know someone who might be interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide sales organizations, have him write to us. His inquiry will receive personal attention. Write to: C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

...the community's heart is showing.
Brighter future for 8-year-old Sandra Hoile

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Milton Teague and Bill Craig check the pickings at their Limoneira Ranch. Unlike most fruit trees, the lemon tree blooms and bears the year around.

California's Yellow Gold

By ANDREW HAMILTON

Lemon growing is one of the riskiest ventures a man can undertake, but these farmers have made their gamble on this strange fruit pay off in a million-dollar way.

Just past midnight last February ninth, the little town of Santa Paula, California—which calls itself "America's lemon capital"—was shivering under a starry sky. The telephone buzzed in the pine-paneled den of Milton McKevett Teague, general manager of Limoneira, the world's largest lemon ranch.

"Temperature's dropping fast," Bill Craig, the ranch superintendent, told Teague. "Down to twenty-nine degrees now. We'll start the wind machines on Upper One Block if she continues. Light the heaters after that."

"Good," said Teague. "I'll be over in a few minutes."

Craig, a naval officer in World War II, had the ranch's frost-protection center geared for action. Earlier he'd discussed the forecast with Bill Rogers, United States Weather Bureau observer at Santa Paula. Now lanky Alan Polsson was evaluating information as it came in from weather instruments, from the Airways Weather Service and from the short-wave radios of twelve ranch employees as they patrolled the orchards and jabbed needle-pointed thermometers into oranges and lemons for field readings.

When Teague and I entered the center, Bill reported, "Looks like a bad one, Milt. Nearly twenty-eight now and still falling. Here's our estimated firing plan. Probably a hundred-thousand-gallon night."

"Well, let's go," said Teague casually.

For the next six hours I watched the men of Limoneira battle to protect a $1,300,000 lemon, orange and avocado crop from frost. The 180-man field crew, muffled in sweaters and mackinaws, snapped on wind-machine motors or touched flaming kerosene torches to long rows of squat orchard heaters. The cost of creating a warm blanket of air over the groves that night ran to $20,000.

Memories of big freezes (1913, 1937, 1949) are still painful enough to make Teague and his men spend up to $250,000 a year for frost protection. Like 4000 other California lemon growers and their crews, they risk frost-bitten noses and ears, gas poisoning from fungicides and burns from exploding torches in addition to sprained backs and broken arms from ladder falls, and wounds from lemon thorns.

Why do they do this? Because there's gold in them thar twenty-five lemons you and every other average consumer in the United States will use this year.

Lemon growing is a $60,000,000 industry in the United States, and 32,000,000 grocery-sized cartons—95 per cent of the crop—are grown in California. The remaining 5 per cent are from Arizona. Although Florida once boasted considerable lemon acreage, it was destroyed in the big freeze of 1894–95 and never replaced; Florida concentrates on other citrus products and grows three quarters of the total national crop. Italian and Spanish lemons once dominated the domestic market, but they have gradually been crowded out by larger, better-quality United States-grown fruit. Today, California lemons compete on the major produce exchanges of Rotterdam, Hamburg, Geneva and Singapore.

Limoneira doesn't begin to compare in size with 30,000-acre Montana wheat farms or 50,000-acre Texas cattle spreads; it covers 2344 acres, 1209 of which are planted to lemons. But acre for acre, Limoneira is one of the most valuable pieces of agricultural land in existence. You'd need $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 before beginning to make an offer for it.

Where the average lemon ranch in California last year produced about 400 field boxes per acre, Limoneira's fertile loam grew 700. One block produced a bumper crop of 1188 boxes per acre—about twelve boxes per tree. A few virile old trees on the ranch consistently produce about twice as many as that. The "Foote Tree," named after Fred Foote, the ranch's director of research, averages twenty-five boxes annually; one year it gave an astonishing yield of forty boxes.

Limoneira represents more than a half century of work and worry on the part of a remarkable father-and-son combination devoted to the soil: the (Continued on Page 52)

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Rexall DRUG STORES It's easy as A B C

September

SAVE
20¢
300 TABLETS
Rexall
ASPIRIN
U. S. P.
Each tablet contains 5 grains of highest quality aspirin.
DIRECTIONS
Take one or two tablets with plenty of water, repeated two or three times daily as required or as the physician directs.
KEEP BOTTLE WELL CLOSED
REXALL DRUG COMPANY

Rexall Aspirin. There is no finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! Gives fast, effective relief from headache, other minor aches and pains. 5 grain, 300 tablets, reg. $1.19...**Now only 99¢**

"Starlette" Hair Brush. Long-lasting Nylon bristles; smart handle colors. Boxed. Reg. $1.98 value ....**Now $1.39**

Rexall De Luxe Toothbrushes. 6 medically-approved styles. Reg. 59¢ each. September's special price ..**2 for 88¢**

A Rex Alarm Clock. Get to school and work on time! Dependable 30-hour-movement clock has sturdy metal case with beautiful mahogany finish and top-button alarm. Choose plain dial, $2.79 value, now **$2.39;** luminous dial and hands, $3.49 value, now.....**$2.99**

Rubber Bands. Jumbo cello bag. Assorted colors. Regularly 25¢, now **19¢**

B Cascade "Duo Color" Retractable Ball Pen. Save 21¢! Reg. $1.00, now **79¢**

Ball Pen Pencil Case. King size plastic case is a real pen that actually *writes;* contains 3 pencils and a 6" ruler. Choice of colors. Complete, only.....**59¢**

Big Value Writing Paper, 110 sheets, **39¢**

Big Value Envelopes, 6½" commercial size. Big economy pack of 90, only **39¢**

C Student's Briefcase. 16"; full gussets and 3 large roomy compartments. Genuine Texon material, natural leather color; fold-over top with extension straps; corners reinforced with metal clips; strong plastic handle **$2.79**

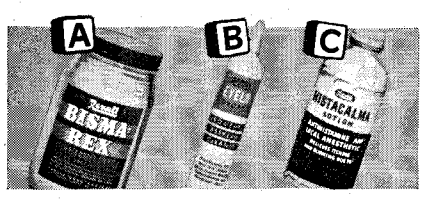
Executive Steno Book. New idea in notebooks! Wire bound, bright red plastic-coated cover; white ruled paper ...**39¢**

D Washable School Bag. Waterproof vinyl plastic. Western designs on styles for boys and girls. Real value at **$1.49**

Paint Set with Crayons. Rigid plastic tray with 8 pans of semi-moist water colors, 5-part mixing area, brush and box of crayons. Choice of colors...**50¢**

Typing Tablet, 8½" x 11" quality bond sheets. Regularly 39¢. Now only..**27¢**

GUARANTEED REXALL REMEDIES



A REXALL BISMA-REX FOR ACID INDIGESTION. *Gives quick, prolonged relief from* heartburn, belching, nausea. 3 forms: powder, 4¾ oz., **89¢;** Gel (liquid), ½ pt., **$1.19;** or Mates (easy-to-take tablets), 75.....**89¢**

B REXALL EYELO soothes eyes irritated by sun, dust, wind, smog and TV. Choose either:
Eyelo Drops, in 1-oz. plastic bottle, only...**79¢**
Eyelo Eyewash, ½ pt., free eyecup, only..**79¢**

C REXALL HISTACALMA FOR IRRITATED SKIN. Combines antihistamine, benzocaine, calamine to soothe sunburn, minor skin irritations. 1½-oz. cream, **96¢;** or 6-oz. lotion..**78¢**

REXALL BIOKETS for simple sore throat. Antibiotic. Fights bacteria, relieves pain. 15..**69¢**

REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA laxative-antacid relieves upset stomach. Pint, only.....**47¢**

REXALL TRIPLE-ACTION NASAL SPRAY for children relieves stuffy nose, eases breathing. ½-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle **79¢;** or choose ½-oz. bottle with dropper, only.....**59¢**

REXALL TRIPLE-ACTION COUGH SYRUP for children. Pleasant raspberry flavor. 3 oz., **79¢**

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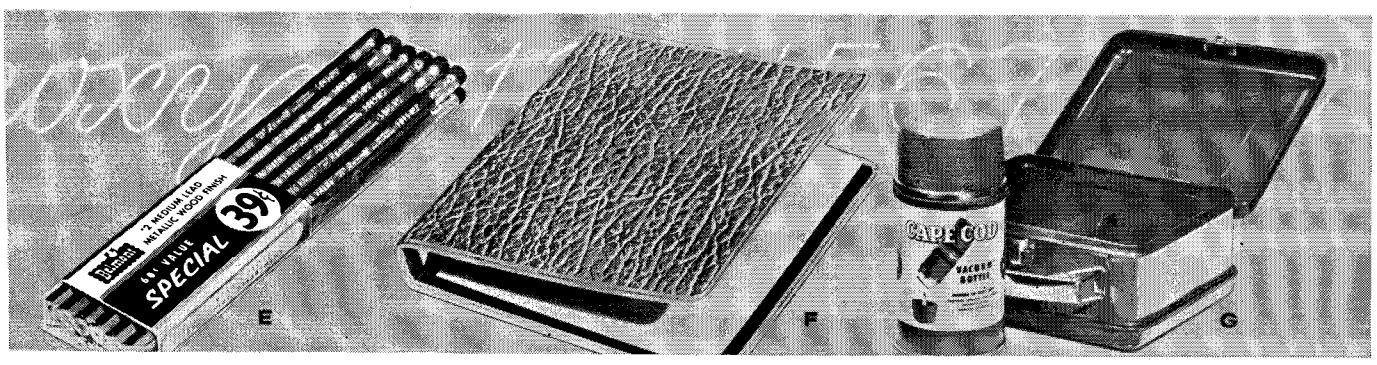

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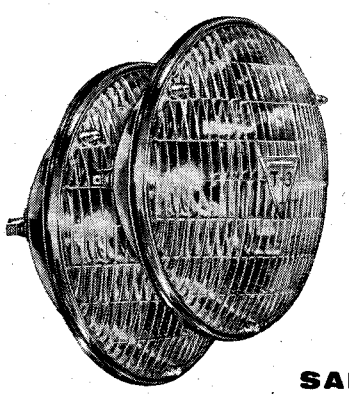

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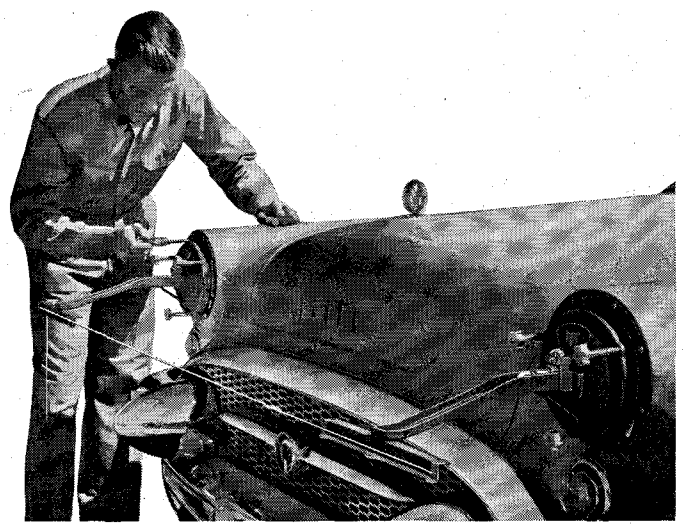

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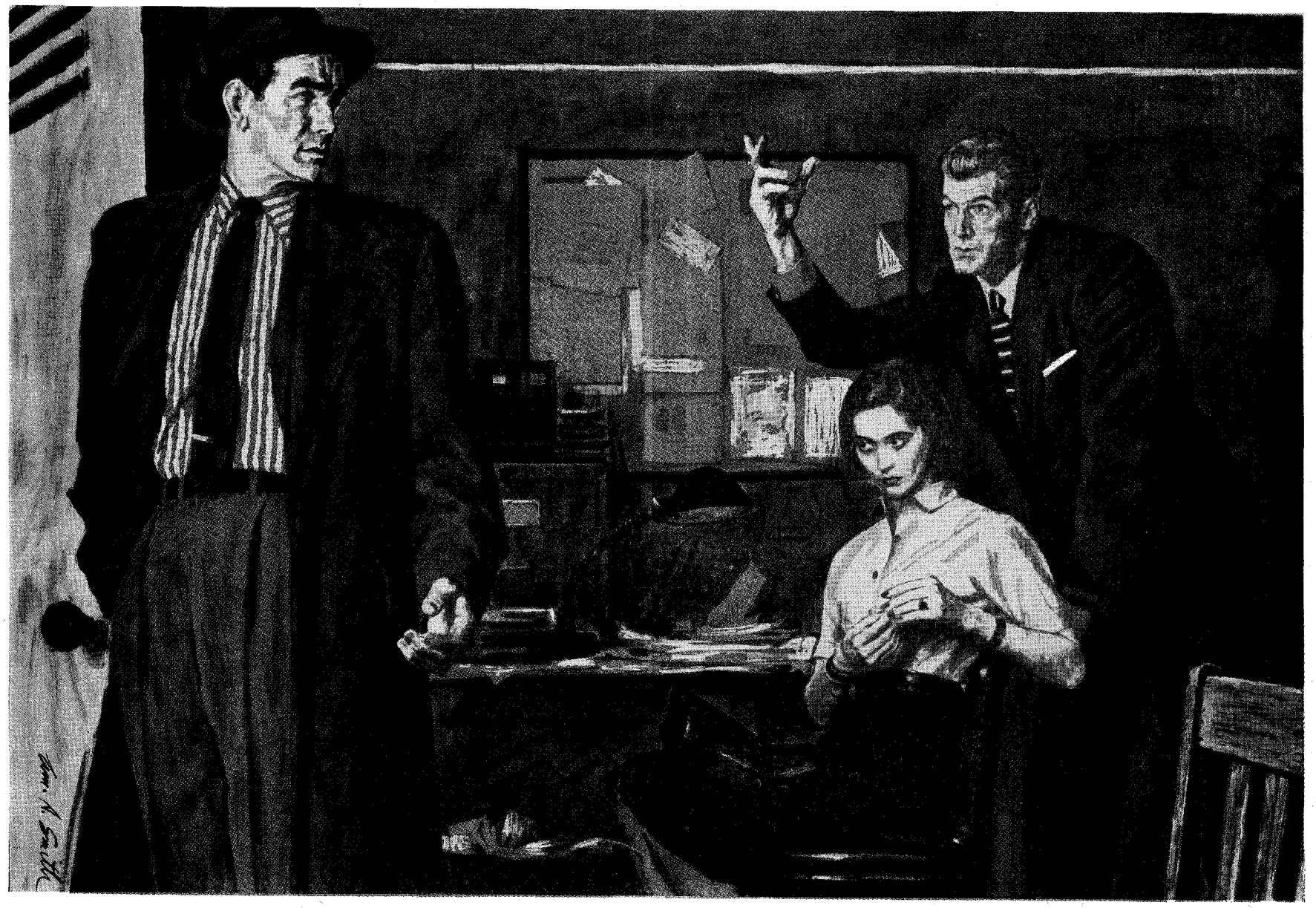

"Take it easy," Cassidy said. "There's no way we can tell about it."

Reservation for Murder

A killer roamed the hotel. And Cassidy, the detective, was scared.

By THOMAS WALSH

Francis Janisek tilted Cousin Josef's chin and studied his face critically. "Well, what would you say?" he asked Colonel Tedescu. "Satisfactory on all counts?" If the answer was yes, it could mean more than a quarter of a million dollars to Janisek.

Josef was a cousin of Bishop Hruba, who had just escaped from the Reds. Josef looked just like the bishop, but was a spineless alcoholic. This made him ideal for Janisek's purposes.

Theodore Victor, a United States newspaper publisher, had raised $293,000 as a gift for the martyred bishop. Janisek planned to abduct the cleric and use Josef as a stooge to grab the money. Janisek persuaded Tedescu, the bishop's aide, to co-operate in the theft.

Tedescu set up the swindle soon after Bishop Hruba arrived in New York to receive his gift. Tedescu knocked the bishop out with a strong sedative and kept him prisoner in his suite in the Hotel Imperial.

Emil, Janisek's partner, almost ruined everything by killing hotel detective Charlie Mueller. Emil himself died trying to escape. Janisek was nearly captured by Ray Cassidy, Mueller's superior.

Undeterred, Janisek took a new suite on the same floor of the hotel as Bishop Hruba, and moved in with Cousin Josef. Soon Janisek and Tedescu were discussing whether they could really pawn off Josef as the bishop.

Meanwhile, Cassidy was still on the lookout for Janisek. The detective was sure he had his man when he learned that a guest answering Janisek's description had taken a suite on the twenty-second floor. Accompanied by Walter Duval, the hotel's night manager, and hotel stenographer Florence Savage, who had identified Janisek, Cassidy went to check on the new guest.

Janisek was still skittish from his earlier scrape. When he heard the rap on the door, he jumped into the second bedroom, leaving Tedescu and Josef to face the person in the hall.

IV

There was an empty guest room on Twenty-two, just about halfway along the corridor between Bishop Hruba's suite and the west elevators. It was one of the smaller Imperial rooms, a courtyard single; and yet, at twenty-five minutes past nine, four people were crowded together in it, between bed and dresser.

"But if it isn't the man!" Walter Duval was exclaiming at that (Continued on Page 46)

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A Big Girl Now (Continued from Page 32)

"Because you weren't aggressive enough."

"What am I supposed to do?" John asked, stopping short and throwing out his arms in supplication. "Stick a pistol in his ribs? Believe me, Mary ——"

"He may be strong," she said, her voice softening imperceptibly, "but there must be a chink somewhere in his armor." She stood up, a tall and stately girl who wore her beauty like a diadem. Victoria at her age had less presence than Mary Abbott.

"It's Sunday," John said, after a pause. "We've got the whole day ahead of us. Let's go for a long drive in the country."

"I can't; I have a thousand things to do. Look," she went on as his shoulders sagged, "why don't you run up to the club and ask Nancy? She adores open cars."

"That's the third time in as many days you've suggested I take out your kid sister," he said aggrievedly. "Are you by any chance giving me the business?"

"You're sweet," Mary said, going up to him and pressing her smooth cheek against his. "Run along now."

In the locker room, after courteously turning down an invitation to make a fourth at golf, he changed into his tennis shorts and shirt. He had come to the club not to see Nancy, whom he considered attractive in her way but somewhat young for his twenty-seven years, but to let off steam. His usual method was to go down to the lower court, which was seldom used and slam the ball against the backboard until he was exhausted.

But as he went down the path he heard sounds which made him realize that someone else had got there first. Pausing behind a tree, he saw Nancy, very fetching in a pink pull-over and shorts, bombarding the backboard with deadly accuracy. He waited till she missed a skittering bounce, then stepped out from behind the tree and continued down to the court.

"Hi," he said.

Startled, she whirled around. "Oh," she said, color flooding her small, heart-shaped face. "It's you."

"Expecting someone?"

"Warren," she said, blowing a strand of spun-gold hair out of her eyes. "He was supposed to meet me here at ten."

"I didn't know ——" John stopped, confused. What he had been about to say was that he did not know that Nancy was dating Warren Towne. Not that it was any business of his, he thought, but after all, she was only twenty-two, and Warren was at least ten years older.

"How is he these days?" he asked.

"Fine. We get along beautifully—he thinks I'm cute and I think he's the boy wonder of the business world. If you ask me, Warren's sudden interest in me can be explained by the fact that he's got a case on Mary."

"The heck you say."

"The heck I don't. I caught him looking at her the other day. I was embarrassed."

"Care to play till he shows up?"

"All right."

Ordinarily she was no match for him, but now he found himself on the defensive. Things were happening too fast around here, he thought as he ran half-heartedly toward a soft return. He knew, of course, that Warren was an occasional visitor at the Abbott house, but if what Nancy said was true—that he was carrying the torch for Mary—then John was in double trouble, for Warren was the kind who, once he had his heart set on something, never rested till he got it. Still, it was strange ——

"You're wondering," Nancy said at the end of the first game, which she won easily, "why a man like Warren, who cuts such a swath in business, should use such devious tactics to win a girl."

"It does seem odd."

"It's because he's afraid of her," she went on, coming up to the net, where he stood plagued by uncertainty. "Everyone's afraid of her because she looks and acts like Queen Elizabeth. It's not her fault—she's a biological sport. Actually she's just a pretty girl with the average girl's responses to things like clothes and food and men."

"It's hard to think of her like that."

"I know," said Nancy. Looking down at her, John noticed for the first time how long her lashes were, how smooth her cheeks. Three freckles dusted the tip of her small, uptilted nose. "All she needs," she went on, "is a man oblivious of her queenly exterior—someone who'll take her in his arms and kiss her before she decides whether she wants to be kissed or not."

"You really believe that?"

"I really do," Nancy said in a muffled voice. Turning swiftly, she went back to the service line. "Let's go," she said, before John could frame an excuse to leave at once and put her theory to work.

The only time a boy runs to school is when it's on fire.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"One set is all I have time for," he called as he prepared to serve. He felt strong and confident again, for the first time in months. He served a sizzling ace which Nancy could not even touch. He took three straight games before she got back into her stride and started giving him some competition. The score was four-four and both were breathing hard when Warren Towne appeared, one hour and twenty minutes late.

"Hi," he said, grinning in the friendliest way imaginable. Tossing his cable-knit pull-over on the bench, he advanced with the air of a man who has a job to do and intends to get it over in a hurry. Two inches shorter than John, he was very broad, with meaty shoulders and strong arms. He was the kind of man who, without losing any of his vigor, runs to flesh and baldness in his early middle age.

"I was held up," he said to Nancy, then turned to John and held out his hand. "Greetings," he said. "How's the big appliance man?"

"Fine," John said mechanically, waiting to hear Warren apologize to Nancy. But Warren was dancing up and down, inhaling deeply, his round face turned ritually toward the sun.

"Let's go," he said to Nancy at the conclusion of this ceremony. "I want to see if you've improved your backhand." To John he added over his shoulder, "Thanks, old man; I'll take over now."

"Wait a moment," Nancy said, her eyes darkening. "John and I are even up; I'd like to finish the set, at least."

"Nonsense," Warren said briskly. "We made a date to play together, didn't we? Well, here you are, and here I am ——"

"Slightly late," Nancy reminded him, her cheeks losing a little of their color.

"I said I was held up, didn't I? Look, Nancy, let's not be difficult. I'll explain later. Meanwhile, what do you say we get started? Time's too valuable ——"

"I'll leave it to John," she said, shrugging.

John felt himself squirm inside. Two minutes earlier he would have welcomed any excuse to get back to Mary. Now, for some reason, part of which might have been the condescending look which Warren threw his way, he felt obliged to stay.

"If it's all the same to you," he said to Warren, "I'd like to finish the set."

"I'm afraid it's not at all the same to me," Warren said, his big face turning the color of raspberries. "I don't want to seem unreasonable; it's just a matter of principle ——"

"Nuts."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're a fine one to talk about principles," John went on, his voice sounding strangely remote over the humming in his ears. "You come here an hour late and expect Nancy to drop everything and fall on your neck with cries of joy. It never occurred to you to apologize; you just took it for granted ——"

"Wait a minute," Warren said in a dangerously quiet voice. "Let me get this straight, old man. Are you telling me you're not relinquishing the court?"

"Something like that," John replied, feeling the blood rush to his face.

For perhaps fifteen seconds—which is a long time in such situations—there was no sound at all except the heavy breathing of the two young men. Out of the corner of his eye John could see Nancy watching them, an odd expression on her face.

Warren said, "If that's the way you feel, why don't we take a walk down to the pump house?"

The pump house, a small frame building entirely concealed by towering eucalypti, was a hundred yards below the court. Not in use since the city main had been extended to the club, it had become something of a tradition in recent years. The clearing behind it was the place where male members who could not settle their differences by arbitration did so with their fists. It was especially popular during the holidays, when the spirit of peace-on-earth-good-will-toward-men occasionally soured.

Nancy said, "Boys, don't be like that," but the boys, if they heard, paid no attention. Warren leading, they went quickly down the path. Nancy hesitated a moment, then ran after them.

"It's only fair to remind you," Warren said, as he faced his antagonist in the shaded, aromatic clearing behind the little building, "that I was boxing champ at Cornell my senior year."

"Consider me impressed," John said, wishing he could feel more enthusiastic about the way things had turned out. It was not that he was scared; it was simply that he deplored violence of any kind, particularly when it was avoidable.

To aggravate the situation, he was about to trade blows with a man to whom he hoped—had hoped—to sell Argonaut appliances someday. As far as he knew, none of his texts on salesmanship had ever mentioned mayhem as a means to such an end.

Nancy said, "Please, Warren, John, won't you listen to me?"

Her face was pale. In the vague light she looked very young—so much so that John had the strange feeling that time had spun backward and that he was seventeen again and she a gawky child of twelve with braces on her teeth. She had sent him a valentine that year, unsigned, but her writing on the envelope had given her away. Strange, he reflected, that he should think of that now.

"Stand back," Warren said to Nancy.

It was a good fight. Both men were young, strong and evenly matched, John's longer reach being balanced by Warren's natural aggressiveness. But the advantage was with Warren from the start, as it is with anyone whose opponent has his mind on other things.

John saw the blow coming, but did not duck in time. It was as if some segment of his consciousness, irked that he should have let himself get into such a mess, had decided arbitrarily to end it.

Sparks in many handsome colors illuminated the darkness as his eyes rolled up into his head. From a distance came a long thin scream. The sparks went out and the sound stopped abruptly as his head struck the unresilient earth.

His first thought, when he came to, was that it was raining. Drops were pattering on his forehead; his cheeks were wet. But when he cautiously opened his eyes, he saw the rain was tears. He was lying with his head in Nancy's lap, and she was bending over him with an expression in which tenderness and anxiety were nicely blended. Yielding to some errant impulse, John groaned and closed his eyes.

"Darling," Nancy whispered, her breath warm against his cheek. "Please, John, wake up."

The touch of her lips on his was unexpected, as was the sensation that accompanied it. John had been kissed by her occasionally before—at parties or after a good doubles match—but never like this. It was as if he had been grazed by a live wire. Disturbed, confused, he opened his eyes again and gently freed himself.

"I'm all right," he said, struggling to his feet. Through a shimmering haze he saw Warren loom out of the shadows.

"No hard feelings, old man?" Warren said, holding out his hand.

"Of course not."

"I thought you'd put up a better fight." Except for a small discoloration under his left eye, Warren seemed in excellent shape. "Your form was good," he went on in the manner of a coach conducting a post-mortem with his team, "but you weren't aggressive enough. Remember—a strong offense is the key to victory."

"Thanks," said John, finding time while fingering his bruised lips to recall that only a little earlier he had heard Mary make practically the same pronouncement.

Nancy said to Warren, in a voice trembling with emotion, "If you're so hot about taking the initiative, why not practice what you preach? Try some of that high-pressure stuff on Mary ——"

"Don't be silly, darling," Warren said, after an embarrassed pause. "Let's go back and finish." Turning to John, he added, "Remember what I said, old man—you won't get anywhere if you don't assert yourself."

"I'll remember," John said grimly, as Warren took Nancy by the hand and started up the path.

"Sure you're all right?" Nancy called back over her shoulder. Her eyes, still bright with tears, were large and solemn.

"Fine," said John.

From a branch directly overhead came the liquid notes of a meadow lark. Lucky bird, he thought as he took a short cut toward the parking area. Nothing to worry about except its next worm.

Mary, in a sunsuit which enhanced rather than detracted from her queenly bearing, looked up from her book as John approached her in the patio.

"Back so soon?" she said in a voice which would have discouraged a less determined suitor. Then: "What on earth happened to your mouth? It's all swollen."

"Never mind my mouth," John mumbled, hauling her to her feet and clasping her so hard she winced. "On the other

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hand," he went on grimly, "maybe you'd better mind."

Before she could protest, he was kissing her. Afterward he tried, without success, to analyze his feelings during the next twenty seconds. That he was pleasantly stimulated he could not deny—it would have been impossible for a normal man to kiss anyone so beautiful without enjoying it. Nevertheless, something was lacking. She reminded him of a hothouse flower—lovely to look at, but devoid of fragrance.

Of course, he acknowledged as he let her go, he had to remember he had taken her by surprise. Even so, his reaction should have been more positive.

"What," she asked coolly, as her hands went up to her hair, "is the big idea?"

"You said you liked a man who took what he wanted," he replied, feeling two feet tall. "I decided it was time to make a change."

Suddenly the whole business seemed silly. "I had a fight with Warren Towne," he began, thinking it was better that she hear about it now than later. He stopped short as Mary, her ordinarily smooth brow furrowed with concern, reached out and gripped his wrists.

"What did you do to him?" she demanded, shaking him. "What happened? Was he hurt?"

"I was the one that took the count," John said with a rueful grin. As quickly as he could, he gave her the details.

"Oh," she said when he was through. Her relief on learning that Warren was uninjured was so obvious that John instinctively looked the other way. After a decent interval, he turned back again.

"You're in love with him," he said, smiling. Receiving no denial, but noting the rush of color to her face, he went on, "Hold the fort, captain. I think I see the light."

Bending over, he kissed her gently on the brow, then hurried out. All the way back to the club he kept thinking of the odd way fate had of arranging things. Had anyone told him yesterday he would be leaving Mary without bitterness or pain, he would have curled his lips in scorn. Yet the impossible had happened—how? Whom could he credit for the change?

Warren, he supposed—though the fact that John had lost his last slim chance to sell the man so much as a single saucepan diluted his gratitude a bit. Water over the dam, he thought philosophically as he left his car behind the clubhouse and started toward the lower court. Right now there was something more important that required his attention.

Approaching the court he saw that Nancy and Warren were in the midst of a spirited exchange of volleys. Pausing behind the same tree that had concealed him earlier, he saw with a shock of pleasure that she was beautiful. There was that about her that suggested birds soaring, grain waving under a summer sun, all things clean and free. Whistling softly, he continued the rest of the way down the path.

"I've been thinking over what you told me," he said to Warren, "and I've decided you're absolutely right. A man gets nowhere if he doesn't assert himself."

"That's fine, old man," Warren said, smiling. "Now, if you'll excuse us, we'd like to finish this set."

"You're looking at the new John Randolph," John went on firmly, agreeably aware that Nancy had come up and was standing at his side. "You're looking at a man who refuses to quit just because he happens to be knocked down by a joker he can lick with one hand tied behind him."

Warren stared at him. "You been drinking, feller?" he asked at last.

"No, old man, I haven't," John said, accurately mimicking the other. "I'm cold sober, feller. What I'm here for is to return your invitation to take a little walk down to the pump house."

"John," Nancy said, putting a hand on his arm, "I don't know what's behind all this, but please don't ask for more than you can handle. I don't want you to be hurt."

"That's all I wanted to know," he said, feeling himself expand mightily in the warmth of her regard. Turning to Warren, who was shaking his head as if in the presence of a mental case, John asked courteously, "Shall we get it over with, old man?"

It was a good fight. Both men were young, strong and evenly matched, John's longer reach being balanced by Warren's natural aggressiveness. But the advantage was with John from the start, as it is with anyone who has something precious to fight for.

When it was over, Warren lay spread-eagled on the ground, one eye closed, his breath sounding like a saw going through green wood.

John, bleeding at the nose, but otherwise undamaged, helped his opponent to his feet.

"No hard feelings?" he asked, as Warren swayed like a redwood in the wind.

"No hard feelings," Warren muttered, shaking his head experimentally. Then: "Frankly, old man, I never thought you had it in you. I always thought you were too soft to force an issue. I like a fighter. Drop into my office tomorrow and we'll talk about appliances."

"I'll do that," John said, grinning. "Meanwhile, it might interest you to know that someone's been asking about you. Name of Mary Abbott."

"Really?" Warren said, incredulity battling with delight in his good eye. "You really mean it?"

"Cross my heart," John said solemnly.

"Thanks!" Warren gasped, turning so quickly that he nearly fell. "Thanks a million, old man! See you tomorrow. . . . Excuse me, Nancy. John will keep you company, I'm sure."

"Run along," she said, watching her erstwhile escort scramble up the path. When he was out of sight, she turned to John.

"All right," she said, smiling. "What gives?"

"It's the new look," John said, rousing himself from a study of the freckles on her nose. "Warren's right, you know—a man's sunk these days if he doesn't throw his weight around."

The sun quivered in her golden hair. Without volition, but powerfully aware of what was happening, he took her in his arms and kissed her soft young lips.

"You've grown," he said huskily. "You're a big girl now, aren't you?"

"I've been a big girl for a long time, silly."

"I thought I was in love with Mary."

"She likes masterful men."

"I'm a masterful man."

"I forgot. Shall we finish our set?"

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"All right."

A breeze rustled the upper leaves of the eucalypti. Down in the hollow a dog was barking.

John said sheepishly, "O.K., let's finish the set. I was putting on an act. I haven't changed. I'm still the country boy I always was."

"I know," Nancy said softly. "I'm glad. I wouldn't have you any other way." Hand in hand, they went up the path.

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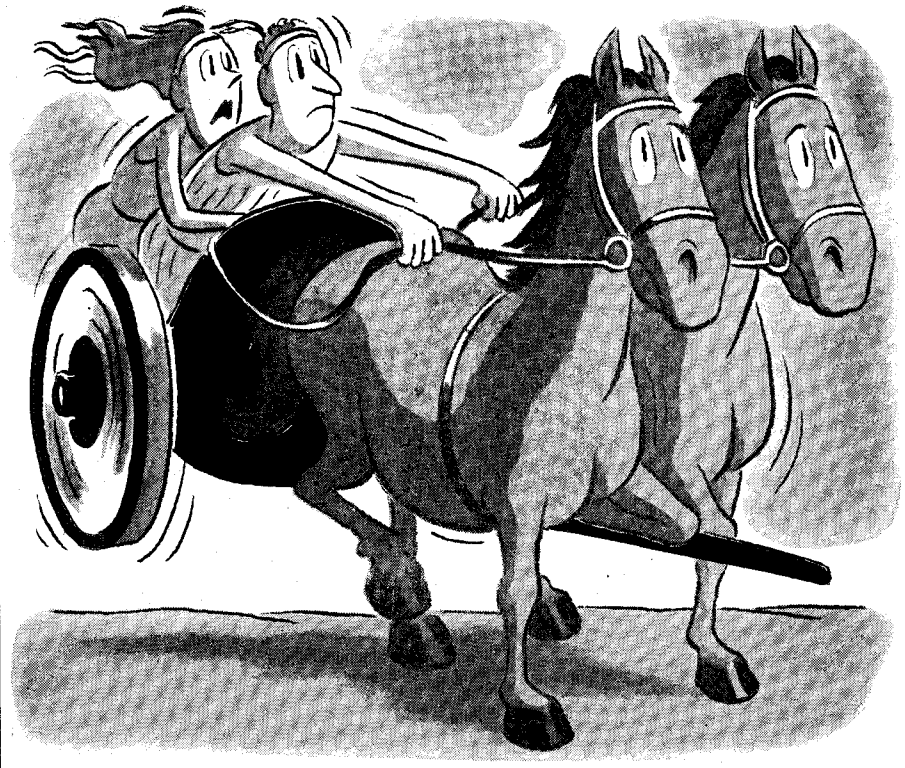

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Reservation for Murder (Continued from Page 43)

moment. "You just can't be sure, Cassidy. What have you got, anyhow?"

"I know it," Cassidy said, that rugged face of his a bit pale now; a bit haggard too. "That's why I want to handle it this way, Mr. Duval. It'll work out all right. We'll just send the maid down there—checking up on fresh towels or something—then, once she's in, I can show up as if I'm just looking for her. That gives us a squint at these fellows, and without their suspecting a thing about it. If they're O.K., they won't know that anything's happened, but if it's the big fellow, we got him, you understand—because I saw him up here about six o'clock, and I'll know him right off."

"But no disturbance," Duval warned him. "Everything nice and quiet, Cassidy. Remember that."

The floor maid—a tiny but very brisk little Irishwoman—began to look pleasantly excited by all this.

"Ah, we'll manage fine," she told them. "I'll get in, Cassidy, with me towels; and I'll make sure to leave the door open for you. And if the fine gentleman in there is the fella that helped do for poor Charlie Mueller, I'll take a good swipe at him on me own hook. I will, the Lord help me. I'm giving me word."

She went out then, marching off for 2239 with an armload of fresh towels, and Cassidy flattened himself against the corridor wall, looking down at 2239, but well out of vision from it. He felt all right—insisted on that; but insisted too much, perhaps. There was a noticeable tightness in him; his heart thumped and he kept moistening his lips delicately. The bad thing again? No! Not when he remembered Charlie Mueller! That was something Cassidy had to pay back, and pay back personally; so this was one time when he didn't need Mickey Hannegan or anyone else to help him. Why should he?

Yet he was bothered by the slightest glistening of sweat on his eyelashes. He blinked it off without actually being conscious of it; and down at 2239 Maggie, the maid, lifted her hand and rapped briskly. She rapped a second time. The door must have been opened then. She went in.

An elderly couple came down from the reception room and admitted themselves to a room on the Park Avenue side. Despite an assumed outward nonchalance, however, Cassidy must have shown a few telltale signs of what he was fighting at that moment, because the woman glanced at him curiously, then the man. It was a very brief delay, but it seemed to Cassidy that he was very grateful for it.

"O.K.," he whispered back to Walter Duval. "She got in; it's all set now. Just stay put in there, and keep quiet. I'll handle the rest of it."

He moved off then, but again, as with Charlie Mueller in the mezzanine office, it seemed that his arms and legs had been fastened to him at odd, rather clumsy angles. Each step jarred him a little up the spine, even on the Imperial carpet; the back of his neck felt rigid, and his face was strained, hot-looking and quite pale. *Nice and easy*, he began telling himself, *because the minute you see him, Cassidy, the minute you know, you're going to be all right about this; so just keep going here and don't let anything build up too much.* Who had told him about that? Florence Savage? He wanted to look around at her, but did not; and did not hesitate either. The door to 2239 was half open; he pushed it in.

"Maggie?" he said.

His voice was good, his reactions, however, a bit slow—or was it that everything made itself clear to him in half an instant, so much more quickly than usual that he was impressed by it as by something very strange, and not quite credible? He saw the hat and coat on the bed—the black hat, the dark coat. He saw a slim, small man standing over beside the dresser and smiling vaguely—smiling at nothing. He saw Maggie, the maid, peering out at him from the bathroom doorway, and he saw the second man, the important one, facing him from the window radiator. An intense heat bloomed out all over Cassidy. A big man, yes; but not stout at all, ruddy-looking rather than pale; gray eyes, lean, sharp features and a short military haircut.

"They want you outside," Cassidy mumbled. "You through here?"

But what did he feel—overwhelming relief or bitter disappointment? Relief, certainly—and not the relief of a man who had finally conquered in himself a hidden and shameful weakness. The test had been put off somewhere, moved safely ahead into a dim future; and Cassidy had understood, at the last moment, before he was sure of anyone inside, that he had wanted it to be so ordered. Why? The one possible answer presented itself. Because it might be avoided then; because it might never happen to him in grim fact.

So the man with the gray eyes and the military haircut was no help to him; not the slightest. He noticed that the door to the adjoining bedroom was closed, but that meant nothing important to him, because he had expected two men in here, and he had seen two men. He backed out.

"Sorry," he said.

The little man continued to smile vaguely; the big one gave him a short, rather, unpleasant nod.

"Ah, wouldn't you know it?" Maggie, the maid, whispered, when she had closed the door after them. "I could see the furious rage in you, Cassidy; the way you were holdin' yourself back before them two. And d'ye know what? I was expectin' a bit of a fray in there; lookin' forward to it, indeed. How you'd dash yerself at the old pugface and fetch him one clobber against the jaw that would have —— And now ye're cast down entirely, aren't you? Ah, never mind; ye'll get him yet, Cassidy; ye will, I tell you."

The furious rage, he thought quietly. Well, where was it? Maggie, the maid, seemed to know all about that part, apparently; so did Hannegan; so did Florence Savage. They knew what kind of man Cassidy was; and they knew what he would have it in him to do, once the chance presented itself. Pretty funny. He was the only one who had any doubts at all about that part. Everyone else had it completely settled and arranged for him.

He went back down the Imperial corridor.

"Not the man?" Duval whispered anxiously.

"I guess not," Cassidy said, after hesitating a moment or so. "Not even much like him, Mr. Duval. As tall, maybe, but not so fat. And they were right in the room with us, both of them."

"Well, that's settled," Duval said. He seemed very grateful. "And thank heavens for it! Now maybe you'll forget the whole business, Cassidy. You and that big fellow of yours! I'll tell you one thing—I don't want to hear any more of that nonsense. You understand me? Not so much as another word."

He went off there, and Maggie, the maid, gave Cassidy's arm one or two affectionately maternal pats.

"I can tell you that there you have another old pugface," she declared venomously. "But sure I'd pay no attention to that jabber of his. I wouldn't, Cassidy. I'd stay me own man, despite all of them, and I'd go at the thing in me own way, because that's the ticket for you. I would now."

"O.K.," Cassidy said. "I will. Thanks, Maggie."

His own man, he thought. So easy to say, but to do, with the dry rot gnawing away at him ——

"And I was so sure," Florence Savage said, giving him a wan, miserable smile. "I just knew who it was in there. I was positive, Ray."

He looked quietly around at her. "Yeah," he said. "So was I."

But now, in Mr. Janisek's room, the door to the adjoining chamber had been flung open and a good many furious and impassioned words were being uttered in that direction by Colonel Tedescu. They started bursting from him immediately after Cassidy and the maid had walked out, and Mr. Janisek, revealing himself in time and with proper caution from the other bedroom, could only listen to them in an aloof and very dignified manner—patronizing them, as it were, until Colonel Tedescu should realize the absurdity of all this, and feel properly ashamed of himself.

Only a floor maid, Mr. Janisek pointed out, mildly enough, when an opportunity was presented to him; only some fresh towels. So what was the meaning of all these furious denunciations? Who deserved them? And what, precisely, was the nature of the accusation against Francis Janisek?

"Only some towels!" Tedescu repeated breathlessly. "Yes! And you knew that, didn't you, when you locked the door on me? But never mind, Janisek; it is not forgotten. Thank God I have informed myself as to the kind of a creature you are! Number One—that is what matters to Francis Janisek! But nothing else!"

"Now really ——" Mr. Janisek protested. Safe in the other bedroom, he had glimpsed neither the maid nor Cassidy; and so, if the confusion just now had provided no identification on their side, it had also, and by the identical mischance, given Mr. Janisek absolutely no warning that an identification had been attempted. "A maid coming in here! That is suspicious, you think? It has frightened you?"

"Frightened me?" Tedescu said. "Me?" His voice quivered again. "Do you know what you are, Janisek? You are beneath contempt. You are as shameless ——" But no comparison would come to him, not in words; he could only fling out an accusing hand at Cousin Josef—still with them, still silent.

"I am anything you want," Mr. Janisek agreed, spreading his palms apart like a sensible man untouched by any of this ill-balanced and emotional furor. "Beneath contempt, as you put it; altogether abominable. But now we should proceed to the important business. We have certain arrangements to make, Tedescu."

"No!" Tedescu bawled, backing off from him to the hall door. "You will never again have the chance to betray and abandon Anton Tedescu."

He went out, slamming the door behind him, but quite heedless of it, and missing Cassidy and Florence Savage in the Park Avenue corridor by about two minutes. Still breathing heavily, face congested, he went back into the sitting room opposite and snapped the lock after him. *Finished, he promised himself; done now,* and completely, with the despicable Janisek. Tomorrow morning, when the old man woke up, and woke up quite normally, he would know nothing of what had happened, and suspect nothing; and so it was the favor of Providence that, as yet, Colonel Tedescu had not committed himself. Could they have managed it, all the same?

He refreshed himself with a small brandy. Perhaps, he decided, feeling a bit calmer now in the restful and soundproofed comfort of Bishop Hruba's suite; certainly the resemblance was there, between the old man inside and the other pathetic creature. Not, of course, a perfect similarity, but wearing the bishop's robes and the dark glasses, and with his hand upraised in that—that devilish benediction and blessing, it was quite probable that Cousin Josef would have imposed immediate sympathy and respect at Theodore Victor's banquet tomorrow night. It was a gathering all prepared for him, as Janisek had been shrewd enough to insist all along. The robe and the blessing were expected—offer these things to them. And then, surely ——

There was a rap at the hall door. *Janisek*, he told himself; *who else? Skulking about now, to patch it up, somehow; to persuade again, to convince oilily.*

"I'm a little shaky on my maritime law, but I think your attitude may constitute mutiny."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Well, let him wait out there; let him sweat this time, and —— There were another few raps—louder, more authoritative—and Colonel Tedescu smiled coldly to himself, drank some of the brandy and threw open the hall door.

It was his second serious and unexpected shock in a few minutes. Facing him was not Mr. Janisek, but a tiny and dapper little man with a pink face, a large, nobly proportioned head, and supercilious white eyebrows.

"Theodore Victor," he announced. "I may come in?" He marched in arrogantly, examined Tedescu from head to foot and removed his Homburg. "So," he said; "so now you do not even condescend to answer the telephone for me. And I have been calling, Tedescu—calling and calling, but without —— You are Colonel Tedescu, I take it?"

Tedescu had backed off dumbly, not a word out of him, not even a nod.

"I am still waiting," Theodore Victor announced, the big head tilted back a little, and with grandiloquent assurance, over the dwarfed body. "But perhaps you imagine I am somebody's clerk, Tedescu. Well"—and his tone shifted now to one of dry, curt emphasis—"you will learn otherwise, and rather quickly. You will announce me to His Excellency, please—and at once, you understand; without delay. It is necessary."

There was a soft, rather hideous thump under the left side of Colonel Tedescu's breastbone. At once! Necessary!

"But that," he said, groping for the right words, then stuttering and stumbling over them—"that is not —— I am afraid —— I do not think ——" He steadied himself by a desperate physical rigidity of voice and posture. "Quite impossible. Quite impossible, Mr. Victor. He is sleeping now; he is very tired, and he left with me the most explicit instructions."

"Then one regrets," Mr. Victor said, dismissing the objection in almost a bored fashion, and examining the room carelessly. "I am here not out of any personal wish to disturb His Excellency, but as treasurer of the Bishop's Fund and chairman for the banquet tomorrow night. You understand, of course, that our countrymen on this side have extended to me that great honor, and yet you behave as though I am nothing at all here. Why, colonel? For what reason am I being treated in this manner?"

Tedescu moistened his lips. "In this manner?" he said. "But we are aware, Mr. Victor. And His Excellency knows how valuable your services have been. He is most grateful, I can assure you."

"Of no consequence," Mr. Victor shrugged; not displeased, however; examining himself—small figure, big head, neat black overcoat, white scarf—in the fireplace mirror. "There were, of course, many problems and difficulties confronting me. Who is to introduce His Excellency, for example? An eminent personage, I warned myself, a gentleman of the highest public esteem, who must be listened to by everyone with respect and admiration. But it seems that I am very slow, Tedescu; it is not until a couple of hours ago that the one obvious choice became evident to me. I refer, of course, to Mr. Edward J. M. Lascoulie. And immediately that name had presented itself"—he made a complacent gesture—"there was no problem at all. You agree? You would call it an inspiration, perhaps?"

Tedescu set down his brandy glass. It was quite clear to him that the name meant something, and something very bad. Lascoulie? Lascoulie? His head hurt him. There was a sudden and excruciating tightness behind his eyeballs.

"Yes," Mr. Victor went on, keeping his lips parted, and allowing the word to hiss pleasantly out between them. "Edward Lascoulie, formerly of the State Department in Washington; formerly American Ambassador to our unhappy and persecuted fatherland; and in those days, before the war, an old and valued personal friend of His Excellency's. He is even a permanent guest here, in this hotel—just upstairs. When I called him this evening, he informed me that he had some visitors, unfortunately; but, even so, he has agreed to stop by, about eleven o'clock, to present his compliments, and to discuss his brief introductory talk for tomorrow night. Well, Tedescu! Good news, I should think. You have no objections to it?"

No objections to it; no objections! It seemed to Tedescu that there was a knell beating against him, not a heart; a knell that pounded in slow, hollow throbs, and with enormous physical effort. So Janisek had been wrong, after all—and fatally wrong! Because in Edward J. M. Lascoulie there was at least one person available who would recognize the old man at first sight, and without the possibility of mistaking him. Which meant —— He sat down again, numbly.

"But it is so late!" he exclaimed. "And if we disturb His Excellency now, at this hour ——"

"For ten minutes?" Mr. Victor said. He waved a hand airily. "In these matters you must be practical, Tedescu. Besides, Mr. Lascoulie is making his arrangements now, and one does not turn away from the door a gentleman of that stature. But, of course, I will explain the circumstances to His Excellency in person, if you prefer it that way. Do you?"

"I have told you!" Tedescu said, his voice thickening a bit. "It is not possible! You should have consulted me. You should have determined first whether or not His Excellency was in a condition to talk to anyone."

"But I have been consulting you all afternoon," Theodore Victor pointed out, exasperation showing itself. "And to no purpose at all. Could I see His Excellency this morning when he arrived here? No. This afternoon, then? No. This evening? No." He threw up his hands. "Is there a reason, Tedescu? Is he seriously ill? Is it necessary that he have a doctor and nurse to take care of him? Then, of course, I offer the most abject apology."

"He is—not well," Tedescu said, reaching out for the brandy glass, then almost upsetting it. A doctor in here? A doctor who would examine the old man, test his responses, and see at once what had happened to him? Sweat trickled along his spine. Then what questions would they ask Colonel Tedescu? Two, certainly. Who had drugged the old man, and what had been the reason for that action? No! No doctor. Not now; and not until the old man was comparatively sensible again. He smiled clumsily.

"You understand," he said, "that there is an unfortunate nervous condition. But nothing physical, I assure you; nothing at all in that line, Mr. Victor."

"I believe that you have been assuring me ever since eleven o'clock this morning," Theodore Victor complained irritably. "So much, indeed, that I am no longer even a little impressed by it. If His Excellency is not physically ill, then I would say that there is something very strange in all this—and something that I do not understand. What is going on, Tedescu? Why is His Excellency secluded from everyone in this manner, even from me?"

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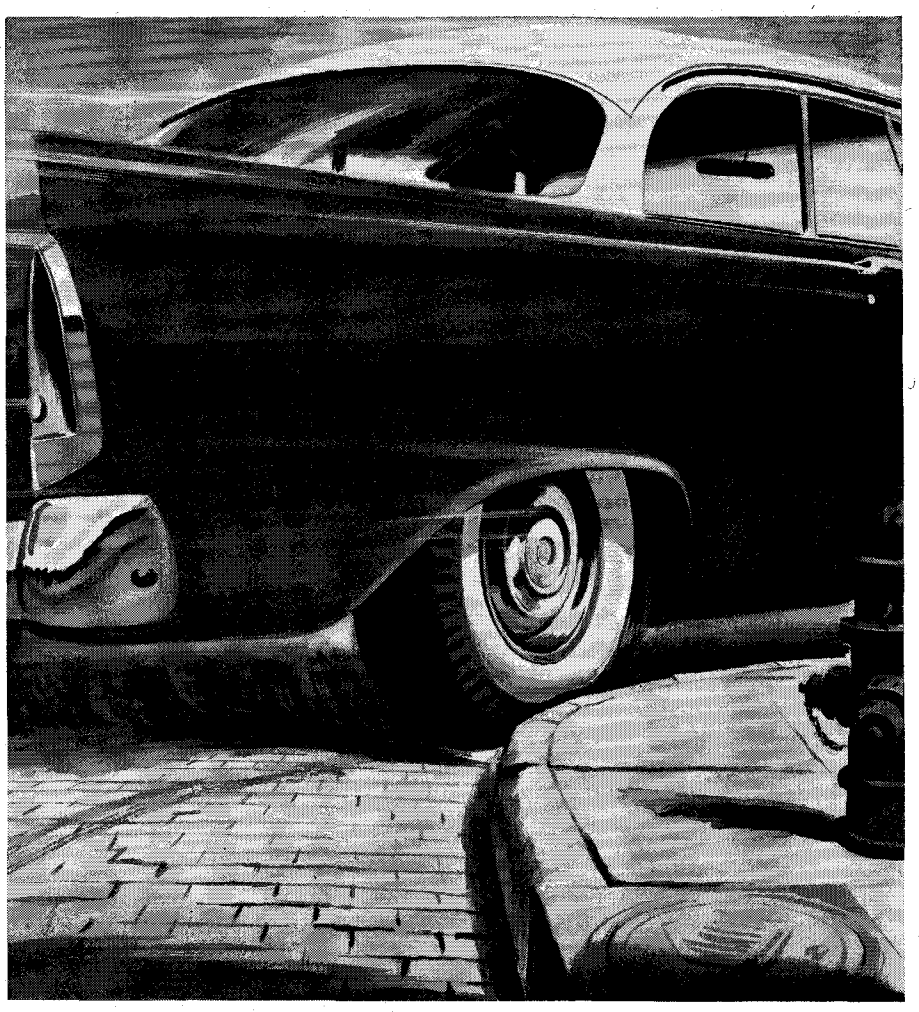

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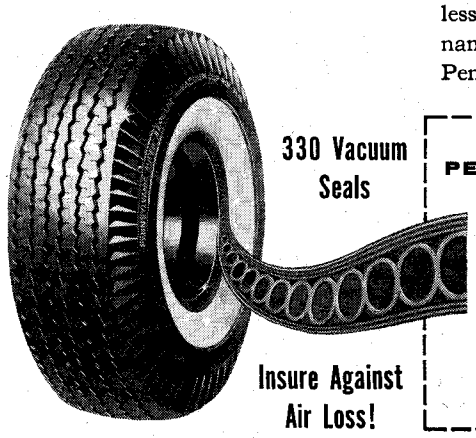

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Perhaps Mr. Janisek could have managed there a ready and convincing answer, but not Colonel Tedescu. He could only repeat stupidly, "Secluded? That is not exactly correct, Mr. Victor. He needed rest and quiet, however. Those things are necessary to him."

"Then I would arrange matters," Mr. Victor cut in, tapping one of his small feet impatiently. "And I would sacrifice for the cause just a little of my old woman's officiousness, Tedescu. I will go up now to Mr. Lascoulie's apartment, and inform him that he will be received here at eleven, precisely; provided, of course, that in the meantime you help His Excellency prepare for the interview."

Tedescu hesitated. "I can try—but I cannot promise. You must not expect too much."

"Very gracious of you," Mr. Victor said, inclining his head brusquely. "Thank you; I am very grateful for such condescension, and I will call from upstairs when we are ready to leave Mr. Lascoulie's apartment. This is now agreed between us?"

"Yes," Tedescu said; an hour to him, at that instant, was a whole century. Perhaps he could rouse the old man, shake sense into him and so pass off the interview, one way or another.

Mr. Victor gave him a cool nod, took up his Homburg, clapped it on and marched out. Colonel Tedescu stared after him—not thinking, however, or at any rate not thinking to any intelligent effect. He stirred at last, going over to the bishop's door, opening it and looking inside. It was perfectly quiet in there.

"Excellency!" he said. "Are you awake, Excellency?"

There was no answer. He went in two or three steps; paused; went on again. Enough light came through from the sitting room so that he could make out the wasted-looking and ascetic features under him, the veins transparently blue against narrow temples, the mouth shadowed by —— By what? Colonel Tedescu asked himself fearfully. By strain, misery, fatigue, hopelessness—or, perhaps, by some new and nameless emotion made up, and in full strength, of all those other imponderables? The expression frightened him, at any rate. He felt that there was something which he did not understand about the old man—something pitiable and obscure. He touched him.

"Excellency," he whispered. "Please, Excellency."

He was given a certain effect of restlessness. The head turned, and turned back almost petulantly; the eyes opened and closed, and opened again. They appeared to be fixed on Colonel Tedescu at that moment, but were not. They were still beyond him, and beyond Suite 2234; out somewhere, if not so deep this time, in that empty and appalling darkness which the bishop had experienced a couple of hours ago.

He was alone there, all alone; and he knew why. He had yielded to those people. He had said the lies they wanted him to say, and signed papers, and agreed to everything; and so he had betrayed himself, and betrayed his people, and betrayed God. There seemed to be a mighty stir somewhere; an approach to him or perhaps a withdrawal. *Ah, yes*, a voice said. *Cry out to Me! Now lift up your arms, Judas, and weep bitterly. But do not suppose* ——

Tedescu shook him. "Excellency!" he said. "Excellency!"

There was one clear flash of understanding in Bishop Hruba at that moment, but with it the accusation against himself, and not against Colonel Tedescu.

"Yes," he whispered aloud, two great tears showing themselves—slow, bitter tears. "That is what you are. Yes. Judas."

He drifted away again.

But Colonel Tedescu, reaching out for support blindly, staggered over to one side as though the bedroom floor had been tilted up under him. Judas! So he was suspected, then—and accused also! He became terrified. A moment ago the one idea in his head had been to rouse the bishop, and to pass him off this evening as quite normal in all ways before Edward Lascoulie and Mr. Theodore Victor, but now it had been revealed to him, and in one lightning stroke, that only final and inescapable ruin waited in that direction. He had been accused here and now, in this room; and so later on, most certainly, he would be accused before Theodore Victor. Good heavens!

He backed away from the bed, step by step; he was chalk-white. Janisek? Could Janisek think of something to do here? Forgotten now was that callous earlier betrayal, and Colonel Tedescu's furious resentment of it. Janisek would help him—or Janisek would be made to help! They were in this together. He swung around desperately, raced headlong out of the bishop's chamber, across the sitting room and out again into the Imperial corridor.

There were two men walking toward him from the west elevators—two guests, but Colonel Tedescu was not intelligently aware of that. He pounded on 2239; Cousin Josef opened; and he saw Francis Janisek standing over at the one window.

Tedescu rushed at him. "Janisek!" he babbled. "Do you know what has happened just now, Janisek?"

It spewed out breathlessly—the whole story. But Mr. Janisek did not interrupt the narrative, nor comment on it, until Colonel Tedescu had quite finished.

"Yes," he said, his tone witheringly contemptuous then. "Now you run to me; when half an hour ago I was a creature altogether beyond the pale. You seem to forget your words very easily, Tedescu; yet I can tell you that they are not so quickly dismissed by Francis Janisek."

And he again averted himself. But all that was only to establish a proper discipline and submission between them; he was already—and very sharply and shrewdly—fingering his way around the unmistakable outline of the real problem. But he was safe in 2239 at the moment; there was no physical menace threatening him; and so he remained entirely in command of himself.

What to do? Not quite yet had he expected to shove forward Cousin Josef in this business—the last desperate gamble, all or nothing, dazzling success or crushing and complete failure at one cast. Still, if the creature had now to make his appearance a bit earlier than had been scheduled, it would confront them with nothing more than the risk which they would be required to run sooner or later, and in any event, then, too, there would be at least one very decided advantage to this latest development; Colonel Tedescu appeared well broken by it, putty now in the hands of a man—if Mr. Janisek himself had to proclaim it—who could think clearly at critical moments and act with prompt and vigorous decision. Abruptly, by presenting to the colonel a pudgy and upraised palm, he cut off all further breathlessness and entreaty from that quarter.

"Imbecile!" he declaimed loftily. "One should do nothing at all for you. Nothing! That is what you deserve from Francis Janisek. And yet ——"

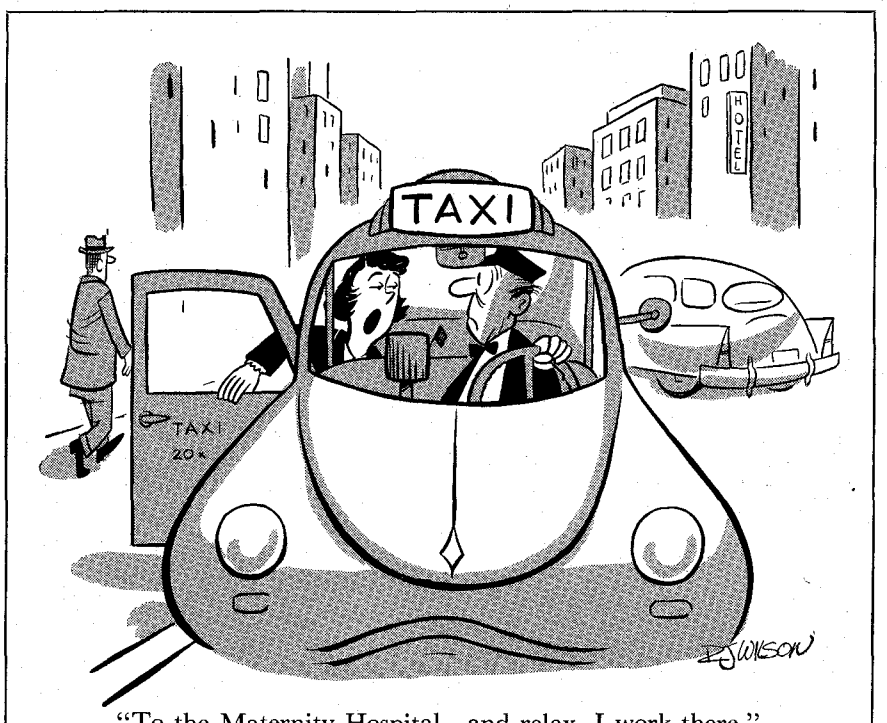
He appeared to meditate. Tedescu sat down on the bed—or collapsed, rather—his gray eyes jumping from Janisek to the hall door, and then back again.

"And yet," Mr. Janisek continued finally, as if still debating within himself, "if they are not given an opportunity of talking to the old man; if, instead, we can manage to palm off the imbecile on them ——" He turned suddenly. "Eh?" he demanded. "Eh, Tedescu?"

"But this Lascoulie?" Tedescu whispered. "An old friend, Janisek; someone who would know at once whether or not it was actually Paul Hruba."

"Do you believe so?" Mr. Janisek murmured, tolerantly superior about that part. "Such may be Theodore Victor's idea, but old friends to what degree, exactly? The term is always abused with these functionaries, remember. I agree to this much—that they might have had a glass of wine together, sixteen or seventeen years ago, before the war; or met at an occasional and very formal social function; or nodded and smiled at each other during some public ceremony. But I tell you—and you had better believe me, Tedescu—that the creature you see here will have nothing to worry about from those idle and almost-forgotten memories. Nor will we."

Tedescu, raising his head, began to study Cousin Josef with feverish intensity.



"To the Maternity Hospital—and relax. I work there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Two drinks," Mr. Janisek continued, and in a deliberate, slow and overwhelmingly impressive manner, "and the fine gentleman over there would outface the devil himself. You do not know him, Tedescu; I do. So do not imagine that I am a fool, and that I rush into something like this without being quite positive of the resources at my command.

"What is necessary, after all? That he shake hands with Edward Lascoulie; that he murmur a few words; and that he excuse himself. And also, you must try to picture him in the bishop's cassock, head bowed a little, hands clasped ——" He snapped his fingers there, brutally offhand about it, and with an uncertain and sheepish smile Cousin Josef adopted the attitude. "The mustache off, the gray hair combed up in the old man's peasant pompadour, the manner preoccupied and withdrawn. I tell you that in the circumstances, and in the cassock, he would deceive people much closer to Paul Hruba than this Edward Lascoulie ever was. Why not?"

Tedescu clenched his hands. It was not full agreement, but it was all that Mr. Janisek wanted from him, or needed.

"Now pay attention to me," he went on quietly. "We must hurry; there is no time to waste if Edward Lascoulie is expected at eleven o'clock. I will shave the creature over in your rooms; and you will get ready for him whatever the bishop wears on occasions like this. And consider, Tedescu." He dug his fingers into the colonel's biceps. "If we fool Edward Lascoulie tonight, if we manage to persuade him over to our side, what have we to fear afterward? Is not the thing done, actually? And is not everything else just waiting for us?"

Cousin Josef had listened to all this, but listened to it from his private and very comforting world of vague reality; from the retreat set up long ago against impossible standards—for Cousin Josef, anyway—of conduct, aspiration and personal dignity. His smile remained timid and abashed, therefore. He kept his eyes lowered.

"But, of course," Mr. Janisek continued, a bulwark of strength at this point, "a little boldness, Tedescu; a cool manner and a shrewd head. You must receive this Lascoulie, and then warn him at once that His Excellency is not—oh, quite himself. And with that beginning, you will carry it off for us. There is my word on it."

"But I am not sure," Tedescu faltered at him.

Mr. Janisek might not have heard the remark. He went out into the hall quickly, then beckoned, and Cousin Josef followed. For a moment—one last moment—Colonel Tedescu hesitated. "Hurry," Mr. Janisek whispered. He switched off the light, and Tedescu braced himself.

And this time there was no one at all in the corridor on Twenty-two. The guest room used by Cassidy and the others was now locked and deserted, but the door to Bishop Hruba's suite was still open. It swallowed in hurried pantomime Cousin Josef first, then Mr. Janisek, and then Colonel Tedescu.

About a minute afterward one of the Imperial roundsmen appeared from the service stairway for his first evening inspection. It was a minute too late, however; then there was only a hushed corridor waiting for him. He tried the doors one after another; nothing. Mr. Janisek's rooms were now closed and locked to him, quite properly; and so, on the other side of the hall, and just two doors away, was Suite 2234.

There were no really quiet hours in the Imperial lobby before one or two in the

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morning, every morning, but, on an occasional and comparatively slow evening, there was something of a breathing space for Cassidy just before, and just after, eleven o'clock. Then the early guests were upstairs and in bed; the late ones were still out somewhere; whatever banquet it was in the Grand Ballroom would be just about over; and he usually was able to spend an hour or so in the fourteenth-floor security office, checking reports from the previous night and clearing up the routine paper work that had accumulated for him.

His office was a small room just back of the freight elevator, with two desks in it, and one window. It contained also a typewriter stand and a filing cabinet; and a couple of wall boards, one crowded with a photographic display of various more or less distinguished gentlemen—to hotel security officers, at any rate—in full face, in left profile and in right profile. Tonight about ten-thirty, with his hands behind him and a cigarette in his mouth, he began to examine that sour-looking display very carefully from top left, row by row, all the way down to bottom right, but he did not find Emil Novak represented anywhere in there, nor the big fellow with the pale face and the thick eyebrows.

Then Florence Savage appeared, tapping first, and edging herself in rather timidly.

"Thought you'd be home," Cassidy told her, a bit irritated at this unexpected intrusion, and so favoring her with one of the old-time Cassidy scowls. "What are you doing around here this late? What did you come back for?"

"I started home," she said. "I got halfway, too, but then ——" She took the visitor's chair, a little timid about that also. "Oh, I just couldn't stop thinking about what happened in here tonight; that's all. And I seemed to remember something about Twenty-two, Ray; only I couldn't quite —— Then it came to me. That Colonel Tedescu."

It was no more than a name to Cassidy however; with no connection at all, not even a remote one, to the gray-eyed man he had seen once, about an hour ago, in Mr. Janisek's bedroom.

"Colonel Tedescu?" he said. "Who's that?"

"Well, I suppose it's silly," she told him, frowning a bit and resting her hands on the black pocketbook in her lap. "But—I told you about that bishop, Ray; how he had that nightmare and how we got him to bed again. Tedescu's the secretary. Well, he didn't act right. I was upset myself, so I just noticed it back in my head somewhere, but I have a funny idea now that he wasn't anxious and concerned, the way you'd expect. He was something else, if I'm right about him. I'd say he was frightened."

"Frightened, why?"

"That's the thing," she admitted frankly. "I don't know. I just got the idea for some reason, when I thought back about it. But suppose those two men were up there to see that secretary earlier tonight? Suppose he was the one they wanted on Twenty-two? Does that help you at all?"

He put his back to her at the one window. Always driving at him, he reflected tightly, or, maybe, always trying to straighten out Ray Cassidy and that little problem of his.

"We know something now," he said. "Hannegan gave me a ring about twenty minutes ago. They traced the little fellow to a cheap boardinghouse up in Yorkville; his name was Novak—Emil Novak. They'll probably get some information on the big fellow when they talk to a couple of people up there."

"Oh!" she said. She considered a moment. "But what does that prove, Ray? Why couldn't they still have come down here to see that secretary?"

"Forget it, will you?" Cassidy said. But he stirred restlessly, as if bothered by an idea that he was trying to convince himself by this argument, and not her. "The guy was a cheap hustler of some kind. They found a lot of stuff in his room—rings, watches, silverware. They're still checking on it. Now you satisfied? There's a sensible answer to that pocketbook, I guess; only we haven't figured it out yet. But things get screwed up sometimes. No logical reason. It just happens."

"And I thought it was such a brilliant idea," she said. "I thought it might help, Ray."

Everybody trying to help Cassidy, he told himself with some bitterness; and everybody knowing exactly how too. He looked at her—the brown eyes narrowed and concerned for him, the hands in the lap, the feet primly together. There was a sudden ugliness in him. Why couldn't she leave him alone? Hadn't he told her? Hadn't he admitted the thing that happened to him? What else did she want? What else was she looking for?

"Sure," he said, the ugliness sweeping up and out of him with no warning. "You're a great little helper, you are; you and Hannegan. When are you getting together again? When are you swapping a few more of your bright ideas on Ray Cassidy?"

There was a short silence. She flushed. Then she said quietly, "That wasn't very fair, Ray. You know why we—why we talked about you. I explained it."

"You didn't explain who wanted you to—or who asked you." He began to breathe quickly. "I had to live with that thing—not you, and not Hannegan. I had to lie in that cast for thirteen months, and ring for somebody every time I wanted a glass of water, or a cigarette, or a book I dropped. But you just write that off, hah? You think a guy can just come out of it and act as if nothing ever happened to him. Is that your idea? You must be crazy. You must be out of your head!"

"No," she said, still flushed, but tightening her fingers around the pocketbook. "I didn't lie in that cast, and I didn't do any of those other things either. I didn't even have a wonderful old sweetheart to think about all that time. Because you've never been able to bring yourself to give up about her, have you?"

"That's all right!" Cassidy said, whirling on her and shaking a passionately unsteady forefinger. "That isn't what I'm talking about! You go through that hell as long as I did, and you think about things; you see how easy you could be lying there for the rest of your life. And who would care about you? What would you have? You ought to grow up; you don't know what people are like, even! Show them a good time. Swell, they're all over you! But get in trouble. Go on; then you learn something! Then you get your eyes opened!"

"I know what that wonderful old sweetheart was like!" she declared now, bursting out just as passionately as he had. "I know that much, Ray Cassidy—and I know something else too. I know a lot of girls who wouldn't have run out on you that way. Decent girls—if you ever had time for them! The kind ——"

But there was the bitter anguish for Cassidy again—never admitted by him, and so never forgotten.

"You think it's that?" he demanded harshly. "You think it's her? You don't know what you're talking about! Listen! You have to look out for yourself—or you're up the creek somewhere! Sure, I'm

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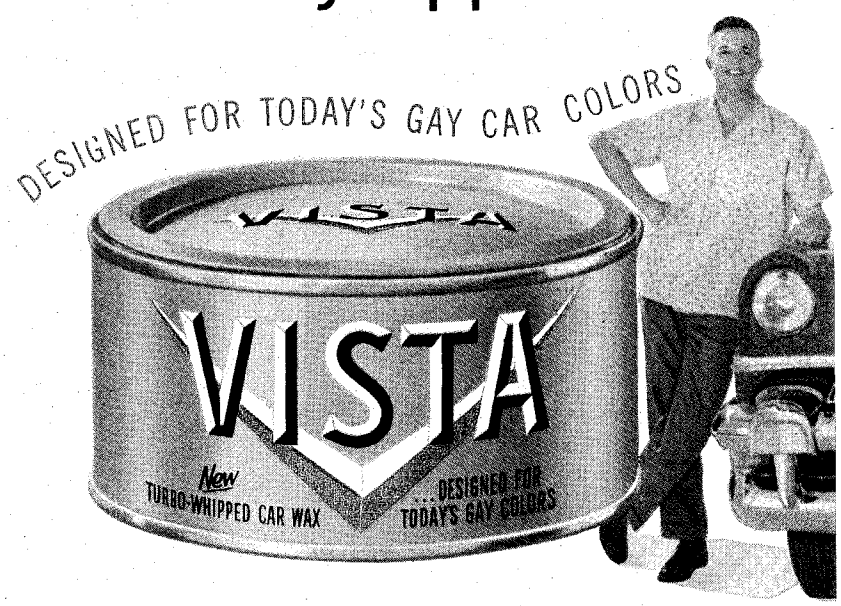

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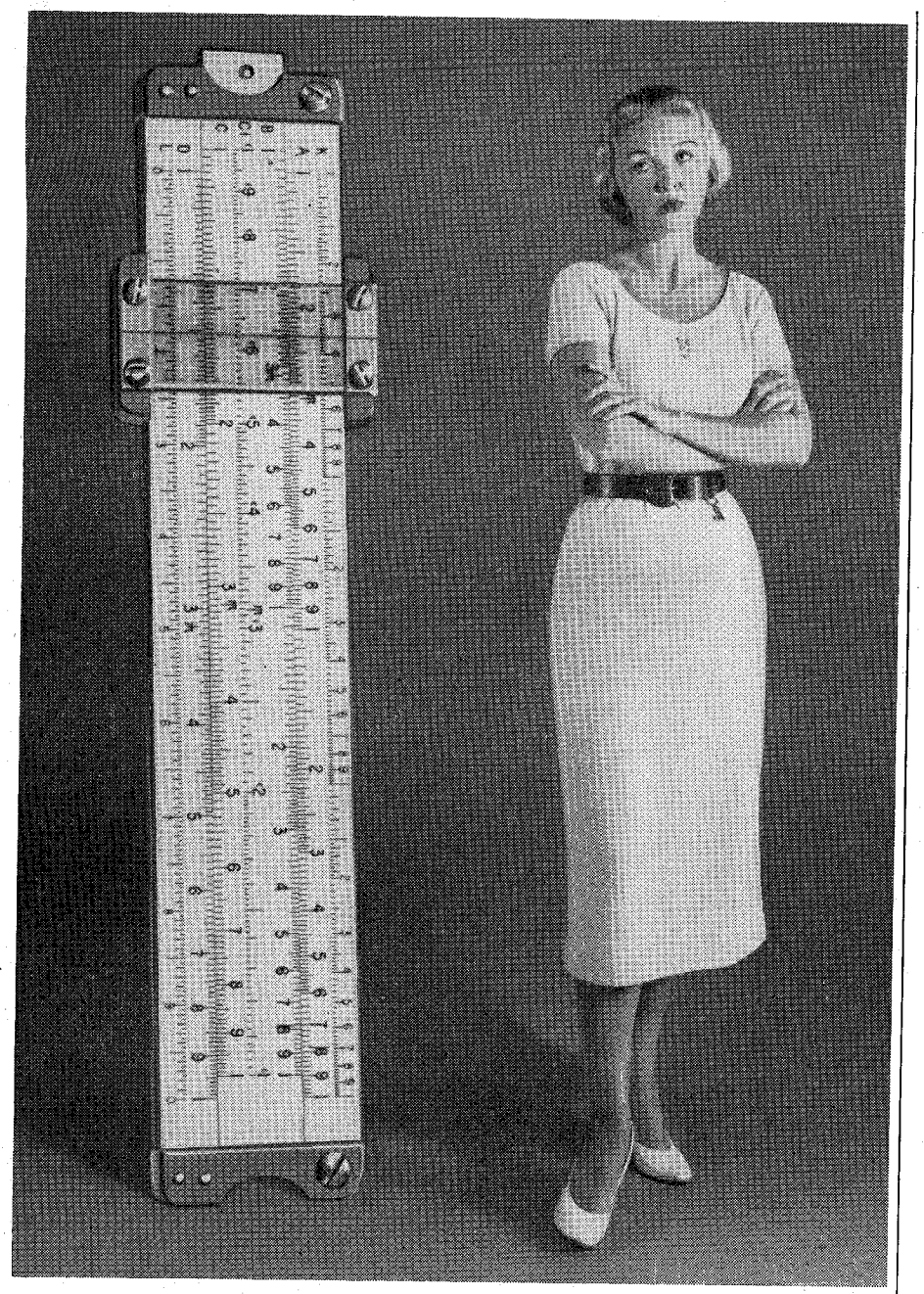

scared—because I know what can happen to you. Do you know? Does Hannegan? I could have been paralyzed for the rest of my life! So don't sit there and tell me about how it was. You can't! You don't know!"

"I wouldn't try to tell you anything," she said, not flushed any more, but deadly pale, rather. "It's no good, and you know why? Because she twisted you—and you let her! Well, keep your memories of her, and scream at people when they try to show you —— Who cares, anyhow? Who's interested?"

He smacked his palms together, as if maddened.

"Look!" he said. "Will you get that dopey idea out of your head about Dottie McConnell? I can't make you see what —— The police surgeons turned me down, didn't they? O.K.! Then suppose the back kicks out on me, and for good this time? I got to stand up to it, of course, but I'm not dragging anybody else along with me! I've been through that already. I've seen how long it lasts, and what happens to it! It wasn't Dottie McConnell. It was human nature!"

"Oh, no," she said. She smiled tightly. "It was that girl, Cassidy—only you'll never admit it. That's what you're living with, and why you keep on torturing yourself. You still want her; and you always will too."

"Will you shut up about that?" he whispered at her. "Will you? Will you? Will you?"

"Of course," she said, her whole expression dead set against him. "I'm quite through." She got up calmly. "And stop worrying yourself about dragging this particular girl along with you, wherever you go. You don't have to, Ray Cassidy. Not any more."

His expression altered subtly. "Now wait a minute," he said. "Talk sense, can't you?"

"I waited a couple of months," she said quietly. "I was that silly. Well, enough is enough, isn't it? And what are you arguing about? That's what you wanted—no one bothering you. All right, then. That's what you're going to get."

"Not because I don't like you," he said, his face tightening up desperately. "Not because I wouldn't give my right arm to be able —— But what have I got? Tell me! You saw it upstairs. I couldn't even touch Hannegan's gun. I kept thinking about what might happen to me. Suppose I got shot again—then what? How much can I take? Scared? Sure, I'm scared. Because I know just how ——"

He heard voices outside; he moved off quickly, trying to compose himself, and Hannegan came in from the corridor, and Walter Duval. Hannegan was the usual Hannegan—tall, slim, elegant and lazily in command of himself—but Duval appeared to be withered up from inside, somehow, and physically ill. He was rubbing his palms together and whispering to himself, inaudibly. His eyes were blank-looking.

"Where's the big fellow?" Hannegan said. "You pick up any kind of a lead on him, Ray? You still think he's hanging around the hotel somewhere?"

"What?" Cassidy said, darting his blue eyes from one to the other of them, and attempting to make a hurried emotional change-over in manner and attitude. "I don't know. I've been sitting up here and trying to —— Why? What's happened?"

"Something pretty bad," Hannegan told him, "if he's still in the joint, Ray. I gave you a little information about this Novak. Well, we know something else now. He left fingerprints in a Yorkville flat three weeks ago. Know what he did there? Rifled the place and strangled some old lady with one of those leather dog straps. One more thing. We just found something tucked away under the lining in that suitcase of his. Another strap, Ray. The same kind, and probably the same reason for carrying it around with him. Hah?"

"But he's dead," Florence whispered. "He fell down that stairway before."

"The big fellow didn't," Hannegan said, watching Cassidy with no apparent expression. "So what do you think, Ray? Think he might still be hanging around in here to finish the job, whatever it is?"

"In the Imperial!" Duval said. "In the Imperial, Cassidy!"

"All right," Cassidy said, clamping his jaws together. "Take it easy. We don't know, Mickey. There's no way we can tell about it."

"That ain't no good," Hannegan said, very deliberate with him. "Not to me, because I think maybe we can. Don't try to shove it under the rug, kiddo. Use your head on it, that's all. Just figure it out."

TO BE CONTINUED

"If this is the way you're going to act every time another man looks at me, I'm glad I found out before we got married!"

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As the first KC-135 rolled out into the sun, the 888th KC-97—last of Boeing's piston-driven airplanes—came off another line in the same plant. Thus, during its 40th anniversary year, Boeing leaves behind the age of piston-powered aviation. The company, a pioneer in jet-flight development, is now devoting its facilities to building jet aircraft exclusively. In addition to the KC-135, its jet production includes the 707 commercial transport, the eight-jet B-52 and the six-jet B-47 bombers.

Although the first of its kind, the KC-135 is a proven aircraft, backed by over two years of intensive flight testing of a prototype model. It incorporates refinements that could grow only out of actual flight testing. In addition, Boeing's unique experience with a prototype model helped cut production time on the first KC-135 by 20%.

The first jet transport-tanker comes logically from Boeing. For this company has designed and built more large, multi-jet aircraft than any other organization in the world, and pioneered and developed aerial refueling. The new KC-135 takes its place in the line of illustrious Boeing aircraft which have, over the past four decades, helped America initiate new eras in both commercial and military aviation.

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California's Yellow Gold (Continued from Page 39)

late Charles Collins ("C.C.") Teague and his son, Milton. Although the "ranch"—Californese for a large farm—is owned by 125 stockholders, majority control lies with three families—the Hardisons, the Blanchards and the Teagues.

The board of directors includes A. C. Hardison—an eighty-six-year-old civil engineer who is president and the only remaining member of the original corporate directorship—Eliot M. Blanchard, Guy L. Hardison, Elizabeth Blanchard Howie and Milton Teague.

Before 1900, the ranch was worked by a score of employees and eight or ten mules. Today, Limoneira employs close to 600 persons and is practically a self-sustaining community—500 homes, 100 vehicles, thirty-five miles of roads, four churches, three playgrounds, two stores, two packing houses, a fire department, water and sewer systems, a swimming pool and a soil and research laboratory.

The United States State Department regards Limoneira as one of America's agricultural showplaces. A steady stream of visitors comes to Limoneira, as I did, to see "the biggest and most efficient" lemon ranch in the world.

In spite of Limoneira's usually healthy financial condition, Teague and his lieutenants dare not relax. While 1954 was one of the ranch's most profitable years, 1955 was one of the poorest. Weather, insects, fungus diseases, soil deficiencies, labor shortages and market conditions make lemon growing a risky business. In addition to the price of land, you have to invest about $1200 an acre before the trees start bearing in paying quantities. Many a happy-go-lucky novice has rushed into lemons and lost not only his shirt but much of the tender hide off his back. To stay solvent, a grower must produce a better-than-average crop.

"A big freeze in the winter or a cool summer when people don't drink much lemonade can be disastrous," Milton told me.

His father often recalled what his friend, Harry Chase, said after a cold snap had shriveled thousands of trees.

"Charlie, I don't understand this business. The state passes laws against gambling, but it also maintains a department of agriculture and an experiment station to encourage people to go into the citrus business. Seems to me lemon growing is a bigger gamble than playing poker."

Lemons are funny fruit. Like limes, quinces and olives, they can't be picked off the tree and eaten *au naturel*. Yet hundreds of uses have been discovered for them. The lemon tree blooms and bears the year around—making it impossible to "milk" the fruit off the branches the way you'd pick apples, cherries or even oranges. You size each lemon with a steel ring and carefully snip it off with a pair of clippers. Lemons can be grown on jungle-rich soil, but they'll also thrive on barren semidesert.

Though unmentioned in the Bible, lemons are one of the world's oldest fruits, probably having originated in Southern China or Burma. They were called "li-mungs" and the Chinese picture word meant "beneficial to the pregnant mother."

Lemons then spread to the Middle East and the Mediterranean. They became known to the people of Northern Europe when twelfth- and thirteenth-century Crusaders carried them back to the British Isles and Germany. In 1753 Dr. James Lind, a British Navy surgeon, proved that scurvy was a deficiency disease which could be cured with citrus. Upon the Admiralty's recommendation, British seamen received a daily tot of lemon or lime juice—hence the name "limeys."

Many of the Forty-Niners who stampeded into California existed on a diet as harsh as that of any sailorman—salted or dried meat, hardtack and tea. Scurvy was rampant in the rough frontier communities. Letters of Doctor Lewis Gunn, a Philadelphia printer-physician who went to Sonora, California, indicate that fees for treating scurvy ranged from "a can of sardines to $200 in gold dust."

A few citrus fruits were imported from Tahiti and Mexico. In 1849, however, William Wolfskill and Matthias Keller set out 1800 lemon trees in Los Angeles and by 1856 had them bearing well enough to ship the golden harvest to San Francisco. The following year, Harry D. Barrows, a schoolmaster and correspondent for the Alta California, a San Francisco newspaper, journeyed to Washington, D.C., to present a box of the first commercially grown lemons to President James Buchanan.

... ...

Women's Doubles

Shorts on tennis courts are
quite
A menace
For those who came to
concentrate
On tennis.

By Francis W. Hatch

... ...

"The President received the gift graciously," Barrows wrote, "and announced that henceforth California would be no terra incognita, but a land of milk and honey plus lemons."

The Limoneira Ranch did not come into existence until 1893. The same year twenty-year-old Charlie Teague—Maine-born, Kansas-raised—reached California with his parents. Charlie's great-uncle, Wallace L. Hardison, and Nathan W. Blanchard, a gold miner and rancher, organized the Limoneira Company and planted lemons and Valencia oranges on 400 acres of land west of Santa Paula. Blanchard, a graduate of Colby College in Maine, invented the word "Limoneira" from Spanish and Greek, meaning (to him) "lemon ranch."

Charlie Teague learned the citrus business by pruning windbreaks at one dollar a day and bossing a gang of Chinese lemon pickers. Later he acquired part ownership of a small acreage of lemons known as the "Teague Forty," and managed the agricultural interests of his Great-uncle Wallace, who was off on a gold-seeking adventure in South America.

In 1895 Blanchard retired from active management of Limoneira and he and Hardison asked twenty-five-year-old Charlie Teague to take over. By 1917 Teague was president of Limoneira and served in that capacity until his death in 1950.

C. C. Teague was one of the first citrus growers in California to use sheet-iron orchard heaters instead of crude, smoky coal baskets hung in trees. He developed an open-shed technique for curing and storing lemons under canvas—called the Teague Method—long before refrigeration or air-conditioning came into use. With Fred Stebler, of Riverside, he developed the first practical method for washing lemons mechanically. He worked closely with University of California scientists to overcome brown rot, gummosis, red scale and other citrus enemies.

Perhaps C. C.'s greatest contribution to the California citrus industry, however, was the vigorous leadership he gave to the farmer co-operative originally called the California Fruit Growers Exchange, now Sunkist Growers, Inc. Organized by a handful of ranchers during the "red-ink" years of the 1890's, Sunkist today is a giant marketing organization representing around 12,000 growers.

It was in the leafy, aromatic atmosphere of Limoneira that Milton was born and raised. As a youngster, he played in the lemon groves, and as he grew older he scrubbed and sized lemons in the packing house on weekends and during the summer helped fumigate for red scale.

Milton's brother, Charles, became a lawyer and is now a Republican congressman from California, but Milton never wanted to be anything but a lemon grower. He went to Stanford University, studied entomology. After graduating in 1925, he returned to the ranch, was appointed assistant general manager in 1937, and in 1947 succeeded his father as general manager. He has stuck close to Limoneira, and has never even visited Florida, the Mediterranean or any other citrus-growing area.

At Stanford, Milton met and married slim, dark-eyed Alfrida Poco, daughter of a French-Basque-American family that owned an interest in a string of sheep and cattle ranches. The Teagues have three daughters, all married now, bearing the lovely Basque names of Maiya, Lorea and Andrea.

After twenty-five or thirty years, lemon-tree production falls off and the orchards have to be replaced. C. C. and Milton Teague discovered, to their dismay, that the second generation of lemon trees—planted on the same soil as the first—"blew up," became sickly and weak. What the cause was, nobody knew.

C. C. was convinced that second-generation decline was caused by too much irrigation water. Milton, trained as a bug man, thought something in the soil did it.

A long, complicated series of experiments, conducted by Limoneira and the University of California, proved Milton right. "Something in the soil" turned out to be citrus nematodes—soil worms so tiny you can see them only through a microscope. They were chewing at tiny feeder roots and weakening the trees.

Fred Foote directed soil-fumigation experiments, first with carbon disulphide, later with an insecticide known as "D-D" (dichloropropene-dichloropropane). He built and rebuilt a Rube Goldberg machine that stuffed the chemicals into the soil and killed the nematodes. At first it was called "Foote's Folly," but now the United States Department of Agriculture sends scientists across the country to look at it.

At $200 an acre, soil fumigation is an expensive procedure. But teamed with carefully selected Lisbon top and sweet-stock root combinations, it boosted production of some Limoneira acres by as much as 70 per cent. It also saved Limoneira from heavy financial loss and gave new life to California's lemon industry.

Limoneira operates one of the nation's largest privately owned insectaries. More than 10,000,000 lady bugs (called "crypts") are raised on potato sprouts and freed in the groves each spring to battle the mealy bugs, another citrus pest.

Under Milton's management, Limoneira operates as efficiently as a factory. Trees that don't come up to the 700-boxes-per-acre average are yanked out.

Few of the 4000 lemon growers in California operate on the scale of Limoneira. The average ranch runs to about fifteen acres and shows a profit of about $4000 a year. Many lemon ranches are part-time ventures by businessmen, professional people or retired persons. Some of these smaller places are irrigated, cultivated, fumigated and picked on a contractual basis by trained crews. Marketing is done through Sunkist. All some growers do is walk to their mailboxes for dividend checks—if there's any profit left.

Fred Heying, a Los Angeles druggist, owns a seven-acre lemon ranch at Pacoima—works it during the mornings, fills prescriptions afternoons and evenings. Attorney S. A. McNeil has four acres in Granada Hills in the San Fernando Valley. Jay Sawyer, a retired railroad mail clerk, lives on his pension and the income from seven acres of lemons at Chatsworth.

During a quarter of a century, consumption of lemons has remained fairly stable and about two thirds of California's lemon crop is sold as whole, fresh fruit. The remaining lemons, mostly undersized or scarred, are processed for Sunkist growers by the Exchange Lemon Products Company in Corona, California, into frozen lemonade, pectin, citric acid, lemon oil, peel products and cattle feed. The use of these by-products is zooming.

Research has turned up some amazing uses for lemons and their derivatives. They harden steel, preserve fish and shellfish products, provide a sealing for paper bags, serve as lubricants for oil-well muds, remove stains and are used in shoe polish, hair rinses, printing inks, soap and fly spray.

Lemon juice is widely recommended as a substitute for salt in low-sodium diets. Lemon pectin is used in about fifty pharmaceutical products, ranging in use from preventing diarrhea in infants to checking hemophilia.

What excites the lemon people, however, is the bio-flavonoids—those yellow substances in citrus fruit similar to pigments that turn leaves red and yellow in the fall. In human beings, the bio-flavonoids seem to be especially effective, when paired with Vitamin C, in keeping the capillary system working efficiently. Research is under way to determine their usefulness in reducing colds, miscarriages, rheumatic fever and polio.

The Teague family does its bit to keep lemon consumption high. When Maiya, Lorea and Andrea lived at home, they drank many tall glasses of lemonade, and Mrs. Teague dutifully tries many of the new lemon recipes developed by Gertrude Austin and her home-economics staff at Sunkist—including such dubious items as "lemon baked spare ribs," "spinach à la Sunkist," "lemon mincemeat" and "English lemon cheese." Her favorite use of lemon juice, however, is for scrubbing the wild ducks that Milton shoots. "It preserves the flavor and texture of the fresh meat," she says.

Milton takes a glass of hot water and lemon juice upon rising, likes lemonade with summer lunches, and is especially fond of lemon-meringue pie.

One noon I lunched with him at a restaurant in Santa Paula. We ordered iced tea, and it was served conspicuously garnished with a thick slice of lemon. He squeezed some of the juice into his drink. I did not.

"Excuse me," he said, reaching over and squashing my unused slice of lemon with his spoon. "Dad always used to say, 'Squeeze it and we'll sell more lemons!'"

THE END

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He's Betting on the Atom Age

(Continued from Page 28)

idea of a modern planetary industrial organization—"general" in its broad initiative, and "dynamic" in method. No mere holding company, it is the natural child of management energies from within, not bankers' money imposed from without. Hopkins himself for years handled the tiller at Electric Boat, which created General Dynamics, as recently as 1952. Since then it has grown swiftly, as a "planned composite," into a phenomenal industrial Goliath now approaching a billion-dollar-a-year output.

A highly charged bundle of legal, financial, administrative and organizational ability, Hopkins has also attracted widespread attention for another reason. There may be business brains as big or bigger, but surely none more articulate. Adept as a writer and speaker since his debating days at Occidental College, he first began to make intensive use of these gifts about three years ago. At that time he spearheaded a campaign in favor of United States Government-sponsored massive applications of atomic energy to the industrialization of underdeveloped countries. Among business titans he appears to have been the first to stress the necessity of co-ordinating our atomic-energy developments with long-range needs of our foreign policy. Close business colleagues found his ideas contagious. Two years ago he was elected chairman of the National Security Industrial Association. This year he leads the nuclear-energy committee of the National Association of Manufacturers.

"Our foreign-aid program," Hopkins told the NAM Congress back in 1954, "has been a short-range one dictated by necessity. It has heavily favored Europe over Asia, Africa and South America, and sizable percentages of total outlays have been for military supplies. But the basic problem of world-wide instability between industrial and agrarian economies remains. The way out is for agrarian nations to industrialize, and at last this way can be relatively quickly and painlessly opened by atomic power. The United States should be the first to carry the atom's message of hope to the underdeveloped countries."

Last February, the Report of the Panel on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy (to the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy) gave Hopkins' opinion definite support. It urged Congress to release a few atomic-power reactors to needy countries by 1960. In March, the President requested a foreign-aid appropriation of nearly $5,000,000,000—a proposal that bounced back and forth like a shuttlecock by the eighty-fourth Congress right up to closing time. And in July at the Panama Conference of American presidents, Ike sponsored the formation of a hemisphere commission "to hasten the beneficial uses of nuclear forces."

These are steps in the right direction, Hopkins agrees, but still "fall short of giving sufficient weight to Russia's rapid technological advances and her ability to back up propaganda with tangible goods and services, including large-scale atomic aid."

Any adequate answer to the Soviet economic offensive must include atomic-energy projects planned at least twenty-five years, and preferably a century, ahead, Hopkins believes. "The atomic revolution," he prophesied to the Economic Club in New York two years ago, "will transform not only power, travel, transport and communications, but will revolutionize our economics, our social customs, our medicine, our finances, our politics, our agriculture, our biology. The atom is revolt incarnate against the *status quo*."

"The atom," runs his favorite axiom, "has a dual destiny: to deter and to create." We must defend ourselves; simultaneously we must "answer the world's need for atomic creation." In both directions, we must move with utmost speed, he says. "Like Lewis Carroll's Red Queen, we must 'run faster and faster just to stand still'—indeed, we must literally 'run faster than we can.'"

One way to see how that's done would be to follow Hopkins around his far-flung dominions. Much of his work is done in planes. Since 1952 he has flown about a quarter of a million miles a year—to inspect plants and offices scattered from New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Canada, to Southern California and Texas. Retaining a habit from law-firm days, he likes to do his paper work at night. That resulted recently in a four A.M. walk down twenty-one flights of stairs from his Park Avenue offices to the street; the night superintendent, thinking everybody had gone, had locked up all the elevators. Back in the office the next morning with his annual report for the board of directors, Hopkins clicked off his facts and figures without a slip. At such times a rugged constitution inherited from a long-lived family provides the extra energy needed for his job. With brown hair that shows little gray, and blue eyes youthfully alert, he looks about ten years shy of his sixty-two.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"But don't worry," he says. "When the doc tells me to slow down, I'll hear him the first time. I like work, but I like living better."

Hopkins frequently does with three or four hours' sleep a night, during a week or two of business crisis. The crisis over, he knocks off for several days and lolls about in pajamas at home. He may read, or sleep, or listen to selections from his fine library of recordings—which range from classical and modern music to be-bop, jive, and rock-and-roll. He once had serious musical ambitions and even wrote "a ballad or two." He still keeps an old pipe organ stored away in New York and hopes to get back to it someday.

Before he set up General Dynamics—which pays him $150,000 a year in salary, a smaller item than his Dynamics' dividends—Hopkins had time to compare the best golf courses in England and Scotland, and the best restaurants on the Continent. In Paris he likes to end a satisfactory day by motoring out to a favorite restaurant at Fontainebleau, although he also will happily head for Maxim's or the Tour d'Argent. In New York he is a gourmet in good standing at the Colony, Le Pavillon and Leone's. He is particularly proud of his credentials in the exclusive Lucullus Circle, a group of gourmets who gather worshipfully around the inspiring creations of Claude Philippe, of the Waldorf.

By way of relaxing, Hopkins likes to chase big fish, and he used to keep his own yacht for the purpose, complete with skipper, in Florida. In this field of endeavor he trails his elder brother, Harold, who quickly made his own fortune and sensibly retired years ago to fish—which he has been doing ever since. In 1954 Harold took Jay on a trip to Peru, where the big marlin feed. Jay pulled in a 760-pounder, but the septuagenaria[illegible]d topped that by winning a long[illegible]-hausting fight against a marlin [illegible]g close to 1000 pounds. Jay has[illegible]en fishing since then. He long ago s[illegible]is boat to an angler as dedicated a[illegible]nis brother.

"President-chairmanning" General Dynamics has also interfered seriously with golf at Burning Tree, in Washington, and with his old enthusiasm for the Hopkins farm at Leesburg, Virginia, where his wife now lives, near the rest of his immediate family. Last year Hopkins planned to spend the Christmas holidays in Leesburg with Mrs. Hopkins and two small boys named Bill and Jay Conger, their baby sister, Shelley Louise, and their mother, Lianne, who is the Hopkinses' only child. Her husband, Clement Conger, is an assistant chief of protocol in the State Department. Business interfered and Hopkins persuaded the whole family to be his guests in New York. They spent ten days with him in New York, where he makes his home—presumably when he isn't in airplanes.

What keeps Hopkins running? Money long ago ceased to mean anything to him, he says. Power, authority, command over more than 80,000 people? Naturally. But even before it comes the sublimation of the Hopkins who wanted to write, paint and compose music, in the joy of creating. How's that again? Creative satisfaction out of merging better ways of massive destruction? The answer is, once again, that Hopkins sees atomic creation and atomic deterrence as twins—the paradox of a time when one has literally not been able to proceed without the other—in a world where peace has rested solely on the "balance of terror."

That is why, although more than 90 per cent of General Dynamics' output to date has consisted of "deterrents," Hopkins throughout the darkest early '50's denounced what he called "the world-wide illusion of the omnipotence of evil in the atom." Among basic reasons for his own optimism he lists: the near-reality of atomic flight; advances in nuclear technology, bringing true space flight within early reach; and economic and perhaps physiological liberation of underendowed peoples by means of atomic reactors. Hopkins likes to quote a superior space book by the British astronomer, Arthur Clarke, called Childhood's End. That's what it is for all of us, he thinks, "childhood's end." Man must grow up overnight to the size of his sudden adult knowledge.

What have we here? A preacher of "atomic Buchmanism," as one listener has described it? A sentimentalist—who has made twelve dollars sprout from each dollar invested in Electric Boat stock in 1947? "Hopkins is about as simple and uncomplicated," the San Diego Tribune concluded, after looking into the matter, "as a Chinese slide rule." The Chinese have expressed no opinion about that, but the Japanese have.

Last May, John Jay Hopkins visited Japan in the company of Dr. Ernest Lawrence, Nobel prize winner and inventor of the cyclotron, and Dr. Lawrence Hafstad, former chief reactor man for the AEC. With their backing, Hopkins spread the gospel of atomic plenty around the only land yet to feel the impact of massive retaliation. For Japan he depicted a glorious role in the "development of atomic technology to utilize the human and physical resources of Free Asia to save, instead of enslave, mankind." When he left, two dozen leading Japanese scientists and industrialists presented him with a scroll which thanked him for bringing about: (1) formation of Japan's first Diet committee on peaceful atoms; (2) a state appropriation for Japan's first atomic reactor; (3) a Japanese-American atomic agreement. Shortly afterward, Matsutaro Shoriki, who had been host to Hopkins' party, became chairman of Japan's newly formed Atomic Energy Commission. The Japan trip had practical business results too. It fostered the birth of General Dynamics, Japan, a pilot operation being followed by the formation of other foreign components in France, England, Germany, Italy and India.

Hopkins first heard of Japan many years ago when missionaries brought strange tales from the East to his boyhood home in Santa Ana, California. There he was one of five children born to a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. John Thomas Hopkins, and his wife, May Irene. His mother was "wise, kind and generous"—and "oh, so shrewd!" Today he thanks her for his quick ability to size up people and their motives. "No man tries any tricks on me that I didn't try on mother, and she saw through me every time," he recalls with amusement. His father, too, was "just" but "strict"; he was "never a man to spare the whip when necessary." Hopkins thinks this discipline of mixed fear and love worked very well in his family, and may have provided a natural foundation for his "deterrer-creator philosophy."

"Wise, kind, generous—and oh, so shrewd!" himself, he has outwitted some of the roughest traders of Wall Street to bring off the series of mergers which produced General Dynamics. But his ascent from rags to riches began in the far West. If they were not literally rags he wore, they were sometimes hand-me-downs from his older brother, Charles Harold. Their father's congregation was not prosperous.

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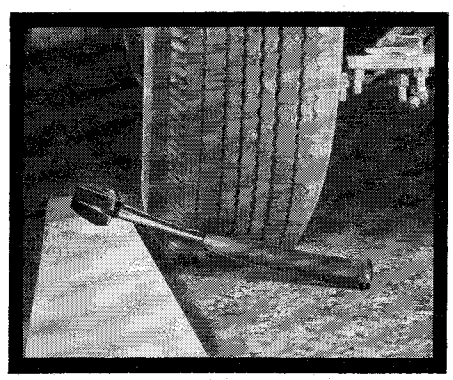

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"I remember the day when dad came home and said, 'We're rich,'" Hopkins told me. "'From now on I'm getting a hundred dollars a month—when I get it!' And believe me, he didn't always get it—and he never got more."

With three sons and two daughters to feed, clothe and educate, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins said the Lord had given them opportunity and it was up to them to use it. By the fifth grade Jay had used it to acquire a newspaper route. Before he left high school in Fullerton, California, he had swung his first big deal. He merged all the paper routes in his part of town and hired younger boys to deliver for him.

All the Hopkins children more or less worked their way through college, and they helped one another. During two vacations between terms at Occidental College, Jay was employed by a sugar-refining company, both in the field and in the factory. With his savings and a loan from his brother, Harold, already a successful engineer, Jay entered the University of California. In summer he worked for Standard Oil, and when he had earned his A.B. at Berkeley he spent a full year with that firm. By smart use of the knowledge gleaned there he made enough to pay his way through Harvard. He was also able to advance $6000 to his younger sister, Helen, to help her through medical school at Johns Hopkins. She is today a well-known California pediatrician. Jay's older sister, Marie, in her late seventies, only recently retired as a high-school vice-principal. Their younger brother, Robert, a physicist, is teaching at an Oakland high school.

Hopkins had scarcely begun his career at Harvard when it was interrupted by war and romance. In 1917 he joined the Navy. In the same year he married a college classmate from Occidental days, Ruth Smith, who was, in fact, already his in-law—for Harold Hopkins had married Ruth's sister. Shifted to San Diego after brief sea duty, Jay qualified for Reserve Officers Training School there and at the end of the war was mustered out as an ensign. An ardent Navy man, he remained in the USNR and later joined the Navy League—a step which eventually would help lead him to Electric Boat.

Returning to Harvard in 1919, Hopkins took his law degree two years later. Then he joined the New York firm of Cravath, Henderson, Leffingwell and de Gersdorff now known as Cravath, Swaine and Moore. There he is still remembered as the smartest young investor who ever entered a conservative law business. Then, as now, he was a nonstop talker. But he had already developed an acute sense of security about classified information—personal as well as official.

"We always assumed that he came from a wealthy family," said one of Cravath's partners, surprised when I told him Hopkins had operated solely on his own meager savings. With that as his only capital stake, in fact, he made $60,000 on the market during his first year out of Harvard, and $100,000 the second year. By his third year with Cravath, Henderson, Leffingwell and de Gersdorff, he took in "more than the head of the firm" and felt somewhat embarrassed.

"It was easy then," he reflects now. "After all, I did know my oil, and I soon learned all there was to know about mining stocks." He shrugged. "All you needed then was ten per cent margin money. No taxes to pay. How could you lose?"

In 1924 he left Cravath to organize a radio campaign for Calvin Coolidge. After he had helped put Honest Cal in the White House, he went back into the law business—and the market—for several years of concentrated money-making. He took time out again, in 1928, to serve as a delegate to the Kansas City convention of the Republican Party, where he helped nominate Herbert Hoover. After seeing Hoover into the White House, Hopkins noticed a musty odor around Wall Street when he returned. He got out, "just before closing time," with huge winnings. He takes no credit for prescience in the matter of anticipating the crash. Anybody who could read, he says, could see that total assets of the companies on the market weren't worth anything like 1929 stock prices. Later, after stocks hit their lows, Hopkins got back into the market and stayed for the slow climb.

While still with Cravath, he had met and impressed Ogden L. Mills. He also formed a firm friendship with Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss, then a young broker with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Some twenty-five years later Strauss would head the Atomic Energy Commission and do business with Hopkins when the Nautilus was built. Strauss had been Hoover's wartime personal secretary. Hopkins also had become one of Hoover's promising young men; Ogden Mills, as Secretary of the Treasury, called Jay to Washington to work as his special assistant. At the end of Hoover's regime, Hopkins was held on for a few months, through the bank closure. During the Hundred Days he had a team of 200 people working under him to draft new banking regulations. For a brief period he was top financial commissar of the country; scarcely anyone could cash a draft without his approval. To this day he proudly lists himself as "Author: papers on U.S. Treasury fiscal matters"—of 1933.

But Hopkins was no New Dealer and he soon decamped. Indeed, he was at that time offered the national chairmanship of the Republican Party, but refused it. He had seen enough of on-stage politics, a "dirty business," and was glad to return to what he considered the cleaner, greener soil of Wall Street. There he became director and general counsel for Mayflower Associates, an investment trust specializing in oil and mining properties. Mayflower's stock, quoted at twenty-five dollars when he took over in 1933, was selling for $160 a share by 1936. Again Jay turned in his chips for a handsome profit, to take a more active part in business firms of which he had become a director. One of these was Electric Boat, of Groton, Connecticut.

While still in his thirties, Hopkins could have retired with a large income. By 1937, when he left Mayflower Associates, his first million had a friend or two. Some men might have settled down to a hedonistic, coupon-clipping existence. Hopkins had more pressing things to do. To put it his way, he "couldn't stop." For him "opportunity" is a word for duty, and opportunity then lay everywhere around him.

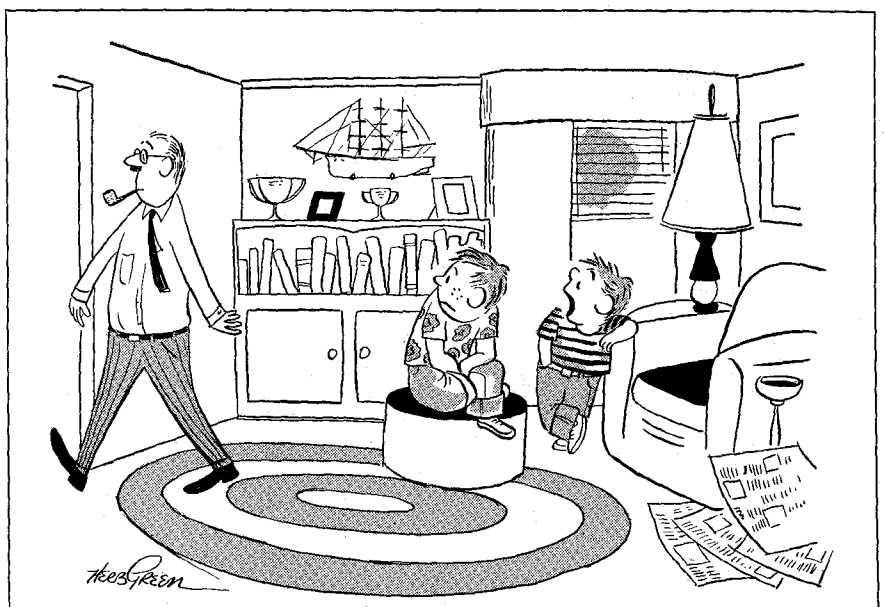
Speaking to me, he picked up a news magazine and turned to a quote from Alfred Sloan, former chairman of General Motors, and Hopkins' own model of a great executive. "You can't stop," he read from it; "if you stop you fall behind." He clapped the magazine on his wide, shining, paper-free desk. "The gentleman is absolutely right." Abruptly he mentioned a small factory near his boyhood home. It made a certain brand of soap which in his youth was well known. Recently he had passed the place. There was the old building, needing paint, but otherwise unchanged. Not even a wing had been added. He had a local man's pride in that factory. He had expected it to grow. He was outraged.

"I've got all the sympathy in the world for a poor devil up to his knees in a rice paddy in Asia—he's never had a chance," he told me. "But that fellow back there! Out doing the social stuff when he should have been building up the business his father left him; he may not know it, but he's already dead. You have to grow or you perish."

In 1937, Hopkins realized that the United States had to make a big change or perish. We were living in a cocoon, he thought, dreaming of permanent neutrality, passive and defenseless. What could he, as a reserve naval officer, do about it? When he asked the Navy brass, they told him to get busy at Electric Boat and prepare for big operations. In 1900 Electric Boat had sold the U.S. Navy its first submarine, the Holland, named after its inventor, John O. Holland. By 1937 Electric Boat had the largest sub-building yards in America. But both yards and executives were beginning to age. After hints from the Navy, Hopkins was brought in as a legal and financial expert. As war came to our country he moved up to an executive vice-presidency and soon had full command. Under the leadership of Hopkins and the late O. P. Robinson, famed sub builder who was in charge of shipyard operation, Electric Boat turned out eighty-two submarines before the war ended—a remarkable feat.

It was 1946, however, which separated the boys from the men in American industry. Electric Boat had a generous surplus. The temptation was to throw it all into conversion. Hopkins' board made a tentative jump to varied products, and dropped a million and a half. On assuming the presidency in 1947, Hopkins called for a slowdown in conversion. In Asia and Europe he detected portents of war; gambling on that, he invested in Canadair, Ltd. Equipped to make Douglas planes of wartime vintage, Canadair was a bargain, at fifty cents on the dollar, for anyone who believed in its supposedly obsolete products. Hopkins did.

Unexpectedly, demand picked up for medium-range transports in the United States, and Canadair sold all it had and could make. Better still, Hopkins sold Douglas spare parts for as high as twenty-five times their cost, inventoried as scrap, to him. In a slack period when good aircraft engineers were laid off below the border, Jay acquired a superb technical and managerial team which smoothed out a difficult transition and retooling of the plant, to make new models. By 1948 the Russians had confirmed his guess and the cold war was on. Canadair's business has been zooming ever since.



"Same as the last three times—the bees make honey and the birds lay eggs, and then he fades off to fill that pipe of his."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Heavily in the black again by 1949, and with money to invest, Hopkins began to work toward the team concept he has evolved today. The large Bayonne, New Jersey, plant of Electro Dynamic, Electric Boat's earliest subsidiary, was modernized to produce lighter and more efficient marine motors, much in demand for naval and merchant vessels. When Electric Boat became General Dynamics, in 1952, Hopkins emerged from the shuffle as president and chairman of the board, with a firm hold on 60,000 shares of stock. The next logical step was a merger with Convair.

It was logical because Convair and Canadair had worked jointly on war-time projects. Convair had an Army contract for the first atomic-powered airplane, and Electric Boat's engineering experience with the Nautilus and the Seawolf was relevant. Frank Pace, Jr., Secretary of the Army under Truman, had joined General Dynamics as executive vice-president in 1953. His friend, Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, was president of Convair. McNarney had in his employ engineering and research talent highly attractive to Hopkins. In 1953, General Dynamics bought control of Convair from Floyd Odlum, paying him a couple of million dollars above market quotations for his 400,000 shares. In 1954 Convair was merged with the corporation. The equivalent in Dynamics' stock is now worth twice the price.

Stromberg-Carlson became a division of General Dynamics in June, 1955. Besides telephonic and electronic equipment, S.-C. is developing fantastically ingenious automation and robot calculating devices. Among those publicly known is the charactron tube, a function of which is to convert data in electrical form into legible message symbols transmitted at speeds approaching 10,000 characters per second. They say it's an indispensable gadget to take along on a rocket flight to the moon—or a fast trip by missile to another continent.

General Atomic, youngest but potentially most vital of all this versatile industrial family, is headed by Dr. Frederic de Hoffmann, a vice-president of the corporation and general manager of that division. Doctor de Hoffmann has had the unique experience of being deputy both to Enrico Fermi, who helped build the first reactor at Los Alamos, and to Dr. Edward Teller, when he headed the thermonuclear-bomb project. One of de Hoffmann's first achievements was to bring together for General Dynamics a consulting organization of two dozen of the country's ablest scientists in physics, mathematics, aerodynamics, astrophysics, chemistry, metallurgy and electronics. Their advice is now of first importance

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on such projects as nuclear-powered flight and missiles. But the basic purpose of General Atomic is to conduct original research in pure nuclear science and to develop applications of it in industry.

Recently Hopkins suggested that the city of San Diego and the University of California join General Dynamics in a novel co-operative endeavor. He proposed a twenty-five-year plan for the development of a number of science and engineering institutes in connection with the Scripps Institution of Oceanography on the university's La Jolla campus, in neighborly alliance with General Atomic and Convair divisions. The response has been enthusiastic. San Diego, which regards Hopkins as a native son, last June gave a site of 300 acres of city land at Torrey Pines, near La Jolla. General Atomic accordingly will construct its $10,000,000 nuclear-research laboratory there. If the regents of the University of California approve the expansion of the La Jolla campus, the area will house one of the nation's largest scientific centers.

By enabling top scientists to combine research activity with lecturing and training young university students to carry on with their work, Hopkins hopes to keep them happy at Torrey Pines. Cash incentives, he found, were not enough to attract the services of the best scientific brains for the industrial applications of their discoveries. As much as possible, he has allowed the scientists to write their own tickets for the kind of research setup they want. Dr. Edward Creutz, former director of nuclear research at Carnegie Institute of Technology, already has accepted directorship of the new laboratory. Dynamics will place a generous scholarship fund at the scientists' disposal and also will contribute to the university half as much as the latter's initial appropriation for the new center. In two years, Hopkins says, the laboratory group will number 200 to 300 scientists.

"It isn't altruism; it's strictly in our stockholders' interest," he explained. "Gordon Dean has said about the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton that all you need to do to pick up profitable ideas is to go down there and hold a bucket outside the Ivory Tower. Torrey Pines is our Ivory Tower. Our scientists will be free to putter and teach there, but we expect to get a few breakthroughs out of it—principally, in the near future, compact and smaller reactors, in line with our belief in world-wide distribution."

The market for atomic reactors is boundless and will in turn breed vast new markets for all kinds of consumer goods and services, Hopkins foresees. But private enterprise seeking to enter this new world market faces competition from entire national economies—Russia, for example. Federal leadership is required to answer this challenge. That's why Hopkins would like Washington to summon the ablest men of industry, science, labor, education and communications to confer and set up something like a national atomic-industry-marketing plan. The United States and its friends "must mobilize now to use the economic power of the atom for peace as we mobilized for war in the past, and remain mobilized for defense," he believes. "If we don't act promptly in nations that need atomic help, Russia will get there first and close the doors."

According to the current five-year plan, the U.S.S.R., by 1960, will have about three times as much atomically generated power as is projected in this country. She has contracted for sales of reactors to China, made offers to India and beaten the United States out of an atomic agreement with Yugoslavia. A few years ago, America's lead was so substantial that gifts of a few pounds of uranium or atomic isotopes might have satisfied people in the gray areas. Now these neutral nations no longer feel they have to choose sides in order to benefit atomically.

Hopkins thinks that in the new situation we might do worse than be the first to extend all-out support to the United Nations' atomic-energy agency. Large government credits by us, to finance businesslike arrangements for the purchase of American nuclear-power reactors, plus American technical help made available under U.N. auspices, might be the most effective answer to the Soviet drive. Russia could not readily match a well-planned challenge in the U.N., where all nations might prefer to negotiate openly rather than risk entrapment in bilateral deals with Moscow.

The important fact is that America hasn't much time left in which to seize the initiative in a dynamic assault on world poverty by taking the lead in atomic industrialization. Will we do so? Hopkins, borrowing from Toynbee's "challenge-and-response" theory of history, says the answer is "Yes." We will because we must. Although we shall doubtless need "deterrents" indefinitely, the atom is swiftly moving into the creative stage. Civilization isn't doomed at all, but merely about to begin, as Hopkins sees it, and he hopes to be around for the fun.

Miss Minnie's Stolen Millions (Continued from Page 25)

Mangum became known as "Honest John" because it was his custom on payday to go from store to store, settling all the family's bills. Having met these obligations, Honest John disappeared with what was left. His family's life was one of deprivation.

Schoolmates of Minnie recall her as a shy child who always walked alone. She was thirteen when she quit grade school and went to work in a toy store. Work and home and church were all that Minnie had, even after she grew into attractive young womanhood. She was petite, with shining black hair and deep-blue eyes and clear-cut features. Young men found pleasure in looking at her, and two made attempts to pursue her. Minnie discouraged all attentions. She never went to a dance. She never had a date. There were younger children at home, and Minnie was their devoted mother hen.

It was at the Port Norfolk Baptist Church that she found her only freedom from care. Here, the choir's outstanding voice was Miss Minnie's. She was twenty when Honest John went on his last lost weekend. Blundering drunkenly home, he wandered into a neighbor's house and, being mistaken for a burglar, was shot and killed.

Minnie now had to pay all the weekly bills. She was working in a haberdashery store whose proprietor was so impressed with her earnestness that he sent her to Professor Snaps. The professor ran a business school. He made a stenographer of Miss Minnie and awakened her ambition to build a business career. She began studying accounting.

In 1927, the newly organized Commonwealth Building and Loan Association opened for business in store-front quarters and advertised for help. Not long after, Miss Minnie became Commonwealth's first employee. She was bookkeeper, stenographer and file clerk at $27.50 a week.

As Norfolk boomed with the defense effort of the late 1930's, Commonwealth grew, and so did Miss Minnie. Commonwealth opened branches. Miss Minnie, betrayed by too many chocolate creams, became a stout little butterball. Men no longer took a second look, but she didn't care. She was an officer of Commonwealth, a career woman on her way up. She was also a thief.

The Norfolk Naval Base and its peripheral industries were attracting thousands of workers to Tidewater. Commonwealth and Miss Minnie helped the workers build homes and hold onto them. Miss Minnie prospered too. She had an honest income of $24,000 a year—$9000 salary, another $1000 bonus, the rest made up of rentals from properties she had bought, interest and dividends from securities, insurance commissions and notary fees.

Commonwealth, like other associations of its kind, was not actually a bank. It was a mutual undertaking in which depositors were shareholders. They were paid 3 per cent interest. The association lent out their funds on mortgages at interest running up to 6 per cent. Virginia banking laws require such associations to set aside 6 per cent of their earnings as an untouchable reserve for contingencies, the protection of shareholders against a possible flood of mortgage defaults, and to keep assets reasonably liquid.

When Roy F. Philips was elected president of Commonwealth in 1940, he began to set aside 12 per cent of earnings in reserve. His intention was to make Commonwealth the Rock of Gibraltar among loan associations. In effect, however, he was simply placing greater wealth at Miss Minnie's disposal, because it was from the reserves that she was stealing. She had then been stealing for seven years.

Theft, however, was not among the duties she outlined for herself when Mr. Philips took over. Propped against her desk lamp she kept a file card on which she had written a memo to herself:

"Keep general ledger and see that money is in the bank each day. Open new accounts. Talk to public. Give payoff figures and assist Mr. Philips in every way possible. Make all reports and see and check all loan papers before being put in file. Figure dividends."

Philips was a real-estate-and-insurance man. It was his job to get out and bring in mortgage business—a salesman's role. He left everything in the office to Miss Minnie. Between 1940 and 1955 he built up Commonwealth resources from $1,000,000 to $22,000,000.

Commonwealth had moved to its own building in midtown Norfolk, a brick mansion of the Williamsburg era. Its interior combined Southern charm with the amenities of what is called personalized banking. Oil portraits of the Virginia Presidents and heroes of the Confederacy looked down upon Miss Minnie and the pretty girl tellers, her protégés. An ornate glass chandelier hung from the ceiling and thick carpeting hushed the footfalls of depositors.

Miss Minnie had her private office off the main floor. She listened to homeowners' troubles, opened accounts, interviewed borrowers and—what was most important for her—took absolute charge of the main office's control ledger and the four branch-office books as well. She did all the hiring and firing. She hired girls right out of business school or high school, and she laid down rules—no smoking, no going without stockings in summer, do exactly as you're told.

Some of the girls recall taking to Minnie Mangum such problems as a strangely missing account card. "Oh, yes," Miss Minnie invariably replied. "You leave that to me and I'll take care of it. Just go about your work."

Miss Minnie's young tellers and bookkeepers thought her a bit abrupt on such occasions, but they forgave her because she was always so nice to them. At Christmastime all received an expensive gift from Miss Minnie. She wrote them get-well poems when they were ill, poems of felicitation when they left to be married.

They were constantly hearing stories of Miss Minnie's good works elsewhere. There were the many times, for instance, when she chartered buses and sent flocks of children on paid holidays to Virginia Beach or other seaside resorts. There was talk, too, of innumerable benefactions among the poor—the hampers of food, the rent paid, the hospital bill to be forgotten, all because of Miss Minnie. How could she afford such generosity? She was well paid, that was it, and smart in her investments.

Miss Minnie was certainly good to her kin. She sent a nephew through college, and he came to her with his diploma and said, "Here, you deserve this more than I do." Miss Minnie often told that story. It was, say investigators, one of her minor achievements in giving to relatives. Her automobile gifts, they say, cost $281,000 in purchases from one dealer alone.

There was talk that Miss Minnie practically built her church's brick Sunday school and community building. (But the Rev. R. Clayton Pitts, her pastor, said that Miss Minnie's contributions to the building fund over a twelve-year period totaled only $8800—far less than the cost of the building. The Rev. Dr. H. L. Arthur, Miss Minnie's former pastor, said he wanted it publicly understood that there was no foundation to the rumor that she paid for his trip to the Holy Land. It was the church that paid, he said. He recalled, however, that it was Miss Minnie's custom to bestow a gift on his wife each time Mrs. Arthur addressed Miss Minnie's Fidelis Sunday School class.) Miss Minnie was president of the Fidelis class for thirty years, and one of its members said, "You never heard anyone say such beautiful prayers as Miss Minnie."

Miss Minnie didn't toss her money away in the tradition of big spenders. When she lunched at Mrs. Crocker's Restaurant, near the bank, she usually ordered corned beef and cabbage for seventy-five cents. Her clothes were those of a successful business woman who favored grays and blues. Sensitive about her age and stoutness, she was a weekly visitor to a beauty parlor. Her home was substantial, but not extravagant, a two-story clapboard on Cleveland Street in a neighborhood of $15,000-to-$25,000 houses. Miss Minnie lived there with her mother and a blind sister, Maude, a self-taught musician who at one time gave piano lessons. Mrs. Mangum died early last year, before Minnie was unmasked.

At that time it seemed to Miss Minnie that her share-the-wealth plan could go on indefinitely. Her embezzlements were speeding up. (*Continued on Page 58*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) Between 1933 and the end of 1946 she had stolen a mere $271,000. In the next nine years she helped herself to $2,613,000. An auditor was asked recently how she was able to avoid detection for so long.

He said, "She was a one-man building-and-loan association who had established her own dynasty, in which she had absolute control of all money accountability. She was the only one in the association who knew anything of its internal operation. She was the only one an examiner or auditor or anyone else could go to with any hope of getting an answer. No matter what question you asked her, she had a valid excuse. We knew everything was in a mess, but there was no reason to suspect stealing."

There came a day last September that was to be disastrous for Miss Minnie. It was a day on which she broke her rule to hire only young Tidewater girls, fresh out of school. A Yankee presented herself for a job. The applicant was Mrs. Esther Marie Cannon, the businesslike daughter of a business couple. Her parents operated a food market in Waukegan, Illinois. Mrs. Cannon had attended Olivet Nazarene College in Kankakee, Illinois. She had been a teller at the First Federal Savings & Loan Association in Waukegan. She was a bride when she accompanied her husband to Norfolk. A Navy enlisted man, he had been transferred to the Norfolk base.

Mrs. Cannon certainly did not look dangerous to Miss Minnie. She was twenty-one, a slender brunette with a pretty, cameo-like face. But she was not long at Commonwealth before she began to disapprove of the slipshod methods practiced by Miss Mangum. They were certainly not the procedures of the First Federal in Waukegan. Especially puzzling was Miss Mangum's custom of plucking a handful of depositors' account cards from the files and keeping them in her custody for days on end.

Mrs. Cannon asked questions, and was curtly advised by Miss Mangum, "Leave that to me; I'll take care of it. Just go about your work."

Then the missing cards would reappear, without explanation. Mrs. Cannon began to look about her and wonder.

Early last November, five Federal and two state examiners began one of the periodic, routine examinations at Commonwealth. Mrs. Cannon had to go to Miss Mangum several times for account cards needed to run adding-machine totals. Finally, one card could not be found.

Miss Minnie was standing within earshot when Mrs. Cannon reported the card's disappearance to an examiner. Mrs. Cannon saw Miss Minnie copy down the number of the missing card; saw her make several trips between her office and the counter from which the card was missing. Finally, she saw Miss Minnie pick up a stack of cards that had already been reviewed and take it to her office. Mrs. Cannon watched her replace the stack in the file, heard Miss Minnie remark, as though deeply puzzled, that she had been unable to find the missing card.

Quietly, Mrs. Cannon told the examiner that if he would turn over the bottom card in the stack he would discover it to be the missing card. Her hunch turned out to be right.

"I knew it would be," said Mrs. Cannon, "because I have seen her do that before."

Miss Minnie pretended amazement. "How fortunate!" she exclaimed. "I didn't put it there."

"Miss Mangum," said Mrs. Cannon firmly, "you are lying—because I saw you do it."

Miss Mangum's face flushed. She walked heavily into her office. Fifteen minutes later she called in Mrs. Cannon and fired her. The incident left the examiner wondering what Miss Minnie was up to, and his wonderment led to the discovery, six weeks later, of her secret.

But meanwhile, having driven the rebellious chick from her flock, Miss Minnie regained her composure. A few days later, she stopped at the home of Mrs. N. W. Williams, and asked if Mrs. Williams would bake her some fruit cake for Christmas. Mrs. Williams is not in the cake business, but her fruit cake is renowned, and Miss Minnie was an old admirer of it. A fruit cake, Miss Minnie

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Vacation's End

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

Good-by! Good-by! The
echoes call
To the wilting leaves that
tremble and fall;
By the hat on her head and
his proper tie
Their time has come to say,
"Good-by!"
A stuttering wind and a
cloud overhead
Are blatantly hinting that
summer is dead.

Good-by, good-by to the
heart's faint flutter,
To words the tongue dared
hardly utter,
To the message of eyes and
the pressure of hands,
To the sunset flare over
daydream lands.
By the lies he told and the
tears she dried,
Autumn has come and
summer has died.

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said, is always a welcome gift. Mrs. Williams charged $2.50 a pound. Miss Minnie now ordered ten seven-pound cakes for $175.

On December sixteenth, a Friday, twenty-four Federal auditors marched into Commonwealth an hour before closing time. When the doors shut, they closed the books, checked out all the employees—except Miss Minnie—and went to work.

Miss Minnie detected an air of independence in the way they pored over her control ledger, making an initial discovery that she had not posted it for seventeen days. They did not seem to want the short-cut suggestions that had been accepted by previous examiners. A full-scale audit was under way. Miss Minnie retired to the bank lounge. She had a headache. Shortly, she was asked to show the auditors to her office.

From boxes they turned upside down, from ledger books they shook, there fell a rain of currency, checks and silver dollars that added up to $1000. The top of Miss Minnie's desk was in magpie disarray, piled with all kinds of bank records. Desk drawers were jammed with depositors' cards, and hundreds of family photographs—the Mangum kith and kin sitting down to huge dinners, giving children's parties, standing beside shiny new automobiles, almost always with Miss Minnie smiling the smile of a benefactor.

Miss Minnie opened a file drawer and quickly slammed it shut, but not before an examiner had glimpsed a stout roll of bills bulging under a rubber band.

"Is that your working fund?" he asked.

"Part of it," said Miss Minnie. She said it was about $4000; the rest was in a safe-deposit box. After considerable stalling, she produced the box key, remarking that there wasn't much in the box. She was right. There was only $139.99.

It was one o'clock in the morning before Miss Minnie was permitted to go home. Her accounts were then $6000 short. As the audit continued over the weekend, the detected shortage grew to $100,000. Miss Minnie's headache became excruciating. She was unable to get to work on Monday. Mrs. Williams telephoned her and said the fruit cakes were ready. Miss Minnie was dreadfully sorry; she couldn't take them.

On Tuesday, Miss Minnie was still sick. High blood pressure, a doctor said. On Wednesday, she had callers—two auditors, accompanied by Roy Philips, president of Commonwealth. She received them in her bedroom. She looked wan. They explained that while they hesitated to place too great a burden on her, they did want her help in pursuing the audit. Miss Minnie said she would be "delighted" to help, and would manage to get in the next day.

Pale and weak, she appeared on Thursday. She was questioned by John M. Sink, president of the Fourth District Federal Home Loan Bank, and Richard W. Ruffin, attorney and vice-president of Commonwealth.

"Miss Mangum," said Mr. Sink, "there is an apparent shortage in this association. Do you hold yourself responsible for this shortage?"

Miss Minnie contemplated her hands. "Yes," she said.

"Could you give us an approximate estimate of this shortage?"

"Two million dollars—I think," said Miss Minnie modestly.

And so the questioning went on; Miss Mangum answering mostly with yes or no. Now came the revelation that here was an embezzler who had stolen almost entirely for others. Miss Minnie gave the names of relatives and friends who, she said, had benefited. The list included sisters, nieces, grandnephews, a grandniece, brothers-in-law, friends, a friend's mother, husbands of nieces, a niece's former husband. She said none of them knew of her defalcations, although it was possible one nephew might now suspect. She was willing to make restitution to the best of her ability, and to ask those she had helped with the money to help her do so. She signed a ten-page statement and was allowed to go home.

Three days later came the first Christmas on which Miss Minnie gave no gifts. Four days after Christmas she was arrested. Her girls at the bank thought she was fifty-one years old. She told police she was fifty-three. Actually, she was fifty-nine.

She was released in bail posted by three relatives, and the audit continued. It disclosed that Miss Minnie had been juggling bookkeeping entries to keep association accounts in balance. For example, she might want $10,000 on a certain day. She would then instruct a teller to deposit $10,000 to a customer's account. Then she would withdraw the $10,000 for herself. It was a quick in-and-out transaction that usually required forgery on Miss Mangum's part, but did not disturb the customer's balance. He never knew he had been momentarily richer by $10,000.

Naturally, Miss Minnie's sleight-of-hand left the bank's operating funds short by $10,000. She replenished these funds by drawing on the reserves. This was possible because she was authorized to rubber-stamp Mr. Philips' signature and she had unquestioned charge of the control ledger. The ledger continued to list reserves that no longer existed. Miss Minnie had mined them out, and she was beginning to dig into operating funds when she was caught.

The Federal Savings & Loan Corporation, the Government agency that insures depositors' accounts, made up the $409,000 shortage in operating funds. It received in return everything that Miss Minnie owned—$100,000 worth of real estate, $35,000 in cash and $25,000 in securities.

The bonding company's payment of $250,000 was applicable against the vanished reserves. The loss of further millions wasn't felt by the association shareholders because the reserves were to be distributed only upon liquidation of Commonwealth. All of Commonwealth's actual assets and liabilities were absorbed on February tenth by the Home Federal Savings & Loan Association, a seventy-year-old institution, Norfolk's patriarch in the field. Commonwealth's shareholders are now sheltered by Home's reserves.

Some people argue that, with the exception of the $409,000 put back by Uncle Sam, all of Miss Minnie's stolen millions came from funds that would have gone to no one within the foreseeable future if Miss Minnie hadn't helped herself. Efforts are being made, nevertheless, to get some of the money back.

The problem of recovery is illustrated by the stand taken by Mr. Pitts, Miss Minnie's pastor. The church was asked to return her $8800 contribution to the building fund. Its position, said Mr. Pitts, is this: The church would not think of keeping a single penny of stolen money. But it must be acknowledged that Miss Minnie's contributions averaged only $730 a year, easily given on her salary, and less than the yearly tithe of income that could be expected from a devout churchgoer. If it can be proved that the money was stolen, the church will raise no question about returning it.

Investigators felt that the same argument would be advanced by others. They were right. Some thirty persons have been charged in civil suits with receiving gifts from Miss Minnie that came from the bank. Restitution is sought. Nine of the larger suits claim a total of more than $1,000,000. Without exception, the defendants have answered that their debts of gratitude to Miss Minnie have been exaggerated, and nothing they got from her came from stolen money.

Last May a jury convicted Miss Minnie of lying in a report to the State Corporation Commission. She thereupon pleaded guilty to embezzlement and forgery. On June twenty-fifth, she came before Judge H. Lawrence Bullock for sentence. Her pale face was impassive until the judge imposed sentences totaling twenty years. Then a single tear rolled down Miss Minnie's cheek.

Good behavior will make her eligible for parole in five years. She is serving her sentence at the Virginia State Industrial Farm for Women, at Goochland, where she does housekeeping chores for ninety cents a week, with a seventy-five-cent monthly bonus for working well.

She may spend sixty cents a week for incidentals, and for her that means having her hair primped by an inmate beautician, and buying blood-red nail polish. Thirty cents of each week's pay is set aside for her use on the day of her release. If she leaves in five years and earns her bonuses, Miss Minnie will have $123 to take out. She will be sixty-four years old. THE END

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American Cowboy in a Wild New Land

(Continued from Page 31)

"How many?" asked Dorothy, pushing back her damp hair.

"Exactly three hundred and twenty-eight," said Bob.

They looked at each other and sighed. As far as they know, they have hired only seventy hands; the others are all accessory.

Every so often the Eatons threaten each other to load their furniture on their ox-carts, yoke up two six-ox teams, throw sheepskins in the back for their two boys, Robin and Amos George, and the girl, Lucy, to sleep on, and leave the wasteland forever. But it seems too late, now, for them to go back to the neons. For one thing, they have Indians.

As Bob, a tall quiet New Englander, puts it, "When you get your own Indians everything sort of solidifies. Give the ranch back to the Indians? You can't. The Chaco is one place where they don't want the land back. Most Indians don't know how to ride a horse, much less manage a ranch. Our Guaranís have us running a general store for them—mostly for free. Take cloth. Seems a simple thing, but it's the curtain you learn to lift between the Indian way of life and ours. Every other month we give every woman on the ranch three yards. It's her salary for being a wife, you might say.

"The man's salary for riding range, that's separate," Bob continues. "One shirt and one pair of pants every month. The pants and shirts are dollars and cents to the Indian. He can wear them. He can swap them to a friend. Or he can cache them in his roof timbers as a hedge against inflation. Everything else but clothing is free. Like meat, now. Every hand gets two kilos—about four and a half pounds—a day. Take your knife, go back into the meat shed and there it is, hanging. The Indian looks out on the range and sees our herd feeding, making more meat. It's reassuring to him."

The aim of the Indian cow hand is not to own as much as possible, but to get the ranch to own as much of him as it will accept. When he tears his monthly pants bulldogging a calf, he comes right around to Bob Eaton and puts ownership straight. "Look," he says, showing the rip. "My pants, your steer."

Bob tried recently to get his ranch out of the shirt-and-pants business by offering to pay an Indian cowpoke in money. When Bob offered an Indian cow hand paper "cash" instead of clothing, the man took it as a crude effort to cheat him.

"Did I do a shirt of work this month?" he demanded, surveying his employer reproachfully. "Did I do a pants?"

"You did," agreed Eaton. "You did a good pants. You did a full shirt. However, I thought that perhaps some cash money—just to try the stuff once—it's getting very popular down in Asunción ——"

"A shirt," interrupted the Indian, "is a shirt." He looked Eaton over carefully, to make sure he was grasping this lesson in elementary economics. "Shirt is shirt," he repeated. "Pants—is pants. So. Give shirt. Give pants." Eaton gave.

Eaton, a lean and graying man, and a few other pioneers, nearly all European or American, are bringing life to the Chaco. The strangest, but the soundest, perhaps, of these immigrants are the Mennonites—Germans from the Ukraine. Wanting peace with solitude, they headed for a place prostrated by war which also shared their repugnance for arms. Of the Chaco they ask nothing more than land and exemption from military service; their able muscles do the rest. In this sea of thorn-

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Grandpa cut off Bertie without a cent, then added insult to injury by stating in his will that he did so because Bertie was a spendthrift and an ingrate. When the will was read, Bertie sued his grandfather's estate for libel.

"My good name was damaged by those awful words in the will," Bertie contended. "Therefore some of the money controlled by the will should be used to make amends to me."

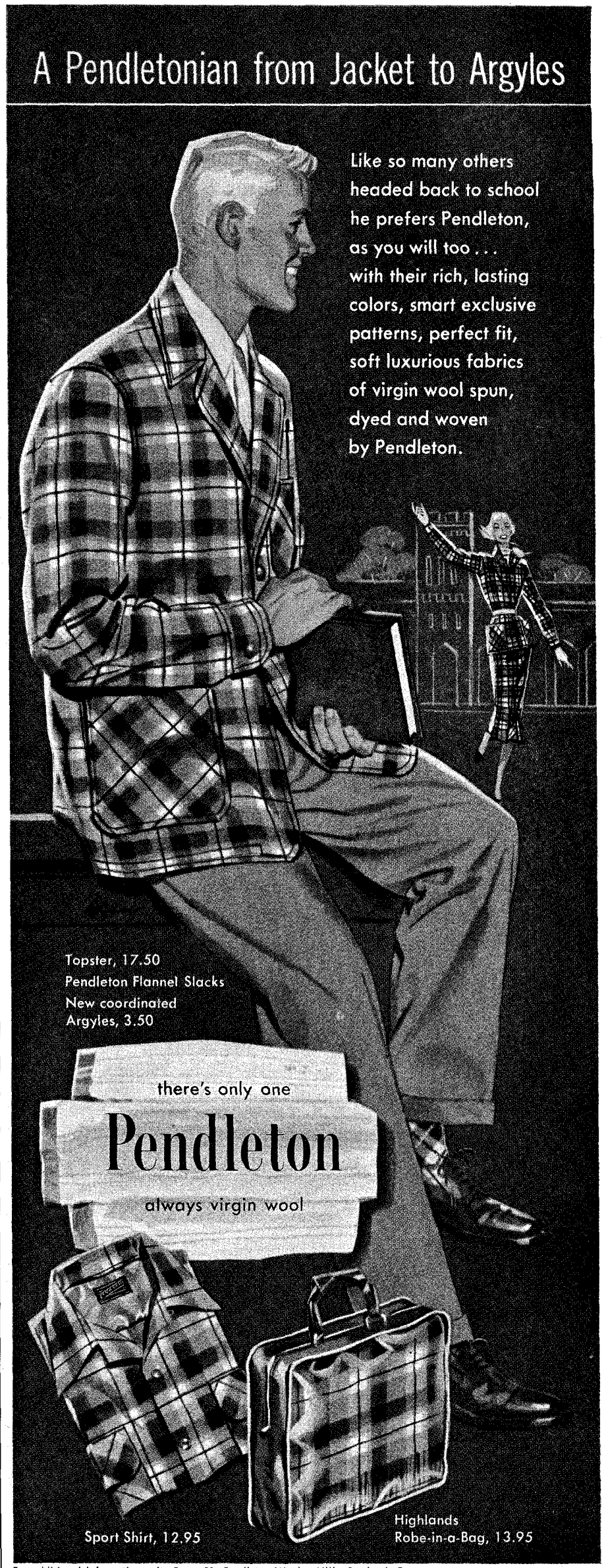
"Your grandfather never voiced or circulated those statements during his lifetime," counsel for the estate replied. "They simply became public in the natural course of carrying out his will. Pay you? Nonsense!"

If you were the judge, would you award Bertie damages?

• •

Bertie collected. The court said that while a man ordinarily is not liable for libelous statements until he makes them public, the grandfather left them in such a way as to make publication inevitable. "Hence," the court added, "the maligned grandson should not be left helpless against such malice of the dead."

Based upon a 1954 Oregon decision.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bush, the Mennonites planted cotton and built their little towns—Filadelfia, Neuland and Meno. To get a little cash income, they make tannin out of the bitter sawdust of the quebracho trees.

The thirsty Chaco has too little water, but a pair of futile wars have saturated it with too much blood. In the first war, from 1865 to 1870, under the Napoleonic Francisco López, Paraguay fought three neighbors all bigger than herself—Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. After five years the 1,337,000 population was down to 250,000, and all but 28,000 males were dead.

The second was one of the most purposeless wars in history, corresponding with the world depression of 1929-35. Here were two countries, Bolivia and Paraguay, with a common deformity: only they, in all South America, lacked exits to the sea. Placed back to back by nature, Bolivia should have wanted to reach the nearby Pacific, Paraguay the Atlantic. What did they do? Instead of being allies in a common cause, they faced each other and began hacking each other to pieces. They fought for something neither needed: the parched Chaco, an inland sea bed of palm and sand, inhabited by lizards and ants, leading nowhere and valuable to nobody. After this perverse war Bolivia got an exit to the wrong ocean, the Atlantic, which it couldn't use. Paraguay got the Chaco, a place dear only to brave screwballs like Bob and Dorothy and the Mennonites.

Our Government and Paraguay once co-operated in an attempt to sell the Chaco to Paraguayan youth. About 600 young Paraguayans were brought to the United States to study at our expense. They were trained as engineers, architects and farmers. Most of them, after returning from the American fleshpots, did not find the rigors of the Chaco to their taste. They pulled out.

Bob Eaton, who has stuck to the Chaco, is a Vermont cowboy, born in White River Junction. "My boyhood was the age of Will Rogers, when every Yankee wanted to be able to twirl a rope and make wisecracks about Cal Coolidge," he says. "I got myself a length of rope in a hardware store, waxed it and began practicing butterflies. My ambition was to walk onto the stage of Keith's Orpheum in Boston, framed in a rolling rope, just like Will."

Keith's seemed uninterested in a second Will Rogers, so Eaton found himself compelled to become an authentic cow hand. He went West and got a job riding range outside Flagstaff for the Arizona Land and Cattle Company. Came the depression, and Bob threw his saddle on a train and fled south, contracted by the International Products Corporation to work on their ranches in the Chaco. "My traveling companion, a Scotsman named MacDonald, was shot and killed twenty-four hours after we arrived in the company river port," he recalls. "I was twenty at the time, and I remember that I was delighted and a little scared, thinking that all newcomers were treated that way and that at last I was on a real wild frontier."

A year later, Eaton vacationed at Asunción for a few days with a friend named Hugh Gardner. Gardner asked Bob if he'd like to meet some English-speaking girls, and Bob was agreeable, so they went to the home of "Old Man" Kent, a red-headed Englishman with a flaming-red mustache, who'd been trading with the Indians in the Chaco since 1906. After they'd been chatting for a while, Mr. Kent rose and said, "Well, you boys didn't come to see me. Come on down to the club and we'll find the girls."

They went to a swimming and boating club, and there met Kent's daughters, Dorothy and her elder sister, Ruth. Eaton was wearing a white sombrero and a pair of red-topped boots decorated with white butterflies. He learned later that Dorothy, upon seeing him, said to her sister, "Look what got away from the circus. You can have the tall, skinny one, trimmings and all."

"Anyway, we got acquainted and Dorothy seemed kind of reserved and high-hat with me," Bob says. "Just the same, she was awful pretty and I wanted to see more of her. We made a double date for that night and went back to the hotel. There Gardner and I began to argue about which was to pair off with which girl. Finally we tossed a coin and I got Dorothy.

"A long time later Dorothy heard about our tossing a nickel for her, and she got real sore. Said she wouldn't have had anything to do with Gardner even if I hadn't won her, and she didn't think gambling was any way to select a life partner. Of course, she was right, but I had my mind all made up, and it would not have made any difference if the nickel had gone tails instead of heads. A year later we were married, and before that year was out we were in the middle of the Chaco war with Bolivia."

The early '30's found Eaton in the Chaco, working as a cow hand, learning to throw the sixty-foot leather *reata*, wearing the tucked-in gaucho pants which, Bob says, "keep your legs cool and free in a tube of air."

The Chaco, even then, was a backwater of odd Americans. The promoter, Tex Rickard, years before he ever met Jack Dempsey, lost a tilt with Chicago's police and sought the privacy of the cactus. Rickard got a big cattle ranch going, gambling that eventually Chaco beef would move by rail to the sea. But the railroad was never built, Chicago's police relented and Rickard went home. His cattle fell into the hands of a free-wheeler from San Angelo, Texas, named George Loman. Bob Eaton became Loman's manager.

Bob at first thought the Chaco was cattle heaven because there was no disease. But Rickard's brand, the diamond tail, proved easy for the rustlers to mutilate. Bob saw 20,000 head of Loman's 150,000 cattle die of thirst, just because there weren't enough dirt-dammed pools in the gray thorn. One hot day, after Eaton decided to strike out for himself, Mrs. Loman drove up to the Eaton ranch and announced in direct Chaco fashion, "George has just died. The rustlers are coming across the river from the Argentine to get what's left of our cattle. You better grab all the beef you can before they do."

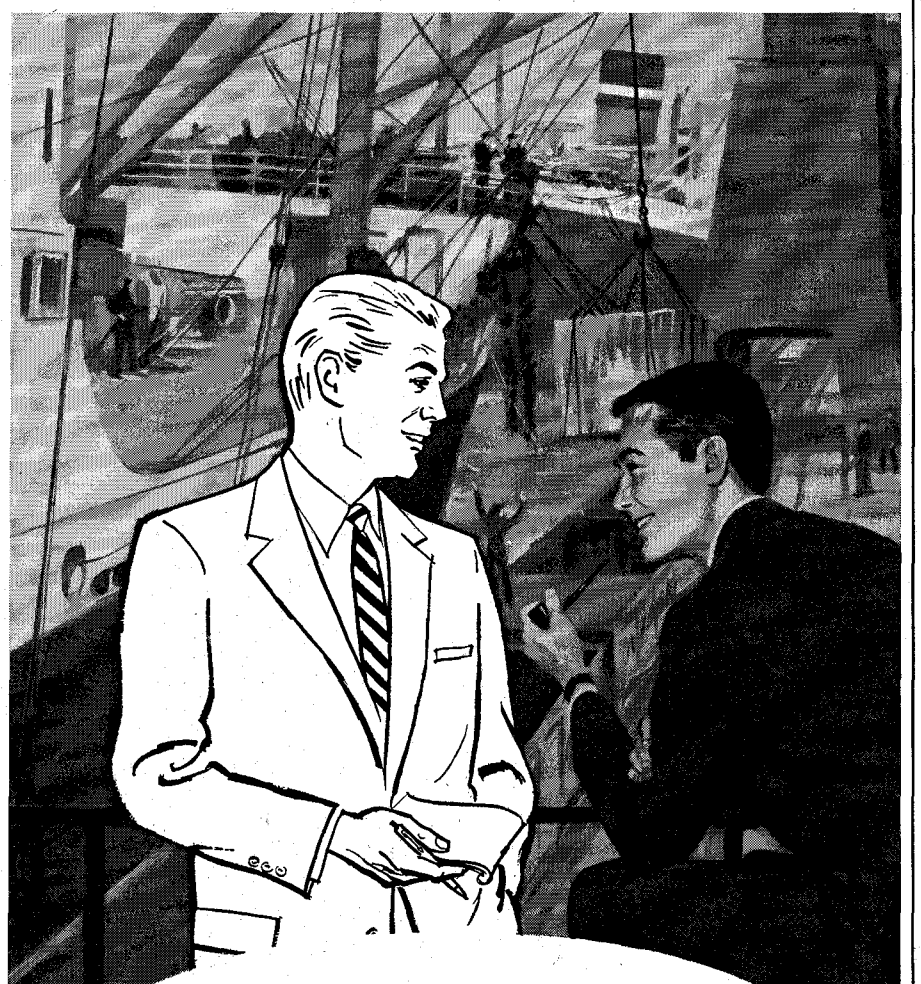
Bob and Dorothy held off committing themselves to the Chaco until 1946. They didn't want to buy land; they wanted to rent it, like Loman, Rickard and the other old-timers. But because the rented land was all gone, they had to buy. They paid about $600 for 4000 acres.

Their liabilities were three children whose schooling outside the Chaco had to be paid for, and their assets were $6000 in saved salary. They built a four-room ranch house seventy-nine feet by thirty-three, with a three-room visitors' house. They bought 1050 head of cattle, mostly shorthorns and Herefords. Getting the remnants of the old Rickard-Loman herd, they were puzzled how to keep from being rustled naked. The old American rustlers were gone with the old ranchers, but there was a new crop of talented border jumpers. Finally Bob and Dorothy devised the "pigpen" brand, a cross-hatch. While not elegant, it was far harder to mutilate than Rickard's diamond tail.

Today the Eatons have 15,000 cattle grazing over their 160,000 acres—with just twenty-eight inches of rainfall a year to share among them. But what makes the two Eatons tall in the Chaco is that by Indian standards they are already old, yet active. Bob is forty-seven and Dorothy is not much less, and by Indian standards they have long outrun the span of man. Discounting the chances of being knifed, horsethrown, shot by a rustler or hugged to death in the claws of a nine-foot anteater, the average life of an Indian is about forty years. Tuberculosis is the worst killer, but measles is enough.

The Guaranís are not ignorant. Sons of an Atlantic empire once as great as that of the Incas of the Pacific, they have preserved their ancient language. In the eighteenth century, Jesuit missionaries taught them to carpenter and lay pipe, and to quote Thucydides and Horace. They still have their own newspapers and theater, remnants of the last coherent Indian culture in the Western world.

Bob got a view of himself in the eyes of this ancient culture when he made a formal call on wizened old Casique Antonio, chief of the Santa Penas.



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"How many wives you keeping happy now?" he asked Eaton.

"Only one," said Bob.

The chief was reproachful. "A big cattleman like you and only one wife?" he said. "Why, I'm poor in beef, compared to you, and still I manage to keep three wives. You've got to do better, Eaton."

In an effort to explain his one-wife parsimony and to live up to the Guaraní culture, Eaton was forced to rig an elaborate stratagem. He threw a party for his neighbors, including the small cattlemen who borrow from him, and the Indian aristocracy.

"At midnight," he told them solemnly, "I am going to show you an unforgettable sight: the boa constrictor that ate Mildred, my other wife."

Since boas eat mammals, and would not necessarily gag at a small woman, the guests waited in delight and horror. At midnight, grim-faced, Bob raised his hand and two Indians dragged in a colossal snake, twenty-five feet long and loathsomely fat. So colossal a reptile had never been seen in the wildest reaches of the Pilcomayo River, where the biggest rarely exceed twelve feet. Then somebody noticed that the portly woman-eater had two heads. The murderer of "Mildred," it was found, was two boas stitched together at the tails.

The Indians look at death as a punctual visitor who, if he delays his coming overlong, must be summoned. Recently Bob noticed that five boys were missing from roundup early in the morning.

When they rode in about noon, he said, "What kept you?"

"We were delayed getting rid of Francisco, that's all," said one youth lightly. Francisco was a cow hand in his prime, a member of their tribe.

"It's all right, boss," said a boy soothingly. "The foreman said we could take time off to do it. He had to be killed. It didn't take long. We'll make up the time."

"Forget the time! Why did you kill your own tribesman?" stammered Bob.

Francisco, the boys explained, had been cutting up. First he pushed his mother into her hearth. Then he slugged his father. Finally he ran out into the night, whooping.

His father came around to the boys and said, "Francisco isn't himself any more. That's not our son."

The boys got the hint at once. Riding in to the ranch, they asked their Christian foreman for time off to dispose of Francisco. He thought they were joking. They weren't. They tracked Francisco across the desert, caught him, put two leather lariats around his legs, tied them to the saddles of two nervous horses and lashed the horses. It was simply a modern, hurry-up version of the old custom where the Guaranís left their incurable old to starve by the embers of their last campfire.

"Still, we've got so many doctors here they're killing each other off with competition," says Bob. The duties of a Guaraní doctor resemble those of a wizard of Naples: to bring on rain, cure stomachache, chase away pumas and bring back errant wives.

The dislike of the Indians for all whites, especially "Christian" Paraguayans, comes from the days when no Indian girl was safe from two armies, Bolivian and Paraguayan. On the Eaton ranch the feud between Indians and whites works out to be a tricky balance of power. The foremen are all "Christians"—that is, Paraguayans of European origin, sometimes with a lick of Indian blood. The cowpokes are pure Indians. Nothing makes an Indian so happy as to catch a "Christian" doing something wrong and squealing to Bob and Dorothy.

When Bob is away, Dorothy runs the ranch and sleeps with a revolver under her pillow. This habit she acquired from her British father, who never quite trusted Indians. Bob used to doubt whether his gentle, educated bride was able to use her gun. One Sunday, Bob and a visiting rancher set up a tin can near the hitching post and sat in the porch hammock, shooting at it. Dorothy got her own revolver and fired all chambers at the can. Only one bullet, the first, spurted dirt. Her five others chased the can ringing into her pansy bed.

"After that show," grunted Bob, "I never hesitated about leaving her alone."

The Chaco being at the world's end, it's still cheap to set yourself up in ranching. Land is worth fifty cents an acre and a cow on the range ten dollars. Maybe this is why there are 38,000 cattlemen, not counting rustlers, in Paraguay and why three sevenths of the beef comes from the Chaco. But 638 "big" ranchers, like Bob and Dorothy, account for three steers out of five. "You need five thousand cattle and forty thousand acres to make a bare living," Bob says.

Driving cattle to the beef boat at Puerto Pinasco on the Paraguay River is a 250-mile journey eastward, even with the last fifty miles by a crude logging railroad. The four-year-olds are rounded up between February and June, when they can still find enough grass to eat their way to the railhead. Even so, in twenty days' march, they lose two pounds a day off their 880-pound walk-away at the ranch.

"Chaco steers are wild when they leave here," says Bob. "It's a lot different from driving American cattle that are used to smelling horses and men. For the first three days out, they hate even each other, and keep trying to escape."

The tough twist for the cattleman begins when the steer reaches the beef boat and is prodded into the government corrals. On the open market a steer would be worth maybe $150. But the government pays only fourteen dollars to the rancher. It sells the meat to the public for twenty dollars, the hide to tanners for sixteen dollars. In this way the government supports the army, the local public gets cheap beef and the leather merchant gets cheap hides. There's no open market, no chance to export beef at world prices, and the slaughtering is controlled by the government. The government calls its take from the Chaco ranchmen "income tax." Unable to sell abroad, the rancher can't get dollars to buy foreign equipment unless he goes to the government for them and pays a premium.

In compensation for its financial take, perhaps, the law leaves the Chaco ranchers relatively alone. Without being quite vigilantes, the ranchers are expected to fill out the army's deficiencies in controlling evil.

"We've found that with a rustler," says Bob, "it's no use trying to get him arrested. He hires a brace of shyster lawyers, stalls and slips away. We ranchers, if we nail a rustler, first try to scare him out; then run him over the river. If he comes back and keeps rustling, he somehow gets shot."

The end of the rustler Luis de Trami exemplifies the law's delays and the Chaco shortcut through them. Luis, a "Christian," had killed eleven men here and there. A posse of ranchers and a platoon of soldiers finally encircled Luis and his gang, disarmed them and sat down to wait for a judge. Luis had a beautiful set of running irons, made during his last jail term. "We admired the L particularly," Bob said. "With that L you could make over any brand." Luis and his men reluctantly admitted to having worked over 494 brands.

The ranchers and soldiers kept Luis in a lonely range barn, with his thirteen rustlers. A message, SEND JUDGE AIRWISE, was radioed to the capital. But black clouds rolled over from the Andes, bringing rain. The pampa here—hardpan with a roll of barely a third of an inch in a mile—holds water like a soup plate. Soon the whole party—rustlers, cow hands and soldiers—were marooned on the island of high ground around the barn. Twice the judge flew in, circled the flooded plain, pointed down and shook his head, and flew away again.

The ranchers, soaked and peeved, started talking about a briefer form of justice, about six feet long, made of knotted leather. Luis and his friends kept getting more nervous. They counted on the army to protect them against the ranchers.

Finally Luis asked permission to splash across the flood to the outhouse, 100 yards away. When he took overlong, a soldier went to get him. The privy's door opened and Luis staggered out with blood bubbling from his throat.

"He reeled back to us," Bob said later, "and sat down as if nothing had happened. He had cut his throat twice. The colonel sent the sergeant back to the privy to get the knife, so that when the judge came, we could prove it was his doing, not ours. Luis sat there, bleeding and very proud that he had proved himself a man. He kept trying to make statements—he was a very articulate rustler—but nothing came out except gurgles. It was awful."

The judge's plane came over for the third time just as the bad man expired. The plane landed in a colossal spew of water. The judge saw the body of Luis, and the soldiers showed him the knife.

"Uh-huh," he said.

An Indian girl walked up. "Give me his body now. I'll wash him for burial," she said. She was Luis' concubine.

The soldiers dug a trench in the flood and submerged Luis in the muddy water, then put up a cross. Next the judge held court on the other rustlers. They blamed everything on Luis. The judge—he was a member of the supreme court—discharged them. The colonel gave them a fatherly talk. "You can be friends with the cattlemen or you can be enemies," he said benevolently. "It's all up to you." The rustlers, without committing themselves, saddled their horses and rode off toward the river. The soldiers turned back to their fort and the cattlemen toward their ranches, leaving Luis under the subsiding waters.

A time came, with the children in their teens, when the Eatons couldn't spend the best part of two months driving to Asunción behind spans of oxen. So, in 1949, at the age of forty, Bob got his friend, Doc Morris, to teach him to fly. Doc is a stubby, cheerful West Texan who makes a living drilling wells in the Chaco and hacking air passengers. When Doc thought Bob had sprouted wings, he persuaded him to go home to the States and buy a plane and fly back.

Alone, Bob flew down the west coast of South America, along the Pacific beaches, well below the 20,000-foot-high fence of the Andes. When he reached Santiago, in Chile, far south of the Chaco, he turned east and crept through an 11,000-foot pass into Argentina. It was a big day when Bob buzzed the ranch for the first time. The Indians waved blankets and everybody worried out loud till he landed.

Bob, who's now wearing out his second plane, once tried using the airplane as a lesson to his Indians in the importance of getting rich and buying things. "Up in North America," he suggested, "a man isn't satisfied just to have a shirt, pants and rifle. He wants lots of other things."

His Indian hearers tried to be polite, but candor prevailed. "I am afraid," observed one brave gently, "that you must have a lot of very silly people up in North America." THE END

Paraguayan rancher Eaton with daughter Lucy, wife Dorothy and some Chaco-country souvenirs (boa constrictor skins) which bring a good price in Asunción.

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Time to Grow Up (Continued from Page 22)

wage for cowboys—and being boss had its attractions. There was a school at Ponce Creek and a good house on the place. A wagon moved the Rowans' few possessions and Paul took hold of Harrold's ranch. Jory was a good rider and tried to make a hand. The two went everywhere together and along in August brought the old race mare, Redwing, and her colt from the pasture. The mare was thin and Paul meant to feed her grain and see if she'd do better.

That was on Saturday. On Sunday the Rowans went to church at the schoolhouse and Jory filled nosebags for the team and put them in the wagon. He said he had closed the feed room—Paul asked before they started—but when they returned, the door was open and Redwing lay in the corral with her colt nosing her, trying to make her get up. Jory had been careless, the mare had got in, foundered herself on grain, and died.

"Jory," Paul said when he had examined Redwing, "you told me you had closed that door!"

Tears were in Jory's eyes. "I thought I closed it, papa," Jory said. "Honest."

He broke free from the protecting arm and ran to the house. Stella followed, but Paul stayed at the corral. The team, the dead mare and her colt, the waiting milk cows, all claimed his attention.

Paul couldn't pass up Jory's carelessness. He knew he must discipline the boy and, as he worked, thought of what to do. When the chores were finished he had made up his mind. Dark had come on; a lamp burned in the kitchen when Paul reached the house. Jory's bedroom door was closed.

"He's in there, crying," Stella said. "Don't be hard on him, Paul."

Paul put the milk bucket on the table and opened Jory's door. The boy was huddled on the bed, but sat up as his father entered.

"Jory," Paul said, halting before his son, "that was a bad thing that happened to old Redwing; I guess we're both to blame. I left her in the pen and you didn't close the feed room, but there's nothing we can do to change it now. She's dead and I'll have to pay Mr. Harrold for her. I want you to raise the colt. Do you understand that, Jory?"

"Yes, sir." The boy sat straighter on the bed. Some of his fear was gone.

"All right then," Paul continued, driving his order home, "I'll help you start her drinking milk, but that's all. The colt's your job. You'll look after her." He paused, letting it sink in. Then, "You'd better get undressed now."

Stella stirred restlessly, then was still again. Paul was weary from a long day's riding, but still sleep would not come, for recollections were vivid in his mind.

Stella had been waiting when he came from the boy's room and Paul remembered his argument with her. She'd said Jory was too small, too young for the responsibility, and he had answered that responsibility was just what Jory needed. He remembered, too, how they had fed the colt. She was a stout four months old and struggled stubbornly while Paul held her and Jory brought the bucket. Most of the milk was spilled; she drank no more than half a cupful, but she was smart and she was hungry. It took time, but she learned.

There were more recollections: Jory with a bucket in the corral, the colt following him and bumping against him because he was too slow to suit her; Jory currying the colt when she was muddy, grooming her until her bay coat shone; Jory sitting at the supper table, laughing and bragging of smart things the colt had done. She was his pet, his plaything and his job; he worked with her all fall, all winter long.

In April the filly was a yearling and Paul had turned her out. The job of raising her was over, but Jory would not end it. He played with the colt in the corral and sometimes caught her in the pasture and fooled with her awhile. When fall came, Paul grained the colt again and Jory picked up where he had left off. Redwing's colt was Ed Harrold's property, but in a special way she belonged to Jory. It would be a hard thing if he ever lost her. That was Paul's thought as morning came and he got up to build the fires. That was what Stella thought of after breakfast when Jory had ridden off to school and Paul made his report.

"Couldn't we buy the colt for Jory?" Stella asked.

Paul had no extra money to buy colts and he had not paid for Redwing. On several occasions he had asked Harrold to price the mare, but the old man always put him off.

"It won't hurt to ask," he said. "I've got to see Harrold anyhow."

The Rowans seldom went to Millardsville. It was an eight-hour trip with team and wagon, and mainly they traded at the crossroads store a mile west of the schoolhouse. But Christmas was coming, Stella had things to buy and so, on Saturday, they took an early start and reached town at one o'clock. Paul tended the team, then left his wife and son to do their shopping while he went to see Harrold.

The old man was a widower and lived at the hotel, but kept an office on the street, and that was where Paul found him. At first they talked about the ranch and cattle, then Paul spoke of the wire-cut colt and said he'd like to buy her.

"I'll keep her awhile," Harrold said. "She ain't worth much if she's wire-cut."

That ended it. Paul did not argue and Ed Harrold looked him over. Harrold knew a great deal about Paul Rowan. He knew that Paul had started young and had it tough, that he had punched cows, broken broncs, worked with a string of race horses, done anything and everything to make a living. Twice Paul had tried to start in cattle for himself and failed each time because of poor financing and falling prices. All that, Ed Harrold knew, and something else as well: Paul Rowan was a cowman. Right then the Harrold ranch was in the best shape ever, the fences tight, the salt troughs filled, the cattle distributed to take full advantage of the grass and water. The steers that fall had brought a fancy price and Paul had cut and shaped them; he'd mouthed the cows and cut them too. Paul was valuable; Ed Harrold meant to keep him.

"Paul," the old man said, breaking the silence, "I'm going to raise your wages. Beginning the first, you draw sixty a month. Now wait!" His hand went up to still what Paul would say. "I ain't done. You can draw the extra ten in cash or you can take it out in heifer calves. I'll let you have them and you can run them on the ranch till you get fifty head of cattle. Then you can lease somewheres close and operate both outfits. Now, say what you want to do."

"I'll take the heifers!" Paul almost stammered in his eagerness.

Ed Harrold took a paper from his desk and interrupted Paul. "That's settled then," he said. "I won't keep you any longer."

Paul was dismissed. He hesitated, then wheeled and left the office. He had to find Stella and tell her what had happened; he didn't even think of Redwing's colt.

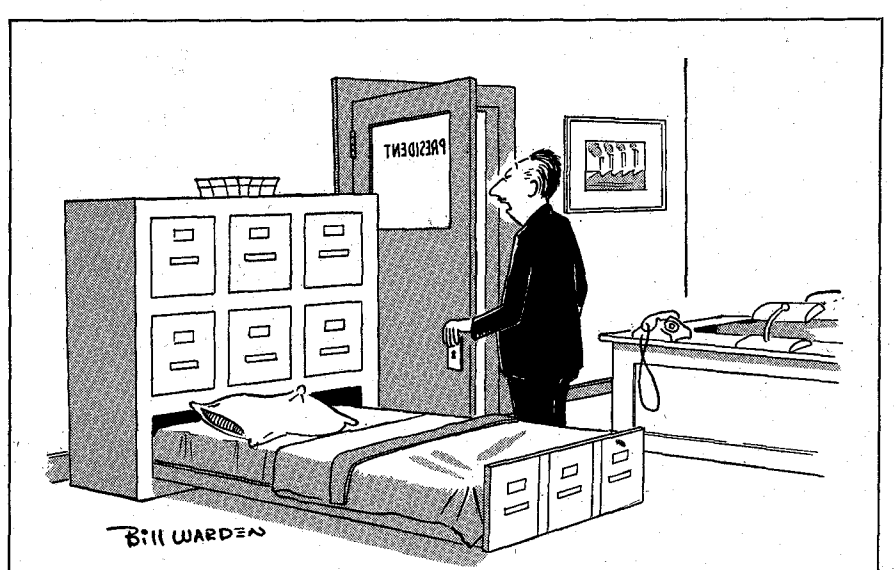
There was a difference in Paul Rowan after that trip to town. Cows were cheap and calves were cheaper still; for every month he worked, Paul earned a calf. In July, when they branded, he would run his iron on seven heifers, and so he rode a little farther every day, stayed out a little longer, looked more closely at the cattle.

There was a change in Stella too. More than once she had envied women who lived in town with company and conveniences at hand. But now the Rowans were on the road to independence and Stella was happier than ever before.

Of the three, only Jory was not affected, for at twelve the future is tomorrow, not months or years away. There was to be a Christmas program at the schoolhouse and Jory was full of that and nothing else. On Friday, after the trip to Millardsville, Stella and Paul went to see their son perform.

Miss Minnie Hightower taught the Ponce Creek school, all eleven pupils and eight grades, and under her calm influence the program went off well; but on the way home Stella questioned Jory. The boy was in the seventh grade, but Stella had noticed that in the schoolwork displayed about the room his papers were exhibited with those of Alice Renfro, who was nearly two years older.

"Aw, Alice ain't so smart," Jory said, answering his mother's query. "I beat her in everything except grammar and spelling."



"Miss Finley, I don't want to be disturbed for the next two hours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jory was entirely unexcited about his scholastic standing; he was more concerned with the two brown paper packages he carried, and he hid them in his room when they reached home.

Those packages and the other presents were opened Christmas morning. Miss Minnie had brought her pyrography set to school and Jory had made a necktie rack for Paul and a plaque for Stella. They were fine gifts and praised accordingly, but were overshadowed by a letter the Star Route driver left in the Rowan mailbox. It contained Ed Harrold's check for fifty dollars and a note. Ed Harrold had given Paul a Christmas bonus; he had ten dollars' credit on the books.

November and December had been open, but the new year was ushered into being by a storm. Bitter weather followed, cold drew the cattle, and Paul began to bring in a few to feed. There was a blizzard at the end of January and another ten days later. The snow lay on, but March brought milder weather. In all that time Paul had not seen Ed Harrold, but on the fifteenth of March the old man came out from town.

Ed Harrold was made welcome. Stella cooked things for supper that she knew he liked, and Paul took him to the corral and showed him Redwing's colt. In the morning the old man saddled up and made a ride with Paul, falling in behind the remuda when they left the pen and running it a way. Redwing's colt floated effortlessly along ahead of all the other horses, and Harrold reined in.

"The colt ain't crippled," he said when Paul came up. "I couldn't hardly tell where she'd been cut when I looked at her. She runs good too. Has Jory rode her any?"

"I've told him not to," Paul said, "but I think he's been on her."

Both men grinned. They knew that Jory had ridden Redwing's colt.

"I'll tell you what," Ed Harrold said, "you get that colt in shape and bring her to the rodeo. She'll be two years old and we might surprise somebody. You've been after me to put a price on Redwing; we'll make the colt pay for the old mare."

There was always a rodeo at Millardsville in August and there were always races at the show. Ed Harrold saw no profit in raising horses—he had got Redwing when he foreclosed a loan—but he liked a horse race as well as anybody, admired to watch them run, and liked to bet a little on the outcome.

"I'll start on her tomorrow," Paul promised. "We've got plenty of time before the rodeo. I'll get her into shape."

Redwing's colt needed no real breaking, for Jory had ridden her, just as Paul and Harrold had surmised. Paul put a saddle on the filly and let her pack it awhile. When he mounted, all she did was look around to see who had got on, and from that beginning Paul used her a little every day. She was gentle and willing, and Jory clamored to be allowed to ride her, but Paul put him off.

"Give me a chance to teach her something," he told the boy. "Wait till school lets out, then you can ride her."

So Jory waited while the days grew warmer and the snow melted, while the bunch grass greened and calves were dropped, and the whole ranch became a nursery. But in May the school term ended and then the boy laid claim to the colt and Paul made good his promise. He stood by while Jory put a saddle on the filly and then, well mounted, rode out into the pasture with his son.

While they were gone, Miss Minnie Hightower came to Harrold's ranch, but Stella said nothing of the teacher's visit when her menfolks returned. She did not speak of it at all until supper was

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over and Jory had finished bragging about the colt and was safely asleep.

"She told me," Stella reported, "that Jory ought to go to school in Millardsville next fall. She said we didn't know what we had in Jory, that he could be a doctor or a lawyer or anything. He's weak in grammar and spelling, but he's finished all the eighth-grade work and she said he ought to go to high school. What do you think, Paul?"

Stella was the scholar of the family, but Paul put high value on an education and was determined that Jory should have more than he'd had himself. A weight descended on his shoulders.

"I don't know what to think," Paul said. "Maybe we could rent a house for you and Jory or maybe we could board him with someone. Harrold said I could take my raise in cash if I wanted to. We could use that and ——"

"No." Stella had come to stand behind her husband; Paul couldn't see her face, but she sounded determined. "You're going to take calves, like you said. This is our chance and we can't give it up because of Jory. We can't afford to rent a place, and anyhow I wouldn't leave you out here by yourself. We can't afford to board him, either, and besides there's no one who takes boarders, that I would trust."

"Well ——" Paul began.

"I told Miss Minnie we wouldn't send him," she continued. "Next year will be different and I told her we might send him then. I was fifteen before I started high school and it won't hurt Jory to wait. He can go here next year and repeat the subjects and improve his grammar and spelling. I told Miss Minnie so."

"If you'd already settled it, why did you ask me?" Paul was a little angry.

"Because," Stella answered, "I wanted you to know."

There is nothing nicer than a cattle country when the season is right. The ranges around Millardsville had been favored with winter moisture, the tanks were full of water, the grass kept coming, cows hardly had to move to fill their paunches and there was milk in plenty for the calves. Paul Rowan had no worries, no work to crowd him, and he took up the slack with Redwing's colt.

Below the hay meadow where floods had scoured, he laid out a track, stepping off two hundred and twenty paces, a full eighth of a mile. He owned no racing saddle, so used a blanket and surcingle, adding a wide leather strap with toe loops at its ends. With that equipment and with Jory and a horse called Keno for assistants, Paul began to train the filly.

Jory had been riding since before he could remember, but in the beginning was as green as the colt. There was much he did not know and some of it Paul taught him, but some he just learned. He learned to use the jockey's short-stirruped seat and to lie close to his mount and so cut down wind resistance. He learned to use his hands, to keep the reins just tight enough to give the colt her balance and not slow her. He learned to score, to ride back, turn, and bring the filly driving to the starting line.

"You can lose a race right at the start," Paul warned. "If you hold back and try to lap with the other horse he'll get the jump on you. You want to have your horse running when you score."

They trained the colt early in the morning, varying procedure from day to day. Sometimes Jory galloped her, sometimes he worked her a full eighth and sometimes Paul rode Keno and they raced. Keno was fast and had won plenty of cowpuncher races. He was tough competition for a hundred yards, but Redwing's colt could beat him. Gradually she rounded into shape and almost before Paul knew it, it was time to brand.

The neighbors helped one another with the branding, and Paul's turn came last. While they were putting the first cattle into the pens Ed Harrold turned up at the ranch, pitched in and lent a hand. Paul roped, Harrold did the branding, and out of the first sixteen heifer calves, ran Paul's PR-connected on every other one. The eighth calf was Paul's Christmas bonus and although he was tired that night he felt as good as any man can feel.

The first day saw the big end of the branding finished. They wound up on the second and the neighbors went home, but Harrold stayed over. He had a stop watch with him; he wanted to time the filly, and in the morning Jory ran her for him. She ran the eighth of a mile in thirteen and a half seconds, but Harrold did not comment until they had returned to the corral. There, while Jory cooled out the filly, the old man counseled with Paul and asked questions. How was Paul feeding the colt? How much did he work her? Why didn't Jory whip her when he rode? You had to whip a race horse if you wanted speed.

Paul laughed. "We tried it," he said, "and she ran all over the track. So then we tried it again and she got mad and bucked. Jory gets speed out of her without whipping; he says he talks to her. That's a fast colt, Mr. Harrold. There's not many can do it, but at a hundred yards she beats my Keno horse."

Ed Harrold nodded. "Well," he said, "I've got to go to town. Get my rig ready, will you, Paul? I want to tell Stella goodby and thank her."

Paul had the team and buggy ready when Harrold came back. The old man got in, picked up the lines and leaned out for a final word. "The rodeo's the tenth of August," he cautioned. "You've got the colt ready; don't let her lose her edge."

Ed Harrold was right, the colt was ready and Paul's job was to keep her so. Besides that, there was work in plenty on the outfit. Branding jolts a calf, and a man can easy lose some, so Paul and Jory rode the pastures every day, on the lookout for trouble, but finding very little. That kept them busy. Finally the great day arrived, the wagon was loaded and with Paul riding Keno and leading Redwing's colt, the Rowans set out for Millardsville.

The rodeo always brought a big crowd to town and most of the ranch people camped out on the fairgrounds. The place was busy when the Rowans arrived and when they had pitched camp they joined in the activity, visiting back and forth.

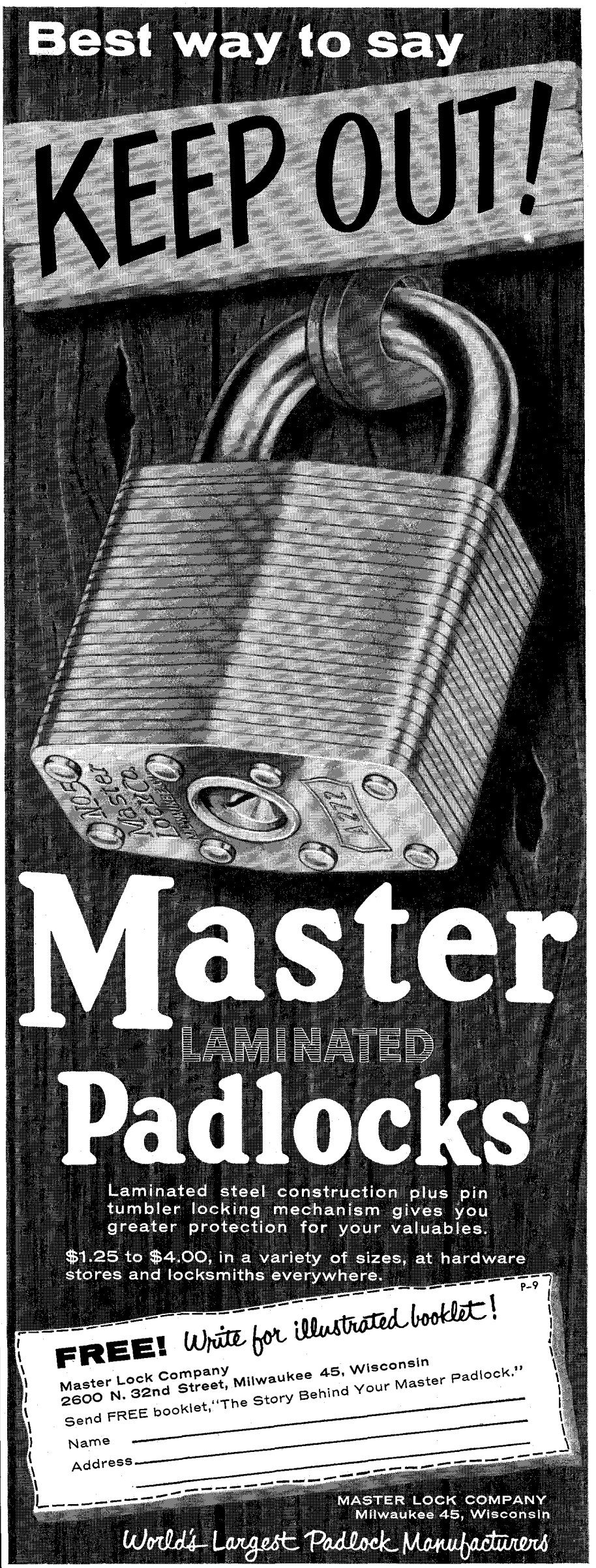
The campers were up early the next morning and, after breakfast, nearly everybody went downtown. Jory was turned loose with fifty cents to spend and Paul and Stella stopped at Harrold's office, but the place was full and Paul had no chance to talk with the old man.

From Harrold's, they went to Doctor Collins' drugstore. The doctor was a favorite with them both and so were they with him. He made them welcome, took them to his office behind the prescription counter, and sat them down. After some conversation, the doctor tilted back his chair and made a tent with his fingers.

"Minnie Hightower is my wife's cousin," he announced abruptly. "She says you've a real smart boy in Jory and that he's ready for high school."

"She told us that, too," Paul agreed, "but we can't afford to send him right now."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," Doctor Collins said. "Jory ought to go to high school, and my wife and I've been thinking we could use a boy.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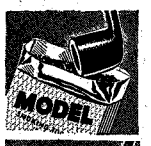

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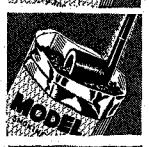

Fills without a single slip

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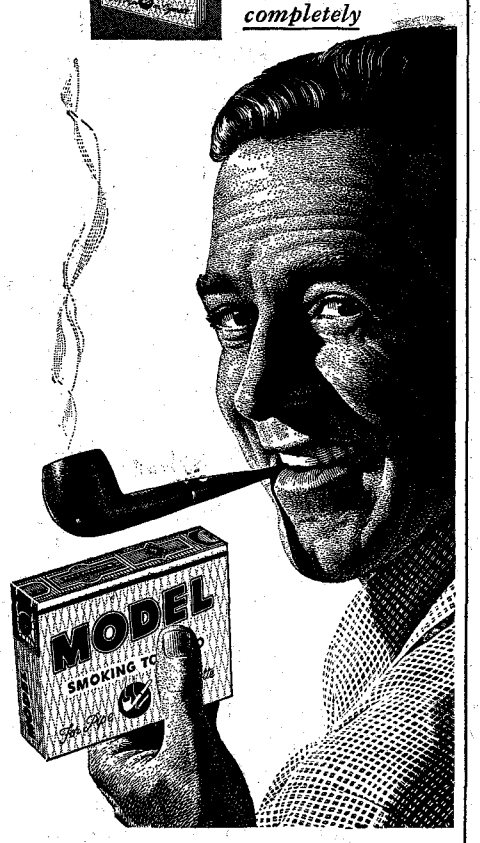

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. B, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

We'd like to have Jory. He can stay with us and it won't cost you anything. Jory could do the chores and be with Mrs. Collins when I'm called at night. On Saturdays, he could help out here and earn some spending money. It will be a favor to us if you'll let him come."

Paul looked at Stella. Her face was drawn and almost colorless, her eyes so dark as to be nearly black. There was a knock on the door and the doctor answered it, stepping outside for a moment. He returned and picked up his bag.

"I have a call," he said, "but don't let that disturb you. Make yourselves at home. And think it over about Jory."

The doctor left and Paul turned again to Stella. He had seen her like this twice before: once after Jory was born, when Doctor Collins told them they could have no more children; again when Jory had pneumonia and they had thought they would lose him. Paul put his arms around her and Stella hid her face against his shoulder.

"I can't let Jory go!" she said, her voice strained. "I just can't let him!"

There were three things Paul Rowan wanted out of living: to please Stella and keep her happy; to raise Jory to be a man; to own a little bunch of cows. Simple things and reasonable, but somehow they got in each other's way. He would have the cattle—with Ed Harrold's backing he was on solid ground—but his wife and son remained. No matter what he did he would hurt one or the other. All of Stella's talk back there in May had hidden her real reason for keeping Jory at home. Jory was her baby and she couldn't let him go. But Minnie Hightower had pried around and worked on Doctor Collins. It had been all settled once. Damn Miss Minnie Hightower!

"Please, Paul." Stella moved to look up at her husband.

"We'll keep him!" Paul said it angrily. "He's too young anyhow."

Jory was waiting in the drugstore when they left the doctor's office. He had money left and asked to stay downtown, but Stella would not have it. She made Jory go to camp with them and never once let him get out of sight. It was the same way that afternoon when they went to the rodeo. The town had built wooden bleachers beside the race track and from them the Rowans watched the show. Jory sat between Paul and his mother, longing to circulate with the other boys.

The rodeo was slow. The contestants, all local talent, took their time, and partisans in the crowd cheered on their favorites. Races were interspersed with the events, and the last race in the afternoon was between a horse belonging to Jack Kairns and one owned by a gambler who lived in Millardsville. The gambler lost, as Paul expected, for Kairns had the best horses in the country and raced them everywhere, sometimes as far east as Kansas City and St. Louis. That race ended the show and the crowd broke up, some heading back to town and others, like the Rowans, returning to their camps. Jory walked with Paul and Stella and they had just reached the wagon when Ed Harrold and Jack Kairns arrived. They wanted to see Redwing's colt.

"That's a nice colt," Kairns said, after he had made an inspection. "I'll give two hundred dollars for her, Ed."

Jory stood stock-still and Stella, at the endgate of the wagon, paused in what she was doing. Paul stared at Harrold. He had thought that Harrold meant to match a race with Kairns.

"Two hundred dollars!" Ed Harrold was scornful of the offer. "We ain't talking about plow horses, Jack! Why, just the other day Jory rode that filly an eighth in thirteen and a half. I'll take five hundred for her."

Kairns looked at the colt, his face impassive as a poker chip. He turned to Harrold. "I'll tell you what," he drawled, "I've got a two-year-old I'm pretty stuck on. Put Jory on your filly; I'll get my colt and we'll match them an eighth. If your filly wins, I'll give five hundred for her."

"What will you give me for her if she loses?" Harrold asked.

Kairns laughed. "Not one thin dime."

Harrold hesitated. Then, "Go get your horse," he ordered. "We'll meet you at the track."

Kairns walked away and Harrold, turning to speak to Paul, caught sight of Jory. "What's the matter, kid?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

Jory's face was pale, his freckles standing out on cheek and nose. "No, sir."

"Then let's get at it!" Ed Harrold was in a hurry. "Paul, you get out that rig and put it on the colt."

There was nothing Paul could say. Bridle, pad, surcingle and strap were in the wagon. Paul brought them out and put them on the colt, hating each move he made, but hating Harrold more. As soon as Paul had finished, the old man took the reins, called Jory and started toward the track, giving the boy instructions as they walked along. Paul and Stella followed. They were first on the scene, but as they waited for Kairns a little crowd began to gather by the bleachers.

Paul took no part in the preliminaries before the race, but stood with Stella near the finish line. Kairns' horse was gray and taller than the filly. Kairns' jockey was the same small, hard-faced man who had ridden that afternoon. The town marshal was chosen for the starter, two ranchmen agreed to judge the finish, and Ed Harrold helped Jory up on the colt.

Jory wasn't nervous, as far as Paul could tell. The boy had never ridden a real race, but he seemed cool enough. He bent, listened to Ed Harrold for a moment, then nodded and rode the filly up the track, following Kairns' horse. Redwing's colt was sweating; she knew that she was going to run and tried to get her head, but Jory held her. The starter had taken his position, the riders passed him and began to warm up their horses. Jory was as professional about it as the other jockey, letting the filly out a little, taking her up again. Then they were ready; they brought the horses up and scored.

Redwing's colt was out in front and the starter called them back. They tried again; again it was no start. A third time and the starter tapped them off. Paul caught a breath and held it, for Jory had pulled the filly, held her to lap with the other horse. It was deliberate, Paul knew.

Ed Harrold came to stand by Paul. "He's lost it!" the old man rasped. "He's —— No, by jacks, he ain't!"

Paul let the breath go, for Redwing's colt was moving, really running. Jory was flat against her and Paul knew the boy was talking to her, calling on her. Somewhere the filly found what Jory asked for. Kairns' horse was driving when they flashed past the finish, but the filly's head and neck were out in front. It was that quick, that close; but Redwing's colt had won.

Beyond the outcome the riders took up their horses and brought them back. Paul ran out in the track and caught the filly. He tried to speak to Jory, but his throat was dry and the boy slipped off the colt and was gone before Paul said a word.

Then Ed Harrold was beside Paul, reaching for the bridle. "She won it!" The old man almost danced in his excitement. "Did you see her? She won it! You've got fifty dollars coming, Paul. You trained her. Where's Jory? Tell him he's got fifty dollars too! Here, give me the colt. I'll cool her out!"

Ed Harrold led Redwing's colt away and Paul looked around for Jory. He could see neither the boy nor his mother. Some few men had left the track, but others remained. Paul saw money changing hands. Kairns' horse was bound to have been the favorite and those who bet on Redwing's colt had made a killing. Beyond the men, Kairns and Harrold walked together, leading the horses toward the row of sheds that served for stables. Then Paul saw Jory. The boy sat on the bottom bench of the bleachers, his head bent, and Stella stood beside him. Jory looked up as Paul went to them.

"You gave the colt a bad start," Paul said. "You knew better than to hold her. Why did you do it, Jory?"

"I wanted to keep her."

"Then why did you ride her like you did? Why did you let her win?"

"I don't know, papa." There was puzzlement in Jory's eyes as he searched for an answer. "She was ready. She wanted to run. I just had to let her."

"I see," Paul said. And then, more slowly, "Yes, I see. We're going to camp now. Do you want to come?"

Jory looked down again. "I'd like to stay here awhile," he answered. "Can I?"

"For a while," Paul said.

He took Stella's arm and they walked through the soft August dusk toward the camp. Neither spoke. Paul knew he must talk with Stella, but where to begin? That kid back there—their son, Jory—was grieving because he'd lost his colt, and was all churned up inside. Paul, also, was confused, tangled in his thinking. Stella was selfish; he had been selfish, too, and weak when he gave in to Stella. Doctor Collins offered Jory a chance at the future, but they held Jory back. It wasn't fair and Paul knew he must make Stella see it.

At camp Stella brought out an apron and tied it on. Paul took the ax and selected a chunk of wood to split for kindling. He would build a fire and water the horses before he talked with Stella.

"Paul," Stella said.

Paul let the ax go and faced his wife. She was a slender woman, almost as slender and as quick as at nineteen, when she and Paul were married. Her eyes were blue. Except for Jory's, she had the bluest eyes Paul had ever seen. Her eyes, her whole face, showed her determination. "Paul," Stella said, "I think you were wrong."

"Wrong?" Paul questioned. "When?"

"This morning in Doctor Collins' office," Stella said. "You said Jory was too young to go to school in town, and I think you're wrong. He'll be thirteen in October; that isn't too young. It isn't as if he'd be a long way off where we could never see him. We can come to town; all we have to do is start a little early. And we would have Jory with us when he had vacations, and in the summer. The Collinses would be good to him. I think we should let him stay with them."

Paul Rowan stared at his wife. They had been married fourteen years and still she amazed him. She had used the very arguments he had planned; had said the things he had meant to say to her. He bent and picked up the ax to hide his face from Stella. How was not important so long as things got done; and when boys or colts were ready, men had to let them run.

"I guess you're right, Stella," Paul said, straightening again. "I guess I was wrong. We'll see Doctor Collins in the morning and tell him Jory's going to be with him this fall. We'd better tell Miss Minnie too. I think she'd like to know."

THE END

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Babe's New Dog (Continued from Page 29)

some of its very potent product to Dunke, who watered it generously and peddled it in Sanford at considerable profit. But Joe was trying to bring the kids up respectable, the way their mom would have wanted, and he resented having men like Dunke come openly to the place.

Dunke, however, forestalled Joe's angry outburst. "I thought I oughta tell you, Joe!" he called out, in a voice that was oddly thin and squeaky for so stout a man. "A coyote attacked my car, just down the road a piece!"

Babe and Little Joe had followed their pop out on the porch. They were dressed alike, in brown pants and brown-and-gray-checked shirts. Babe sure looked cute. Uncle Pete came out too. He was skinny and bowlegged, with bleary eyes and a mottled, purplish face. Like many another old-time cowpuncher, he suffered from chronic asthma and it made his voice harsh and rasping.

"You seen snakes, too, Tom?" he asked jeeringly. "Or pink elephants, maybe?"

A coyote is a cowardly critter, no more likely to attack a car than for a mouse to attack a lion.

"I ain't had a drink, if that's what you mean," Dunke answered. "But, believe it or not, I was drivin' along the road when this coyote came chargin' hell-bent at my car. I was that surprised I pretty near ran the car into the ditch. The coyote grabbed aholt of my off front tire an' it must've throwed him so that the back wheel ran over him. Maybe broke his neck. Anyways, when I got the car stopped he was lyin' in the road. I backed up an' had a look at him. He looked dead, but I didn't get outta the car, just in case. I figgered I oughta warn you folks, seein' it happened in your neighborhood. You know what they been sayin' on the radio."

Big Joe nodded. There was said to be a rabies epidemic among coyotes. The government had hired exterminators to kill as many of them as possible to prevent the spread of rabies to domestic animals.

"You oughta report this to the police, Tom," Big Joe said. "They'll have the coyote examined to make sure it was mad."

"Brother, you never seen anything madder," Dunke said. "He was slaverin' at the mouth. He ——"

"Pop!" Babe piped up suddenly. "What's the matter with Wellington?"

Wellington was Babe's dog. He was a no-account mongrel that Babe had adopted years before—a spiritless, droopy-tailed animal, dirty-white in color, except for one large black spot around his left eye. The rest of the family tolerated him only because Babe loved him.

The dog had shot out from behind the stable on the dead run. He went tearing around the yard, yelping as if in pain.

"Git back in the house, kids!" Big Joe cried. "The dog acts like he's mad! Maybe that coyote bit him!"

Wellington turned toward the house and Big Joe rushed the kids inside. Tom Dunke charged up the steps so fast that he collided with Uncle Pete, and Pete hollered "Yipe!" thinking it was the dog that had jumped on him. He and Dunke clawed at each other, each trying to get through the door first. Big Joe slammed it shut after them.

By the time Joe got to the window Wellington was a yelping white streak disappearing through the open door of the stable. The cows were all out in the pasture—luckily, because the man on the radio had warned that cattle would get rabies, too, if bitten by an infected animal.

"I'm goin' to get outta here!" Tom Dunke said. He opened the door and ran toward his car. But the dog reappeared, and Dunke just made it back to the house in time.

"Wellington's sick!" Babe wailed.

"You ain't kiddin', kid!" Dunke panted.

Uncle Pete grabbed the shotgun down from its place on the kitchen wall.

"Don't shoot Wellington, Uncle Pete!" Babe begged tearfully.

Big Joe jerked the gun out of Uncle Pete's hands.

"We ain't sure he's mad," Joe said. "Maybe he's just havin' a fit." Wellington being the craven creature he was, it seemed unlikely that a coyote would ever have got near enough to him to bite him.

"I wouldn't take no chances," Dunke said nervously.

"He ain't your dog. He's Baby's," Big Joe answered.

They all crowded about the window, watching while Wellington made a second circuit, through the stable and around the yard, never stopping or turning aside. The third time he flashed past the house, Big Joe galloped out after him. He ran to the stable, raced through it after the racing dog, and closed the door at the far end. Then he waited at the corner nearest the house. After a fourth time around the yard, the dog tore into the stable again. Joe promptly slammed the door shut. Then, with Wellington trapped in the stable where he could do no harm, Joe returned to the house.

They were all shaken and upset; Babe most of all, naturally. Her blue eyes were wide and frightened.

"He'll be better soon, Baby," her pop told her. But he had a feeling that Wellington was not going to get better, that he would have to be destroyed. And that would break Babe's heart. To the rest of them, the loss of a useless mongrel dog might seem a trivial thing. But Wellington bulked large in Babe's life. She thought of him as a person; a loved one, like her pop and her brother and her Uncle Pete.

"You better tell the police about the way the dog's behavin'," Joe said to Dunke. "Now what in the aitch is that?" he demanded suddenly.

A faint, unearthly moaning was coming from inside Dunke's car.

"It's a stray pup I picked up on the road," Dunke answered.

He opened the car door and lifted the pup to the ground. It was the sorriest-looking little critter that Joe had ever seen—weak and wobbly, with stringy brown hair, yellow eyes and a little rat-like tail. Babe, of course, fell for it at once. She dropped to her knees and cuddled it in her arms, squealing with delight when it licked feebly at her face.

"Looks like it might be part Chesapeake," Dunke commented. "An' just about starved to death."

"It sure ain't much of a dog," Little Joe observed.

"I'll give him some milk," Babe cried. She started on the run for the house, carrying the pup with her.

"McCartney raises Chesapeakes," Uncle Pete remarked thoughtfully.

Jack McCartney was one of two Mounted Police constables stationed in Sanford. He was an avid duck hunter who raised and trained his own Chesapeake dogs.

"He's got a bunch o' pups right now," Dunke said. "But they're real dogs. I found this pup over near Benson."

"Would you let Baby have him?" Big Joe asked abruptly.

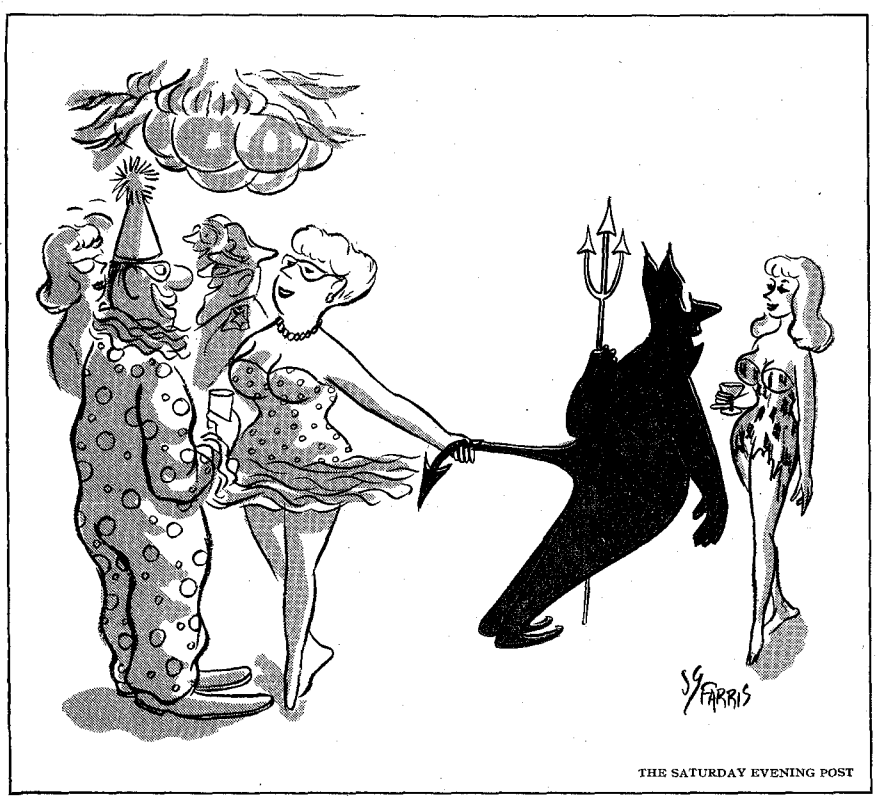
"Shucks!" Little Joe snorted. "Who'd want that runty little thing?"

But Big Joe was thinking that the presence of the pup might be little short of providential if, as was probable, Wellington had to be destroyed. Having the pup to love and care for would cushion the shock for Babe—just as, in the dark days after Emmy died, the only thing that had kept Joe himself going was the thought that Babe and Little Joe depended on him.

"The little girl can have the pup," Dunke said. "He ain't worth nothin'. But I couldn't leave him on the road."

Uncle Pete cleared his throat with an angry, rasping noise. "Baby don't always have to have no-account critters for pets," he said. "I'll git her a dog that she won't be ashamed of."

Pete was kind of no-account himself—a mean and cantankerous man who would cheat his best friend in a deal. Consequently, he had no friends except such rascals as Tom Dunke. With it all, though, Pete had a furtive fondness for Joe's kids, especially for Babe. So Joe was not surprised at Pete's wrathful outburst. Joe himself felt bad because his kids had so often to do without things or



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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else make do with poor and pitiful substitutes.

"O.K., Pete," he said. "We'll git her a real boughten dog. But she needs this pup right now—in case we gotta shoot Wellington, see?"

"Keep the pup if you want," Dunke said. "Feed him up, an' he might amount to somethin', though it don't hardly seem likely."

"We'll keep him, and thanks, Tom," Joe said.

He and Little Joe returned to the house. They found Babe lying on her stomach on the floor, watching the puppy lap up milk out of a saucer. On second sight, he looked worse than before. He was so skinny that all his bones showed; so weak that he could hardly stand. Perhaps his very helplessness appealed to the mother instinct in Babe. She kept crooning and fussing over him.

"Dunke says you can keep him, Baby," Joe told her, and felt a stab of self-reproach at the delighted look on her face. You would have thought she had been presented with the handsomest dog in the country. "Soon as we can, we're goin' to get you a beautiful boughten dog," he promised.

Babe looked up at him in surprise. "Brownie's beautiful," she said. "I'm going to call him Brownie."

She got a box and fixed a soft bed in it for Brownie before they could persuade her to return to the dinner table. The dinner was stone-cold by that time, so it did not matter much.

Outside, Dunke started his car and drove off. Then Uncle Pete came in. Apparently he had seen the force of Joe's argument that having even such a runty pup would cushion the shock for Babe if Wellington had to be destroyed. Pete began telling Babe how the pup would likely grow into a mighty fine dog, once he'd been fed properly. Even Little Joe got the idea.

"You know somethin', Babe?" he suggested. "We could put some Miracle Hog-Starter in his milk. That oughta make him grow."

Pop had bought a sack of Miracle Hog-Starter for a recent litter of pigs. If you could believe what it said on the outside of the sack, the Hog-Starter was plumb full of concentrated vitamins that would make little pigs grow like mad. There were two before-and-after pictures on the sack. One showed a dozen puny little pigs before they had had their diet enriched with Miracle Hog-Starter. The other picture, labeled "After," showed the same pigs almost doubled in size from having Hog-Starter mixed with their feed.

Uncle Pete took up the Hog-Starter suggestion with enthusiasm.

"You put some in Brownie's milk, you won't know him after a few days," Pete predicted.

Big Joe was on the point of protesting. He thought that they were building up crazy expectations in Babe, so that later she would be disappointed. But then it came to him that Pete and Little Joe might as well have saved their breath. Babe had taken the runty pup to her heart just as he was, and not for what he might become in the future. Babe was never critical about the objects of her affection. She had loved Wellington, although everybody else scorned him. For that matter, she even loved Uncle Pete and, in his way, Pete was as much of a derelict as Brownie was, or Wellington.

They had barely finished dinner when Constable McCartney came speeding along the road from Sanford. The Mountie was tall, broad-shouldered and friendly, although kind of cool toward Uncle Pete. He knew that Pete was a moonshiner, but had never been able to catch him at it.

"I picked up the coyote Dunke told me about," McCartney said. "I'll have to take your dog too."

Big Joe made the kids stay in the house while he and Uncle Pete accompanied the Mountie out to the stable. McCartney had brought a shotgun with him. They listened at the door, but could hear no sound from inside the stable. They peeked through each of the small windows, but could see no sign of the dog.

"Maybe he just had a fit, an' he's got over it," Joe said.

Finally, with the policeman holding his shotgun ready, Joe eased the door open a crack. Wellington was lying just inside. He was dead.

Babe watched from the kitchen window, with tears streaming down her cheeks, as they put Wellington's body in the trunk of McCartney's car.

Joe was mighty thankful that they had got hold of Brownie then. Because, grief-stricken though she was, Babe could not neglect the pup, even though she would fondle him with tear-wet eyes. She remained unusually quiet and subdued, except when they tried to comfort her with promises of a fine boughten dog. Then she reacted so indignantly that they gave up talking about it. Brownie was hers, and they could see that if he lived they were stuck with him, just as they had had to put up with Wellington. If and when they got her a decent dog she would never willingly give up the runt.

Like the others, Little Joe tried to get Babe's mind off the tragic fate of Wellington. He brought in a pan of Miracle Hog-Starter and they mixed some of it with the puppy's milk. Big Joe figured that it would not do the runt any harm. He could not look much worse than he already did. And anything that kept Babe's mind occupied was a help.

At bedtime, after Babe had said her prayers and Big Joe had tucked her in bed, she put him in a spot by saying, "Wellington's up in heaven with mom, isn't he, pop?"

"Sure, Baby!" he said. It seemed to him that even if they had dogs in heaven they would never let a mutt like Wellington in. But, of course, he could not tell Babe that.

His answer must have comforted her. She snuggled down and, worn out by the excitements of the day, was almost instantly asleep. Joe admired the picture she made, with her fair hair fluffed out on the pillow. He hated to think about the sorrows that were bound to come to her in life, sorrows which he might not always be able to cushion for her.

In this tender mood, he even stopped by the puppy's box, out beside the kitchen range, and stroked the skinny little runt gratefully. But in the middle of the night the pup started whining and it made such a racket that Joe got up in no tender mood and carried him, box and all, out to the stable.

Babe brought him back to the house the first thing in the morning. The pup seemed to be a little stronger on his legs. But Little Joe was disappointed to find him no bigger, in spite of the Miracle Hog-Starter.

"Give it a chance, for cryin' out loud!" Uncle Pete scolded. "They don't claim it'll work overnight. Keep feedin' the stuff to him."

Big Joe took Uncle Pete aside and told him to let well enough alone and not be raising false hopes in Babe. The pup was serving a useful purpose. Babe had brightened up. She did not seem to grieve so much about Wellington. But Uncle Pete kept insisting that the Hog-Starter would soon double Brownie's size and weight. So the kids kept on putting Hog-Starter in his milk.

On the second morning, Brownie was definitely stronger, although the milk he had drunk could have been responsible for that. You could even fancy that his bones did not stick out so much. But he showed no miraculous increase in size, in spite of Uncle Pete's obstinate confidence in the Miracle Hog-Starter.

Mark Parsons, a neighbor, brought their mail from town, and the Sanford weekly paper, which Little Joe welcomed because of the single comic strip it carried.

"Oh-oh!" he burst out as, after scanning the comic strip, his eye fell upon a boxed advertisement beneath it. In his slow and halting fashion, he began reading it aloud:

"LOST—4-week-old male Chesapeake puppy. Reward for return of same to:
J. D. McCartney, R. C. M. P., Sanford."

After he finished reading, nobody spoke for a moment. Babe had been playing on the floor with Brownie. She grabbed him up in her arms and hugged him convulsively.

This is bad, Big Joe was thinking. Because of the puppy, Babe was bearing up under the loss of Wellington. Now, if she had to part with the pup, there would be no way of comforting her. *Dunke likely figured it was one of McCartney's pups,* he thought angrily, *because there aren't many Chesapeakes in the district. But Dunke hates the cops, so he gave the pup to Babe just for spite.*

"I guess we gotta take him back, Baby," Joe said at last, very reluctantly. He knew that they could keep Brownie, and McCartney would probably never know. But he wanted his kids to be honest, even when being honest hurt.

Uncle Pete argued against it. He said that he had seen the McCartney pups and that they were bigger and stronger than Brownie was. The chances were, he said, that Brownie was a part-Chesapeake mongrel that had fallen out of a passing car.

But Big Joe's conscience would not let him rest until he found out. So he and the kids got into the pickup and started for town, Babe holding the puppy on her lap. She had a scared look on her face. Joe was hoping he could save Brownie for her by paying McCartney for him. But he did not dare mention that to Babe for fear the policeman would ask more than Joe could afford.

The Mounted Police barracks in Sanford was merely a frame house with a built-in cell block and quarters at the rear for the two constables. And a back yard where McCartney had his dog kennels.

At the last minute Babe got panicky. She hugged Brownie close and began to cry. So Big Joe went inside alone. He found McCartney working at a desk. He did not look up.

"Howdy," Joe began. "How much would you charge me for one of your Chesapeake pups?"

The cop looked up then. "They're from registered stock," he said. "I usually get fifty dollars apiece for them."

"Oh-oh!" mumbled Joe sadly. He did not have fifty dollars. "I guess we gotta give the pup back then," he said. "A

The Perfect Squelch

New York was steaming in August heat when portly Mrs. Furol boarded the British liner for a visit to Europe. Always easily irritated, she immediately stalked to her cabin, rang for the room steward and launched into a long criticism of the shipboard heat.

The steward listened politely as she complained about the lack of air, the small windows. "Why, this is intolerable, young man," she said. "This ship is like an inferno and this room is unbearable. I have never been so hot. Don't you English ever think of your passengers? Can't you do something about this insufferable heat?"

As she paused for breath, the steward said mildly: "After all, madam, this is your climate, not mine."

Caroline Adriance

We pay $100 for squelch anecdotes. They must be unpublished and original. Send typewritten to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Penna. Decision within a month. Only those accompanied by stamped return envelopes can be returned.

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fellow found it, see, an' gave it to Baby. She's got so she hates to part with it. But we seen your ad in the paper."

"Well, I'm obliged to you for bringing him back," McCartney said. "He disappeared the day I was out at your place picking up your dog and the dead coyote."

"Is that so?" Joe ejaculated. If this was true, then Brownie was not the policeman's pup at all. Brownie had been in his box in Joe's kitchen at the very time the cop's pup had disappeared.

Little Joe burst in then, practically dragging his tearful sister. She had the puppy clutched so tightly in her arms that he seemed on the point of suffocation.

Before Big Joe could tell them the good news, McCartney spoke up, "Is that the pup you thought was mine? I wouldn't own a ratty little runt like that."

Babe bristled. "He is not ratty!" she said indignantly.

Joe grinned apologetically at the cop. Because, of course, Brownie was a "ratty little runt," just like McCartney said. More than that, Joe was mighty glad of it.

"He's beautiful!" Babe said.

The policeman jumped up from his desk and came to Babe's side. "I'm sorry, honey," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. He'll make a handsome dog someday."

"We're feedin' him Miracle Hog-Starter," Little Joe said.

"His name is Brownie," Babe said. "And he's handsome right now."

She gave the cop a withering look, then turned and walked out.

"She sure cut me down to size," McCartney chuckled ruefully. "I had it coming, though."

Joe and the kids were so relieved and happy they could hardly wait to get home and tell Uncle Pete. But Pete just shrugged and said, "I told you so." Little Joe gave the puppy an extra-large shot of Miracle Hog-Starter, and the day which had begun so ominously ended happily after all.

But that was nothing to their jubilation the next morning. As usual, the kids hurried out to the stable to fetch Brownie in—and returned in a veritable delirium of excitement.

"Look at Brownie, pop!" Little Joe shrieked.

Babe set the puppy down on the floor and Big Joe blinked his eyes in astonishment. Brownie was no longer wobbly on his legs. And he had filled out so that he was all roly-poly, without a single bone sticking out. Even his hair had a silky sheen to it. He looked up at Joe with a defiant air and then began chewing at Joe's shoe and growling ferociously.

"If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I'd never believe it," Joe marveled.

"The Hog-Starter sure worked!" Little Joe hollered.

"Just like I said it would," Uncle Pete reminded them.

Afterwards Big Joe wondered how he could have been so gullible. But he did not begin to suspect anything until, along about noon, Constable McCartney drove into the yard. Uncle Pete was peeling the spuds for dinner at the time. He dropped the paring knife and wiped his hands on his blue jeans.

"Baby," he said, "let's you an' me take Brownie for a walk out back."

But Babe had caught sight of the policeman getting out of his car.

"I want to show that man how Brownie's grown, first," she said.

"Yeah," growled Big Joe, looking at Pete with a sudden, sharp suspicion. He understood all at once why Pete wanted to get the pup away where the cop would not see him. And why Pete had been so sure that the Hog-Starter would double Brownie's size. "Yeah," Joe repeated ominously, "let's show the man how big Brownie's got."

"He can't prove nothin'," Uncle Pete said. He took his battered old ten-gallon hat off the nail on the back of the kitchen door. But he did not follow Joe and the kids out to meet the policeman.

"I dropped in to tell you that we got a report on your dog and the coyote, Joe," McCartney said. "It was rabies, sure enough."

"Just look how Brownie's grown!" Babe piped up proudly, holding the puppy out for the cop to see.

"The Hog-Starter sure worked!" Little Joe put in.

"I'll say it worked!" McCartney agreed, blinking his eyes. Then he stroked the puppy's sleek hide thoughtfully, and tickled him under the ears. "I'll say it worked!" the cop repeated, cocking a quizzical eye at Big Joe. "Is Pete around, Joe?" he asked.

"He was in the house," Joe answered glumly. "But I guess he likely ain't there now."

Pete had left him holding the bag. He would have to break the bad news to Babe, who was convinced that the once-runty little Brownie had grown into a sturdy and beautiful pup. Why had not Pete left well enough alone?

The kids were romping on the grass with Brownie, so Joe began to try to placate the cop.

"I'm sorry about this," he said. "Until a minute ago, Pete even had me fooled, what with the Hog-Starter an' everything. I still dunno how he done it, because he ain't been to town. Maybe he arranged it with Tom Dunke. But anyway ——" He broke off for a moment, looking unhappily at Babe.

"Look, McCartney," Joe said desperately then; "I just can't tell her or take the pup away from her now. Couldn't you wait till after harvest? I could pay you the fifty bucks then."

"Forget the fifty bucks," the cop answered. "I've got more pups. Just let's say I'm mighty glad that Babe's pup is doing so well. And tell Pete I'll be seeing him sometime—though not about a dog."

Uncle Pete did not come home until suppertime.

"I been over to Mark Parsons' place," he said, after a quick glance at the box beside the kitchen range, as if to assure himself that Brownie was still there. "Mark Parsons has got a new pup, too," he told Babe. "He looks a little bit like Brownie, but he ain't near the dog Brownie is."

"Did you tell Mr. Parsons about the Hog-Starter?" Babe asked.

Uncle Pete nodded.

Mark Parsons, however, neglected to buy some Hog-Starter for his pup, so it never grew big, the way Brownie did.

THE END

... ...

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By Stephen Schlitzer

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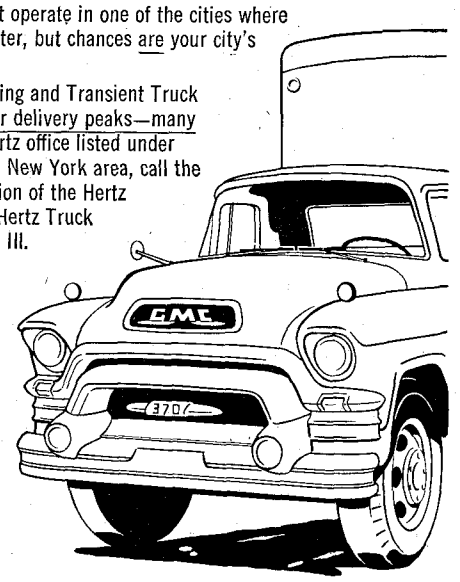

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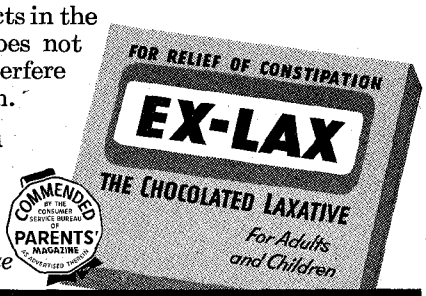
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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 16)

who'd been driving it. I asked him who owned it, and he said Mr. Guthrie Balfour owned it, but that his nephew, Ted Balfour, had been driving ——"

"Move to strike," the defense attorney snapped. "Hearsay, incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial. They can't prove who drove the car by hearsay."

"Motion granted," Judge Cadwell said. "The prosecution knows it can't use evidence of that sort."

"I'm sorry, your honor," the prosecutor said. "I was about to stipulate that part of the answer could go out. We had not intended to prove who was driving in this way. The witness should understand that. . . . Now just tell the court and the jury what you did after that, Mr. Dempster."

"We got young Mr. Balfour up out of bed."

"Now, when you refer to young Mr. Balfour, you are referring to the defendant in this case?"

"That's right. Yes, sir."

"Did you have a conversation with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time?"

"Well, by the time we had this conversation it was right around eight o'clock."

"You got him up out of bed?"

"Somebody awakened him, he put on a bathrobe and came out. We told him who we were and what we wanted, and he said he wouldn't talk with us until he was dressed and had had his coffee."

"What did you do?"

"Well, we tried to get something out of him. We tried to be nice about it. We didn't want to throw our weight around, but he kept saying he wouldn't talk until he'd had his coffee."

"Where did this conversation take place?"

"At the Guthrie Balfour residence."

"And who was present at that conversation?"

"Another police officer who had gone out with me, a Mr. Dawson, and the defendant."

"Where did that conversation take place?"

"In the house."

"I mean specifically where in the house?"

"In a small office, sort of a study that opened off from the defendant's bedroom. The butler brought in three cups and saucers, cream, sugar and a big electric percolator. We all three had coffee."

"Now, just what did you say to the defendant and what did he say to you?"

Mortimer Dean Howland, the attorney representing Balfour, was on his feet. "I object, your honor. No proper foundation has been laid."

Judge Cadwell pursed his lips, looked down at the witness, then at the prosecutor.

"And," Howland went on, "I feel that I should be entitled to cross-examine this witness before any admission, confession or declaration by the defendant is received in evidence."

"We're not laying the foundation for a confession, your honor," the prosecutor said.

"That's precisely my objection," the defense attorney remarked.

Judge Cadwell gave the matter careful consideration.

Mason took advantage of the opportunity to study the young woman on his right. Having saved a seat for him, she must have known he was to be there. Having known that, the chances were she was the woman who had sent him the retainer.

"What's the case?" Mason asked her in a whisper.

She looked at him coldly, elevated her chin and turned away.

It was the man on Mason's left who tersely said, "Hit and run, manslaughter."

Judge Cadwell said, "I will accept the prosecutor's assurance that no confession is called for by this question, and overrule the objection. The witness will answer the question."

The witness said, "He said he'd been seeing his uncle and his uncle's wife off on a train; that he'd then gone to a party, where he'd had a few drinks and ——"

"Just a moment, your honor; just a moment," the defense attorney interrupted. "It now appears that the statement by the prosecutor was incorrect, that they are attempting to establish a confession or an admission and ——"

"I'm going to ask the prosecutor about this," Judge Cadwell interrupted sternly.

The prosecutor was on his feet. "Please, your honor. If you will listen to the answer, you will understand my position."

"There is an admission?" Judge Cadwell asked.

"Certainly, your honor, but an admission does not rank in the same category with a confession."

"They are attempting to show that he confessed to being drunk," the defense attorney said.

"I'll let the witness finish his answer," Judge Cadwell said. "Go on."

"The defendant said that he'd had a few drinks at this party and had become ill. He thought at least one of the drinks had been loaded. He said he passed out and remembered nothing until he came to in his automobile, that ——"

"Your honor, your honor!" the defense attorney protested. "This now has the very definite earmarks of ——"

"Sit down," Judge Cadwell said. "Let the witness finish his answer. If the answer is as I think it's going to be, I am then going to call on the prosecutor for an explanation. The court doesn't like this. The court feels that an attempt has been made to impose on the court."

"If you will only hear the answer out," the prosecutor pleaded.

"That's exactly what I'm going to do."

"Go ahead," the prosecutor said to the witness.

The witness continued, "He said that for a brief instant he came to his senses in his car, that some woman was driving."

"Some woman!" Judge Cadwell exclaimed.

"Yes, your honor."

"Then he wasn't driving?"

"That's right, your honor," the prosecutor said. "I trust the court will now see the reason for my statement."

"Very well," Judge Cadwell said. He turned to the witness. "Go on. What else did the defendant say?"

"He said that he partially revived for a moment, that he remembered being very sick, that the next thing he remembered he was home and in bed, that he had a terrific thirst, that the hour was four-thirty-five in the morning, that he was conscious, but very thickheaded."

"Did you ask him who the young woman was who was driving the car?" the prosecutor asked the witness.

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said he couldn't remember."

"What else did you ask him?"

"I asked him several questions after that, but I had no more answers. He wanted to know what had happened. I told him that we were investigating a death, a hit-and-run case, and that there was some evidence his car had been involved. So then he said if that was the case he would say nothing more until he had consulted with his attorney."

"You may cross-examine," the prosecutor said.

Mortimer Dean Howland, attorney for Balfour, was known for his hammer-and-tongs, browbeating cross-examination.

He lowered his bushy eyebrows, thrust out his jaw, glared for a moment at the witness and said, "You went out to that house to get a confession from the defendant, didn't you?"

"I did nothing of the sort. I went out to look at the defendant's automobile."

"Why did you decide to go out to look at the defendant's automobile?"

"Because of something I had been told."

The lawyer hesitated; then, fearing to open that legal door, abruptly changed his tactics. "When you first saw the defendant, you wakened him from a sound sleep, didn't you?"

"I didn't. The servant did."

"You knew that he had been ill?"

"He looked as though he'd had a hard night. That was all I knew until he told me he'd been sick. I thought that he ——"

"Never mind what you thought!" Howland shouted.

"I thought that's what you asked for," the witness said calmly.

There was a ripple of merriment throughout the courtroom.

"Just concentrate on my questions!" Howland shouted. "You could tell that the defendant was not in good health?"

"I could tell that he wasn't fresh like a daisy. He looked like a man with a terrific hang-over."

"I didn't ask you that. I asked you if you couldn't tell that he wasn't in good health."

"He wasn't in good spirits, but he sure looked as though he had been in spirits."

"That will do," Howland said. "Don't try to be facetious. A man's liberty is at stake here. Simply answer the questions. You knew that he wasn't his normal self?"

"I don't know what he's like when he's normal."

"How did he look?"

"He looked terrible. He looked like a man with a hang-over."

"You've seen men with hang-overs?"

"Lots of them."

"What is a hang-over?"

"The aftermath of an intoxicated condition. I may say it's the immediate aftermath of an intoxicated condition when the alcohol has not entirely left the system."

"You're now talking like a doctor."

"You asked me for my definition of a hang-over."

"Oh, that's all," Howland said, making a gesture of throwing up his hands as though tired of arguing with the witness, and turned his back on the witness.

The witness started to leave the stand.

"Just a moment," Howland said suddenly, whirling and leveling an extended forefinger. "One more question. Did the defendant tell you what time it was that he passed out?"

"He said about ten o'clock."

"You didn't tell us that before."

"I wasn't asked."

"You were asked to tell what the defendant told you, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you try to conceal this statement about its being near ten o'clock?"

"I—well, I didn't pay much attention to that."

"Why not?"

"Frankly, I didn't believe it."

"Did you believe his story about some woman driving his car?"

"No."

"Yet you paid attention to that part of his statement?"

"Well, yes. That was different."

"In what way?"

"Well, that was admission."

"You mean an admission adverse to the interests of the defendant?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! So you went there prepared to remember any admissions the defendant might make and to forget anything he might say that was in his favor, is that it?"

"I didn't forget this. I simply didn't mention it because I wasn't asked the specific question which would call for it."

"What time were you called to investigate the hit-and-run accident?"

"About two o'clock in the morning."

"The body was lying along the highway?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know when it was reported to the police department?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About fifteen minutes before we got there."

"That was a well-traveled highway?"

"It was a surfaced road. There was some traffic over it."

"And the defendant was driven home at about ten o'clock?"

"That's what he said."

"And he was ill?"

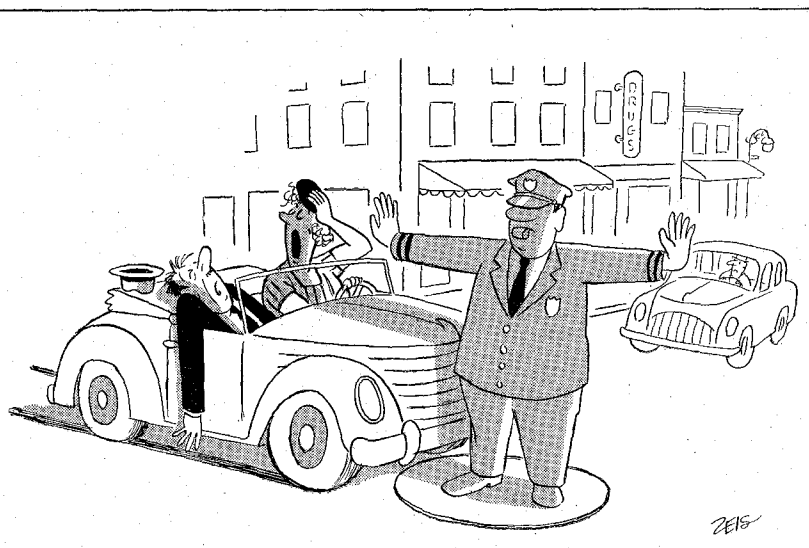
"That's what he said."

"And went to bed?"

"That's what he said."

The lawyer hesitated. "And went to sleep?"

"He didn't say that. He said his mind was a blank until he came to, around four o'clock in the morning."



"I suppose you thought I wasn't going to stop."

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"He didn't say his mind was a blank, did he?"

"He said he couldn't remember."

"Didn't he say that the next thing he knew he came to in bed?"

"He said the next thing he remembered he was in bed, and it was then four-thirty-five in the morning."

"But some of what the defendant told you you didn't remember—everything he said that was in his favor."

"I told you I did remember it."

"And neglected to tell us."

"All right. Have it that way if you want it that way."

"Oh, that's all," Howland said. "In view of your very apparent bias, I don't care to ask you any more questions."

The witness glared angrily and left the stand.

The prosecutor said, "No redirect examination. Call Myrtle Anne Haley."

The redheaded woman who was seated on the aisle two seats over from Perry Mason got up, walked to the witness stand, held up her right hand and was sworn.

Mason stole a surreptitious glance at the young woman sitting next to him. She held her chin in the air, giving him only her profile to look at. Her expression held the icy disdain that a young woman reserves for someone who is trying to pick her up and is being offensive about it.

Myrtle Anne Haley took the oath, gave her name and address to the court reporter and settled herself in the witness chair with the manner of one who knows her testimony is going to be decisive.

The prosecutor said, "I call your attention to the road map which has been previously identified and introduced in evidence as People's Exhibit A, Mrs. Haley."

"Yes, sir."

"I call your attention to a section of Sycamore Road as shown on that map and which lies between Chestnut Street and State Highway. Do you understand that that map delineates such a section of road?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever driven over that road?"

"Many times."

"Where do you live?"

"On the other side of State Highway on Sycamore Road."

"Can you show us on this map? Just make a cross on the map and circle the cross."

The witness made a cross on the map and enclosed it in a circle.

The prosecutor said, "I will call your attention to the night of the nineteenth and the morning of the twentieth of September of this year. Did you have occasion to use the highway at that time?"

"On the morning of the twentieth—early in the morning—yes, sir."

"At what time?"

"Between twelve-thirty and one-thirty."

"In which direction were you driving?"

"Going west on Sycamore Road, approaching Chestnut Street from the east."

"And did you notice anything unusual at that time?"

"Yes, sir. A car ahead of me was weaving about the road, crossing the center line and going clear over to the left. Then it would go back to the right, and at times would run clear off the highway on the right side."

"Could you identify that car?"

"Yes. I wrote down the license number."

"Then what?"

"Then I followed along behind; then, at this wide place in the road about four fifths of the way to State Highway, I shot on by. I went by fast when I had a chance. I didn't want the driver to swerve into me."

"I move to strike everything about why she passed the car," Howland said.

"That will go out," Judge Cadwell said.

"After you got by the car what did you do?"

"I looked in the rear-view mirror."

"And what did you see, if anything?"

"I saw the car swerve over to the left, then back to the right, and all of a sudden I saw something black cross in front of the headlights, and then for a moment the right headlight seemed to go out."

"You say it seemed to go out?"

"After that it came on again."

"And that was on Sycamore Road at a point between Chestnut Street and State Highway?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is the point at which you saw the light blink off and then on?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you know what caused that headlight to seem to go out?"

"I didn't at the time, but I do now."

"What was it?"

"Objected to as calling for a conclusion of the witness," Howland said. "The question is argumentative."

"The objection is sustained," Judge Cadwell said.

"But, your honor," the prosecutor said, "the witness certainly has the right to interpret what she sees."

Judge Cadwell shook his head. "The witness will testify to what she saw. The jury will make the interpretation."

The prosecutor paused for a minute, then said, "Very well. Cross-examine."

"You took down the license number of this automobile?" Howland asked.

"That's right."

"In a notebook?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get that notebook?"

"From my purse."

"You were driving the car?"

"Yes."

"Was anyone with you?"

"No."

"You took the notebook from your purse?"

"Yes."

"And a pencil?"

"Not a pencil. A fountain pen."

"And marked down the license number of the automobile?"

"Yes."

"What was that license number?"

"License Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six."

"You have that notebook with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to see it, please."

The prosecutor smiled at the jury. "Not the slightest objection," he said. "We're very glad to let you inspect it."

Howland walked up to the witness stand, took the notebook the witness gave him, thumbed through the pages and said, "This seems to be a notebook in which you kept a lot of data, various and sundry entries."

"I don't carry anything in memory which I can trust to paper."

"Now then," Howland said, "this number, Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six, is the last entry in the book."

"That's right."

"That entry was made on September twentieth?"

"About twelve-thirty to one-thirty on the morning of September twentieth," the witness stated positively.

"Why haven't you made any entries after that?"

"Because, after I read about the accident, I reported to the police, the police took the book, and it was then given back to me with the statement that I should take good care of it because it would be evidence."

"I see," Howland said with elaborate politeness. "And how long did the police have the book?"

"They had the book for—I don't know—quite a while."

"And when was it given back to you?"

"Well, after the police had it, the district attorney had it."

"Oh, the police gave it to the district attorney, did they?"

"I don't know. I know the prosecutor was the one who gave it to me."

"When?"

"This morning."

"This morning?" Howland said, his voice showing a combination of incredulity and skeptical sarcasm. "And why did the prosecutor give it back to you this morning?"

"So I could have it on the witness stand."

"Oh, so you would be able to say that you had the notebook with you?"

"I don't know. I suppose that was it."

"Now then, did you remember the license number?"

"Certainly I did. Just as I told you. It's License Two-V-seven-nine-three-six-six."

"When did you last see that license number?"

"When I handed you the book just a moment ago."

"And when before that?"

"This morning."

"At what time this morning?"

"About nine o'clock this morning."

"And how long did you spend looking at that number at about nine o'clock this morning?"

"I—I don't know. I don't know as it makes any difference."

"Were you looking at it for half an hour?"

"Certainly not."

"For fifteen minutes?"

"No."

"For ten minutes?"

"I may have been."

"In other words, what you were doing was memorizing the number this morning, weren't you?"

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"How do you know that's the same number?"

"Because that's my handwriting, that's the number just as I wrote it down."

"Could you see the license number of the car ahead while you were writing this?"

"Certainly."

"All the time you were writing?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it a fact that you looked at the license number; then stopped your car, got out your notebook and ——"

"Certainly not! It's just as I told you. I took out my notebook while I was driving and wrote down the number."

"You are right-handed?"

"Yes."

"You had one hand on the wheel?"

"My left hand."

"And were writing with your right hand?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a fountain pen or a ballpoint pen?"

"It's a plain fountain pen."

"The top screws off?"

"Yes."

"And you unscrewed that with one hand?"

"Certainly."

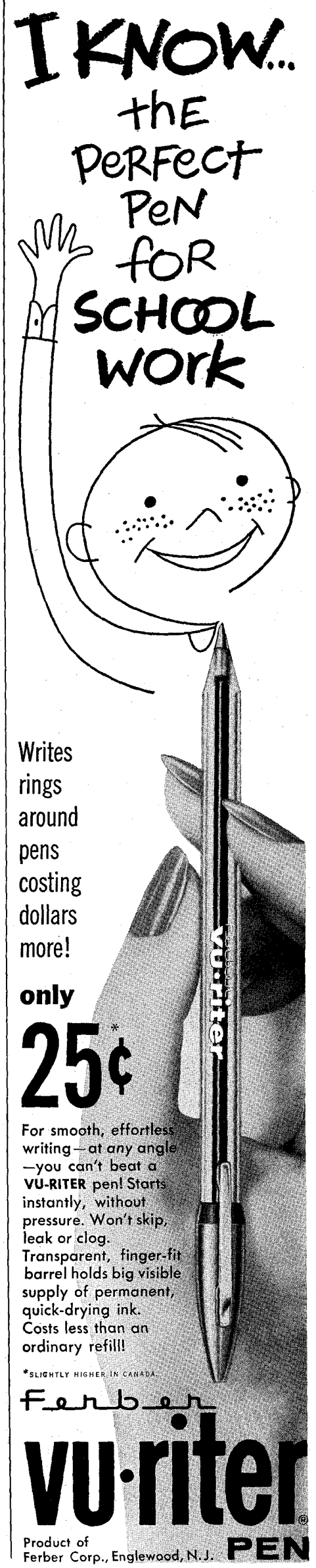
"You can do that with one hand?"

"Of course. You hold the pen—that is, the barrel of the pen with the last two fingers, then use the thumb and the forefinger to unscrew the cap."

"Then what did you do?"

"I put the notebook down on my lap, wrote the number; then put the cap back on the pen and put the notebook and fountain pen back in my purse."

"How far were you from the automobile when you were writing down this number?"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"Not very far."

"Did you see the number all the time?"

"Yes."

"Plainly?"

"Yes."

"Did you write this number in the dark?"

"No."

"No: apparently not. The number is neatly written. You must have had some light when you wrote it."

"I did. I switched on the dome light so I could see what I was writing."

Howland hesitated for a moment. "After you had written down this number you drove on home?"

"Yes."

"Did you call the police?"

"Certainly. I told you I did."

"When?"

"Later."

"After you had read in the newspaper about this accident?"

"Yes."

"That is, about the body having been found on this road?"

"Yes."

"You didn't call the police before that?"

"No."

"Why did you write down this license number?"

Her eyes glittered with triumph. "Because I knew that the person who was driving the automobile was too drunk to have any business being behind a wheel."

"You knew that when you wrote down the license number?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you write it down?"

"So I'd know what it was."

"So you could testify against the driver?"

"So I could do my duty as a citizen."

"You mean call the police?"

"Well, I thought it was my duty to make a note of the license number, in case the driver got in any trouble."

"Oh, so you could testify?"

"So I could tell the police about it, yes."

"But you didn't tell the police until after you'd read in the paper about a body having been found?"

"That's right."

"Even after you saw this mysterious blackout of the right headlight you didn't call the police?"

"No."

"You didn't think there was any reason to call the police?"

"Not until after I'd read in the paper about the body."

"Then you didn't think there had been an accident when you got home, did you?"

"Well, I knew something had happened. I kept wondering what could have caused that blackout of that headlight."

"You didn't think there had been an accident?"

"I knew something had happened."

"Did you or did you not think there had been an accident?"

"Yes, I realized there must have been an accident."

"When did you realize this?"

"Right after I got home."

"And you had taken this number so you could call the police in the event of an accident?"

"I took the number because I thought it was my duty to take it—yes."

"Then why didn't you call the police?"

"I think this has been asked and answered several times, your honor," the prosecutor said. "I dislike to curtail counsel in his cross-examination, but this certainly has been gone over repeatedly in the same way and in the same manner."

"I think so," Judge Cadwell said.

"I submit, your honor, that her actions contradict her words, that her reasons contradict her actions."

"You may have ample opportunity to argue the case to the jury. I believe the fact which you wished to establish by this cross-examination has been established," Judge Cadwell said.

"That's all," Howland said, shrugging his shoulders and waving his hand as though brushing the testimony to one side.

"That's all, Mrs. Haley," the prosecutor said.

Mrs. Haley swept from the witness stand, marched down the aisle and seated herself on the aisle seat.

She turned to the young woman seated beside Perry Mason. "Was I all right?" Mrs. Haley asked in a whisper.

The young woman nodded.

Judge Cadwell looked at the clock and adjourned court until two o'clock that afternoon.

During the afternoon session the prosecution tied up a few loose ends and then put on a series of technical witnesses. By three-thirty the case was ready for argument.

The prosecutor made a brief hammer-and-tongs argument, asked for a conviction, and sat down.

Mortimer Dean Howland, a criminal attorney of the old school, indulged in a barrage of sarcasm directed at the testimony of Myrtle Anne Haley, whom he characterized as "the psychic driver," a "woman who could drive without even looking at the road."

"Notice the driving activities of this woman," Howland said. "When she first comes to our notice she is driving without looking at the road because she is getting her fountain pen and her notebook out of her purse. Then she is opening the notebook and making a note of the license number.

"Look at where she made this notation, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. She didn't open the notebook at random and scribble the license number on any page she happened to come to. She carefully turned to the page which contained the last notebook entry; then she neatly wrote the license number of the automobile.

"Look at this exhibit," Howland said, going over and picking up the notebook. "Look at the manner in which this number is written. Could you have written a license number so neatly if your eyes had been on the road while you were driving a car? Certainly not! Neither could this paragon of blind driving, this Myrtle Anne Haley. She was writing down this number with her eyes on the page of the notebook, not on the road.

"You'll remember that I asked her on cross-examination if she had sufficient light to write by, and do you remember what she said? She said she turned on the dome light of the automobile, so that she would have plenty of light. Why did she need plenty of light? Because she was watching what she was writing, not where her car was going.

"If her eyes had been on the road, she wouldn't have needed any light in the interior of the automobile. In fact, that light would have detracted from her ability to look ahead down the road. The reason she needed light, ladies and gentlemen, was because she was driving along, looking down at the page of the notebook as she wrote.

"She was driving at an even faster rate of speed than the car ahead, because she admits she shot past that car. But, ladies and gentlemen, she didn't have her eyes on the road.

"I'm willing to admit that some unfortunate person was struck by an automobile on that stretch of road. Who was more likely to have struck that person? The driver of the car ahead or some woman who admits to you under oath that she was speeding along that road not looking where she went, with her eyes on the page of a notebook?

"And who was driving this automobile, the license number of which Myrtle Anne Haley was so careful to write down? The prosecution asked her all about the license number, but it never asked her who was driving the car! It never asked her even if a man was driving the car. For all we know, if she had been asked she may have said that a woman was driving the car."

"Your honor," the prosecutor said, "I dislike to interrupt, but if the prosecution failed to cover that point, we ask to reopen the case at this time and ask additional questions of the witness, Myrtle Anne Haley."

"Is there any objection?" Judge Cadwell asked.

"Certainly there's an objection, your honor. That's an old trick, an attempt to interrupt the argument of counsel for the defense and put on more testimony. It is an attempt to distract the attention of the jury and disrupt the orderly course of trial."

"The motion is denied," Judge Cadwell said.

Howland turned to the jury, spread his hands apart and smiled. "You see, ladies and gentlemen, the sort of thing we have been up against in this case. I don't think I need to argue any more. I feel I can safely leave the matter to your discretion. I know that you will return the only fair verdict, the only just verdict, the only verdict that will enable you to feel that you have conscientiously discharged your sworn duty—a verdict of not guilty!"

Howland returned to his chair.

The prosecutor made a closing argument, the judge read instructions to the jury, and the jury retired.

Mason arose with the other spectators as court was adjourned, but Mortimer Dean Howland pushed his way to Mason's side. "Well, well, well, counselor. What brings you here?"

"Picking up some pointers on how to try a case."

Howland smiled, but his eyes, gimleted in hard appraisal, burned under bushy eyebrows as they searched Mason's face.

"You don't need any pointers, counselor. I thought I had glimpsed you in the crowd this morning, and then I was quite certain that you sat through the entire afternoon session. Are you interested in the case?"

"It's an interesting case."

"I mean are you interested professionally."

"Oh, of course, professionally," Mason said with expansive indefiniteness. "I don't know any of the parties. . . . By the way, who was the person who was killed?"

"The body has never been identified," Howland said. "Fingerprints were sent to the FBI, but there was no file. The person was evidently a drifter of some sort. The head had been thrown to the highway with a terrific impact. The skull was smashed like an eggshell. Then both wheels had gone completely over the head. The features were unrecognizable."

"What about the clothing?"

"Good clothing, but the labels had been carefully removed. We thought, of course, that meant the decedent might have had a criminal record. But, as I say, there were no fingerprints on file."

"Was this license number written in the notebook immediately under the other entries on the last page?" Mason asked.

"Come take a look," Howland invited, placing a fraternal hand on Mason's shoulder. "I'd like to have you take a look at that and tell me what you think."

Howland led the way to the clerk's desk. "Let's look at that exhibit," he said, "the notebook."

The clerk handed him the notebook.

Mason studied the small, neat figures near the bottom of the page.

"You couldn't do that without a light to save your life," Howland said. "That woman wasn't watching the road while she was writing down the figures."

"I take it that you know the right headlight on her car wasn't smashed," Mason said.

"We know lots of things," Howland observed, winking. "We also know that it's an easy matter to get a headlight repaired. . . . What's your opinion of the case, Mason? What do you think the jurors will do?"

"They may not do anything."

Howland's voice was cautious. "You think it will be a hung jury?"

"It could be."

Howland lowered his voice to a whisper. "Confidentially," he said, "that's what I was trying for. It's the best I can hope to expect."

TO BE CONTINUED

"You go ahead in. . . . I want to have a last few moments alone with my paycheck."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Lost My Voice to Cancer

(Continued from Page 21)

for microscopic examination. Then, if the growth is found to be malignant, comes the terrifying news that you have cancer. My mother had died just eight years before, only three months after the discovery of a throat cancer. Now, at first, it seemed to me that Doctor Mulcahy's frightening disclosure was my death sentence. But the doctor's words of encouragement finally penetrated my despair, and hope began to rise.

Four days later, on my fifty-second birthday, I was re-examined by a consultant, Dr. Lewis F. Morrison, chairman of the Sub-Department of Otolaryngology at the University of California School of Medicine. He told me that the growth of my cancer probably could be arrested by X-ray treatment. To my wife and three daughters, and to me, his words were like a reprieve to the condemned. It seemed a truly happy birthday after all. Now the goal was to live to celebrate my fifty-third birthday a year later. So on the following Monday—another eventful date, my thirtieth wedding anniversary—I started the first of thirty-six daily X-ray treatments.

Dr. Michael B. Shimkin, of the United States Public Health Service's National Cancer Institute, recently reported that 24 per cent of cancer patients were alive five years after the initial diagnosis of their disease. Cancer of the larynx, if discovered early enough, is curable in about 80 per cent of the cases. The vocal cords are small and gristly, the blood circulation through them is poor, and the cancer cells are not easily transmitted to other parts of the body. If the growth is stopped by X ray or removed by surgery, four times out of five the victim will live.

The two vocal cords are elastic ligaments, each about the diameter of a wooden matchstick and approximately seven eighths of an inch long. Sometimes if the malignant growth is in the center of one cord, the surgeon will remove only that cord. The patient can continue to talk in a rather husky, loud whisper. Frequently the growth is too large for such treatment, or too close to the body of the larynx, or in the larynx proper. Then it is treated by X ray, or, at the surgeon's discretion, by complete removal of the voice box.

In rare cases the X-ray treatment may destroy the cancer, but injure the normal tissues of the larynx so that they gradually deteriorate. Then the entire voice box must be removed. Mine was one of those cases; the X ray destroyed the cancer, but affected my larynx so that it had to be removed a year later.

In this operation the windpipe is severed from the larynx and fastened to an opening cut in the neck slightly above the breast bone. The laryngectomee must breathe through that opening for the rest of his life. The space left by removal of the larynx is sewn together and heals over, blocking all connection between the throat and the lungs. The mouth cavity is connected only to the gullet, leading to the stomach. Now there is no larynx, no air passage from the lungs to mouth and nose, and no normal means of creating speech.

It is estimated that there are around 40,000 laryngectomees in the United States. For reasons unknown, most of us are males, only one in twelve being female. We are of all ages, but mostly thirty-five years of age and older.

There are many organizations for laryngectomees throughout the United States. Ours in San Francisco, of which I am now president, is known as the Lost Chord Club. The International Association of Laryngectomees with headquarters at 4811 John R. Street, Detroit, Michigan, currently lists thirty-six affiliated and non-affiliated clubs in other cities.

Lost Chord clubs usually help laryngectomees with speech problems. A new member hears others like himself talking, sees them smiling and cheerful, and is encouraged to resume his place in the world. Perhaps the prime purpose of our clubs should be to prevent the necessity for new memberships. But how do you discover cancer in time to have it cured? The "seven danger signals" widely publicized by the American Cancer Society are general keys which should be memorized by everyone. The danger signal for cancer of the larynx is continued hoarseness. If you are hoarse for more than a week or if you have recurring laryngitis, see your doctor. He may find nothing wrong that simple medication won't correct. Even if there is a growth, it is usually benign and easily removed. But if the growth is malignant, early examination can save your life.

I became a laryngectomee on October 20, 1955. Thirteen days later I went home. I could not utter a sound. I was silenced until I learned a new way to talk.

I had been using manual signs and pad and pencil during the year when the X-ray treatment had affected my larynx. At times I could whisper loudly enough to be heard in quiet surroundings. So when I was completely silenced, it was not an entirely new experience. I had already found that when I communicated by writing, people assumed that I was deaf, and replied in signs or in writing. Worse was the discovery that many people unthinkingly assume that the silent person is mentally defective.

Knowing that the X-ray treatment had injured my larynx, I visited laryngectomees before my operation and heard them speak. The first of these was Mrs. Doris Farrell, a pleasant woman of middle age, then secretary of the Lost Chord Club. My first contact with her was by phone. In answer to my whispered inquiries, her words came through distinctly and in good volume, although in the rather deep and husky tone of the laryngectomee that I recognize so well today. Another was Leonard E. Shaffer, who was running a thriving business of distributing industrial equipment. Mr. Shaffer's demonstrated ability to conduct his own business in spite of his vocal handicap and Mrs. Farrell's words of encouragement helped prepare me for the experience that I knew might come.

Providing hospital visitors for patients about to lose their voice boxes is one of the activities of our Lost Chord Club and other clubs like it. We want the prospective laryngectomee to know that he can learn to speak again. But regaining speech is a long, slow, laborious process. Even so, after weeks without speech, having our signals misunderstood, losing our writing materials when we need them most, and often being mistaken for a half-wit, the promised reward seems worth the hundreds of hours of practice required.

True, there are two ingenious artificial substitutes for the larynx which can be used to produce speech without much practice. However, they have certain shortcomings. The electric larynx is a battery-operated device about the size of an electric shaver. When held against the throat, it produces a humming sound that can be transformed into understandable speech. The electric larynx can be used by most laryngectomees with a few hours of practice, but no variation in the tone of the "voice" is possible. The words are in a buzzing monotone. One hand must be used to hold the device against the throat, making it impossible to use both hands for other tasks while speaking.

In the mid-1920's the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed an artificial larynx containing a reed like a harmonica. It is operated by air coming from the opening in the user's neck. The sound produced by the air flowing past the reed is led to the mouth by a small rubber tube, where the vibrations are transformed into speech. This device is capable of greater variation in inflection than the electric larynx, but the speech sound is artificial. And one of the user's hands is required to manipulate the device.

While both the electric larynx and the reed larynx have served many thousands, enabling them to speak again after a fashion, the resulting speech has an artificial and monotonous tone. With proper instruction and practice, most laryngectomees can learn to produce a more pleasant and reasonably natural-sounding speech. The expert in this method, known as "esophageal" speech, sounds no worse than someone with a deep, husky voice.

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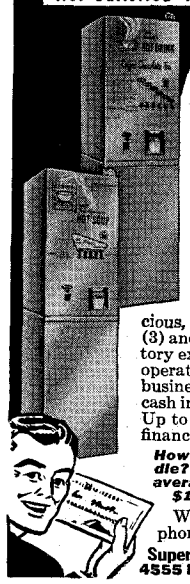

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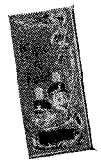

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The first successful laryngectomy on record in the United States was performed by Doctors J. Solis-Cohen and W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, on Mr. Daniel Hickey of that city in 1892. Mr. Hickey discovered that he could speak by swallowing air and burping it up again. He was considered such a phenomenon that in 1894 Doctor Solis-Cohen took him to England to exhibit him to members of the medical profession there.

Today the practice of esophageal speech is rather common. There are many speech therapists and speech clinics throughout the United States qualified to teach this method. Frequently these groups are affiliated with or supported by the American Cancer Society. The A.C.S. or other charitable agencies will often provide speech therapy for those unable to afford it.

Our San Francisco class is, to date, the only class of its kind operated by a public-school system. It is held under the auspices of the Board of Education, San Francisco Public Schools, Marina Adult School. Its first classes began in September, 1955. It meets two evenings a week, except for a short period in late August.

I was directed to the school by Doctor Mulcahy and attended my first class just four weeks after my operation. There, gathered around a table, I saw sixteen people, all, like myself, laryngectomees. Another pupil, Bernard Hennessey, a laryngectomee for seven years, made me welcome and assured me that I would eventually be able to speak like the advanced members present. For two years after his operation, Mr. Hennessey communicated only in writing. Later he learned of the electric larynx, which he began using in his work as a warehouseman for the Southern Pacific Company. Last fall he heard of the San Francisco speech class, and he became a pupil. Today he no longer uses the electric larynx, but depends on his newly acquired voice at work and at home.

Our instructor, Mrs. Elsie McQueen, is an attractive young woman in her mid-thirties, and like the rest of us, a laryngectomee. In addition to conducting the speech classes two nights a week and maintaining her home in San Francisco, she supports herself and two young sons, ages seven and nine, as an inventory auditor at the San Francisco Naval Shipyard at Hunter's Point. Her duties require talking with others and frequent use of the telephone. She speaks clearly, rapidly and tirelessly in the alto voice of the laryngectomee. She is active in the annual meetings of the International Association, was the first president of our Lost Chord Club, and is frequently called on to address local gatherings of nurses on the subject of esophageal speech.

The method taught by Mrs. McQueen is called the Doehler method after its originator, Mrs. Mary Doehler, president of the Cured Cancer Club of Boston. Mrs. Doehler, who has been a laryngectomee for eleven years, was an English teacher in Boston schools before her operation. She is now Director of Esophageal Speech, Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, of Boston. Having studied speech therapy, phonetics and voice training, she was able to develop a teaching method that has enabled hundreds of pupils to learn much faster than under older methods. Our instructor, Mrs. McQueen, was first taught by earlier methods; she did not say her first word until she had been under instruction four months. Under her tutelage in the Doehler method, I said my first word, a "yes," the night of my first lesson. A week later, with long pauses between words, I said, "I will speak."

In a strict sense, the laryngectomee does not regain his voice; he creates a new voice, after many hours of practice. We must learn to use the esophagus—the tube leading from the mouth to the stomach. At first we learn to create a hoarse, weak, belching sound. We gradually control these sounds, turning sounds into words and words into sentences, finally polishing the rough sentences into understandable speech.

All sound, including speech, is a vibration of air. We laryngectomees can no longer bring air from our lungs into our mouths, and we have no vocal cords to cause air to vibrate. So we accumulate the air to be used in speech by swallowing it. This air is trapped and stored in our esophagus. The stored air is gradually forced back into the mouth, where, with practice, it is shaped by the tongue and lips into speech.

... ...

Cowboy Cookin'

By S. Omar Barker

Cowboys savvy how to cook.
Recipes can't spoil 'em.
Beans? Plumb simple in
their book:
You boil 'em.

Cowboy cookin' suits a
man—
No one can deny it.
Meat? You slap it in a pan
And fry it.

Coffee black as any crow—
Hot is how they take it.
Biscuits? Just mix up some
dough
And bake it.

If it's food that can be
chewed,
Cowboys do all right:
Secret of delicious food
Is appetite!

... ...

A mere teaspoonful of swallowed air is enough to produce several words for the experienced speaker. The beginner can utter only one "ba-a-a" with one swallow, but the advanced speaker can produce as many as 200 syllables with one mouthful of air. I have heard Mrs. McQueen count to seventy in one "breath." The speaker who can utter eight or nine syllables with one intake of air can speak smoothly after he learns proper phrasing.

Some quirk in the arrangement of the muscles of the esophagus sometimes enables one pupil to learn quite rapidly or, rarely, may prevent esophageal speech entirely. Usually, only determination and constant practice bring proficiency.

Al Rosenstein, a past secretary of the Lost Chord Club of Southern California, was a jewelry salesman before his laryngectomy in mid-1953. Today he is assistant purchasing agent for a large plumbing-fixture firm in Los Angeles. He buys supplies, parts and services from hundreds of suppliers, spending a large part of his eight-hour working day on the phone.

George Campi, the possessor of an excellent esophageal voice, dispatches freight for the local office of a national freight-forwarding company. Charles Frazier, our club treasurer, is employed by the Oakland post office. Another of

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our members, Pete Genasci, is parts-department manager for a large automotive-parts firm. Most of our club members are working in occupations that necessitate the use of their new voices to some extent.

After a few days of practice, possibly totaling an hour a day in periods of five or ten minutes, the laryngectomee learns to make simple sounds. In a month the average beginner is reasonably sure that the desired sound will be made when he tries to speak, not with much volume, nor very long sustained, but it is a sound. Sometimes he can put two or three syllables together.

Perhaps in two months he will be able to read this paragraph aloud slowly, taking four or five minutes because he must swallow air after every one or two syllables. In another month or two he can make himself understood to friends, if they are patient; he cannot yet speak quickly. By now he has discarded his pencil and pad at home and he ventures single words to strangers.

In four or five months he has gained more confidence and may speak to strangers in his new voice, somewhat fearfully at first, and using short sentences. About six months after his first lesson, he may be honored by being asked if he has laryngitis. Now he has arrived. He may even answer that he has "laryngoutis," not laryngitis.

Children, of course, are brutally frank. After two or three months of lessons, I tried to tell my five-year-old grandson, Mike, that I couldn't talk much because my throat was sore. He said, "Grandpa King, I can't understand you any more." Now, after six months of practice, he does understand me. I no longer use pencil and paper to communicate at home. In public I use the pencil only when it is noisy or the conversation is too long for my still-new voice. I know that the rest of my foursome at the golf club are relieved that I can now announce my score and take some part in the banter at the nineteenth hole.

If I am like the average pupil, the quality and speed of my speech will continue to improve for a couple of years. There will be improvement in tone and inflection as well. An expert can't vary his pitch enough for singing, but he can speak with varying inflection and a range of nearly an octave.

And so in San Francisco and Los Angeles, in Boston and Miami, groups of laryngectomees swallow and say "ba-a-a" or "be-e-e" over and over again. These people are from all walks of life—salesmen, lawyers, musicians, carpenters, secretaries and housewives. They are, by the wonders of surgery, nature and their own perseverance, learning to live again in a workaday world through the miracle of esophageal speech.

How well I remember my first speech class, less than six months ago! As we go through these strange exercises, we seem to be more cheerful than other people. We should be—we're still alive in this pleasant world, and we can speak again.

Moscow (Continued from Page 35)

world-wide Christian dominion ruled from Moscow. They called it "the Third and Last Rome." They did push far westward into Poland and deep into Siberia, but "the Third Rome" remained just a vision.

However, the Russians did conquer new worlds. Stirred to action by Peter the Great, they chased the Crimean Tatars to the Black Sea and Peter made his capital St. Petersburg. No longer a capital, Moscow pursued pleasure in a big way and along came Napoleon to sack the city and found it in flames—the Muscovites themselves are credited with setting the fire. Two years later, though, the Russians had chased Napoleon's forces out of Paris itself and were walking through the streets in triumph. Then a century of rest followed—until Lenin and his Bolsheviks invaded the Kremlin under the quizzical eyes of the hooded crows. Again Moscow had visions of world rule—not of a Christian, but of a Marxian world.

But while the Russians were being indoctrinated for a new conquest, the leader who followed Lenin, a man who gave himself the name Joseph Stalin, himself fell asleep. Though he was repeatedly warned by Britain and America in 1941 of Hitler's intentions to invade Russia, he did nothing. Then on June 22, 1941, the Nazis attacked and in four short months they had crossed the roadless steppe and were hammering at Moscow's outer defenses. Stalin, it is now known, fled the capital in panic. But the hooded crows remained. And the Muscovites suddenly woke up again, repelled the invaders and didn't stop till they had reached the Elbe.

In 1953, twelve years later, the hooded crows looked on haughtily as Stalin left the Kremlin for the last time, carried by his pallbearers to the mausoleum under its walls. Calling themselves the "Collective Leaders," these former toadies of the dictator took over the government and denounced their dead master. But they still are hell bent on carrying out his dream of world domination.

Historians have suggested that the Muscovites' recurring lust for conquest is inspired chiefly by the grimness and isolation of their remote homeland. Buried deep in the dreary plains somewhere between Europe and Asia, their horizons are broken only by chains of low, rolling hills. Beyond them are more frustrating hills and more desolate plains. Periodically they are seized with a mystical urge to break out of those gloomy chains into a different, richer world.

For each of these recurrent outbursts of warlike energy, the Muscovites needed arms, and with arms factories as a starter, Moscow early became the leading industrial center of Russia. Today it is still the biggest manufacturing area of the Soviet Union, and its chief output is still arms. However, it will probably soon be outstripped by other industrial centers back of the Urals—and not only for strategical reasons.

In contrast to their childish passion for possessing the biggest and the mostest, the Soviets are genuinely anxious to keep Moscow from getting any bigger. Officially its population is fixed at 4,500,000, but even its mayor will admit that 5,000,000 today is nearer the truth—with another 2,000,000 commuters in the suburbs. To prevent further growth, new industrial plants have been forbidden in the Moscow area. Nevertheless it already has a number of giant enterprises, including the Sickle and Hammer Steel Mills, the Stalin Auto Works and the Kaganovich Ball-bearing Plant.

Moscow is also the hub of the country's railroad system, with no fewer than eleven major lines converging on it. Scarcely a freight car can move from North to South Russia or from East to West without passing through the capital. Moscow also boasts of being a "Port of Five Seas," with a network of canals connecting it with the Baltic and White seas in the north and the Black, Azov and Caspian seas in the south. The Soviet Union's entire communications system also fans out from Moscow. All communications with the outside world must filter through its Post and Telegraph Center. If you want to phone from one distant provincial Russian town to another, the chances are the call will be routed through the capital.

Moscow, too, is the administrative center of the world's most centralized regime. Few decisions of any importance can be made anywhere in the Soviet Union—or indeed, in the communist world—until the green light flashes in "The Center."

In the 800 years since Yuri Dolgoruki founded it as his military headquarters Moscow has risen to become a triple capital: 1, of the Soviet Union; 2, of its largest constituent, the Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic; 3, above all, of the vast communist empire with proconsuls or agents in every country in the world.

Perhaps the best way to capture the full flavor of Moscow is to choose a bitter winter evening when a fresh fall of snow hides its blemishes and the floodlit domes of the Kremlin's cathedrals shine golden against the steel-blue winter sky. Put on your greatcoat, pull the flaps of your fur cap over your ears and take a walk around town.

You can start out from Hunter's Row, at the center of town, and pass the old American Embassy—the "Zholti Dom," the Russians call it, meaning literally "The Yellow House," but in slang, "The Mad House." Across the street is the long, low Manège, built by the czars as a riding school and used by the Bolsheviks as a garage. Stalin also sometimes used it as a shooting gallery—for his former friends. One friend he didn't send there was Nikita Khrushchev, an omission that must torture his ghost today.

A few blocks beyond is the "Palace of Soviets." In 1931 the Bolsheviks tore down the old Cathedral of Christ the Savior to make way for the Palace—"the tallest building in the world," they confidently promised it would be. They built a high fence around the site and, inside, engineers started digging a gigantic hole for the foundations. Today, twenty-five years later, if you peer through a crack in the fence you can still see the hole.

"An anticommunist," a Moscow wit once cracked, "is someone who can't tell the difference between the Palace of the Soviets and a hole in the ground."

Below the Palace is the Moskva River, frozen solid. In czarist times, on moonlight nights, Moscow's smart set, wrapped in bearskin robes, used to race their sleighs over its icy surface. But nowadays the communist elite are allowed no such frivolous pleasures in so public a place.

Downstream, high above the river embankment, the black south wall of the Kremlin looms. Near its eastern corner is the only gate on its river side—"The Secret Gate," it is called. Just beyond The Secret Gate is the high, conical Water Tower. From it a gentle slope leads to Red Square, past St. Basil's Cathedral, with its nine fantastic cupolas. In the glare of powerful floodlights they shine like a bouquet of odd-colored onions and turnips. On the square itself, the squat marble Mausoleum of Lenin and Stalin butts out from the Kremlin like the head of a sleeping dragon. Through its low door an endless line of black-clad figures shuffles silently forward for a look at the macabre corpses inside—"the cold cuts," they are called by Moscow's impious foreigners.

Like an overgrown village, Moscow has sprawled out in three concentric circles. The first circle is the Kremlin wall itself. Long a residence of the czars, until they moved to St. Petersburg, the Kremlin was virtually empty until Lenin moved in. In Stalin's day it housed the offices and apartments of that tyrant's currently trusted favorites, who seldom left it. Since his death, Stalin's successors have tried to escape its morbid memories by seeking quarters outside the Kremlin walls.

Nowadays it is open to the public, who tiptoe reverently, caps in hand, through its four cathedrals where the ancient czars are buried. In awed whispers, they murmur to themselves the names on the copper sarcophagi:

"Michael, son of Feodor."

"Alexei, son of Michael."

"Feodor, son of Alexei."

Inside the Kremlin Museum they peer admiringly at the extravagant trappings of the czarist regime—the jewel-studded Easter eggs, platinum snuffboxes and clockwork figurines, which members of the royal family gave one another at Christmastime and Easter.

On Soviet holidays, Moscow's elite—the ballerinas and opera singers, the writers and foreign diplomats—are invited by the new Collective Leaders to drink sweet Soviet champagne in the magnificent palaces built by the czars, and to rub shoulders with their heirs. From time to time delegates of the Communist Party or of the Supreme Soviet come from all corners of the Soviet Union to approve their leaders' actions by voting in unison.

A half mile from the Kremlin's walls is a second circle, the Boulevard Ring. Once it was a wall inside which the merchants and artisans, who didn't rate Kremlin privileges, built their homes and workshops. Today most government ministries, the main shops and theaters, the hotels and better restaurants are inside the Boulevard Ring.

Another half mile beyond is a third circle, the Garden Ring. It also was once a wall—but of mud—to protect those who couldn't huddle closer to the protection of the Kremlin. Today the area is chiefly a residential section, containing every type of home from sumptuous czarist palaces converted into embassies to overcrowded tenements and primitive frame houses from which the plaster has long since fallen, leaving the bare laths naked to the weather.

In 1935 Stalin decided that Moscow's narrow, cobblestoned streets and quaint little one- and two-story houses were unworthy of the communist capital. What was needed, he said, were large squares like London's, wide avenues like those of Paris and tall buildings like those in New York. Immediately crews of square makers went to work demolishing block after block of small houses, replacing them with huge fields of asphalt. The buildings on the main streets and the Rings were pushed back or torn down. Each time a street was widened it got a new Soviet name. The main shopping street, Tverskaya, was renamed after the communist

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writer, Maxim Gorki. The Garden Ring lost its shady gardens and became a twelve-lane highway, with a thirteenth lane in the middle reserved for ambulances, police vans and the cars of the top Kremlin officials.

Stalin's first prewar attempt at architecture produced a number of modernistic buildings made of porous cement which could absorb dirt, but could neither be painted nor cleaned. Originally white, they are now ugly black boxes—embarrassing reminders to the city architects that they once were modernists too.

After the war, Stalin condemned modernism or functionalism as anti-communist and a new style of architecture called Socialist Realism was officially adopted. Its closest counterpart abroad is the neo-classicism of the tasteless Victorian Age. Its façades abound in crenelated towers, Grecian urns and temples, statues of Soviet heroes, soldiers and farmerettes.

The most conspicuous of these monstrosities is the New University, on a hill at the outskirts of the city. Seven twenty- and thirty-story Socialist Realist "skyscrapers" also stand along the Garden Ring. Fortunately there are too few of them and they are too scattered to destroy the character of Moscow altogether. But they tower on every horizon as ugly memorials of a capricious, tasteless tyrant's reign.

Stalin was hardly dead before his successors decreed that in land-rich Moscow skyscrapers were not really realistic. The skeleton of a new thirty-story monstrosity, begun by Stalin next to the Kremlin itself, was hastily dismantled. The new leaders also decreed that real Socialist Realism needed fewer urns and statues and more plumbing—a decree that for once was applauded by the bathroom-hungry Muscovites, especially the 250,000 who have no running water whatever in their homes.

Unfortunately, the new decree came too late to save hundreds of apartment houses that had been built since the war on the outskirts of town, replete with urns, statues and gingerbread. Where, twenty years ago, only swamps, parks and clusters of wooden peasant hovels existed, huge communities of eight- and ten-story apartment buildings have risen—chiefly for the new elite of communism. They are convincing demonstrations that the Soviets can, if they want, mass-produce houses as well as jet bombers.

But whether Soviet construction engineers have solved the problem of quality is another question. Nikita Khrushchev, the leading Collective Leader, has complained that Soviet plumbing is often worse than it was when he was a plumber himself under the czar. Residents of the new buildings complain that the walls have a tendency to crumble, ceilings to fall in and windows to fall out. Some of the new buildings have nets stretched above the sidewalk to protect pedestrians from falling stucco urns and statues.

Despite these new communities that have transformed the outskirts of Moscow, the old city within the circles has changed little since the Revolution. Here the old tenements are still crowded with a family to almost every room. Overcrowding has long been Moscow's No. 1 headache. In 1907—a decade before the Revolution—10 per cent of the population lived in basements and a quarter of the population lived four to a room. Since the Revolution, Moscow has tripled in size, but has scarcely doubled in housing space.

To cope with the problems of living in such close quarters, an agency has been set up, aptly called the Ministry for Communal Living, which issues regulations on how to be happy in a Soviet apartment. The regulations prescribe exactly how bathroom and kitchen facilities and even corridors are to be shared. They also contain a long list of "don'ts." It is, for example, categorically forbidden to regulate your own radiators—that is the job of the state-appointed janitor. It is also forbidden to tap hot water from radiators or to "chop or saw wood in an apartment or on the stair landings." Yet, despite all these regulations, housing disputes crowd the calendars of Moscow's lower courts.

Twenty years ago, when I first lived in a Soviet apartment, I learned why complex regulations were necessary. The kitchen did double duty as a bathroom, and the bathtub, covered with a couple of planks, served as the kitchen table. To get a weekly bath, therefore, required the most delicate timing with the cooking habits of the families who shared the apartment with me.

Crowding is by no means confined to living quarters. Because communism seems to have produced more paper work than consumer goods, many old czarist shops have been converted into offices. Through their dirty show windows you can usually see dozens of clerks crowded together so closely that it is scarcely possible to move between the desks. Moscow's sidewalks are so crowded that Moscow traffic regulations require pedestrians, like automobiles, to keep to the right. Stores, banks and post offices are so crowded that lines upon lines of people waiting for something or other are one of Moscow's most familiar sights.

A current Moscow vaudeville comedian describes how, at a trade school, he learned twenty-nine ways of doing away with lines of people in front of furniture stores. One way is to move the line to the rear courtyard—a method in frequent actual use. Another is to move it up into the attic or down to the cellar. But, the comedian concludes with a sly grin, there's another way he's thought up all by himself—produce more furniture.

If you're a Muscovite, line-forming starts as soon as you get up in the morning—at the kitchen stove. Then there's the line for the bus to take you to work; the line at the office samovar for eleven-o'clock tea; the line for lunch. After work there's the line-up at the grocery-store door; the line at the bread counter; the line at the milk counter; the line at the cashier's window, and then the line at the counter where you collect your purchases. Lastly, out in the back yard, there's a line where you can resell your used milk bottles.

But the Muscovite's life is not all bread lines. Like Rome's Caesars, Moscow's dictators have learned to mix bread with circuses. Twice a year, on May Day and November seventh, the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, factories and offices are closed for several days. Shops are filled with luxuries. And the population is given a chance to parade through the streets, window-shop or lie abed. In Stalin's day, every office and factory was required to furnish a substantial number of paraders. But nowadays only those who "volunteer" must join the Red Square marches, with the result that about a sixth as many comrades as in Stalin's day turn out carrying banners proclaiming some article of current communist faith, like "Heavy Industry is the Foundation of the National Economy." The rest of the population can relax. At night, on every big square, bands, circus performers and the ubiquitous party propagandists erect temporary platforms on which to entertain the populace with military marches, dance music and, of course, a political speech or two.

Then Muscovites swarm through the streets. Motor traffic throughout the center of town is forbidden. Young boys and girls join in folk dances on the asphalt. Old women, a grandchild on each hand, toddle through the great squares. Parents with babies bundled like papooses on their backs promenade through the streets in what is called in Russian "A People's Walking Out." As soon as it is dark, teams of fireworks specialists at a given signal let fly their missiles in a grand salute to the city. At one-minute intervals thousands of rockets, Roman candles, star shells and flares burst over the entire city, while guns boom the salute. Then abruptly the celebration stops and the crowds line up again for buses to take them home. The People's Walking Out is over.

At least in partial compensation for the worst plumbing and the longest queues in the world, Moscow boasts the finest theaters of any capital. More than thirty dramatic theaters—twice as many per capita as in New York City—entertain those who can afford the price of a seat. Critics often pan the staleness of Moscow's Grand Opera Ballet, but technically it is still the best in the world. Though Soviet plays too often are propagandist trash, the Moscow Art Theater has no rival on the stage.

No one else loves theater as the Russians do. If you ask your ill-dressed peasant housemaid whether she prefers an American dress or an opera ticket for Christmas, she'll generally choose the latter. Tickets for a British performance of Hamlet were recently selling at $100 on the black market. At a concert of American jazz, university students were paying nine dollars for a single seat.

Moscow has five botanical gardens and over 100 museums, including the world's finest collection of modern French art. There are two "Palaces and seventeen Houses of Culture," including one for railroad workers and another for their children, eight "Parks of Culture and Rest," and no fewer than 226 clubs. These palaces, houses and clubs are in reality assembly points to which the population is summoned for periodic political indoctrinations, but, in addition, they help to alleviate the boredom of life.

Moscow's most modern boast is, of course, its subway. Few foreign visitors have escaped their guide's insistence that they peer down its deep moving stairways or examine its decorations. For gaudy mosaics, marble sculpture and clinical cleanliness the Moscow Metro outshines any other railroad under the earth. A Muscovite once asked me how it compared to the New York subway system. I told him that the latter carried twice as many passengers over seven times as many miles of track, but that its interior decorations were hardly comparable.

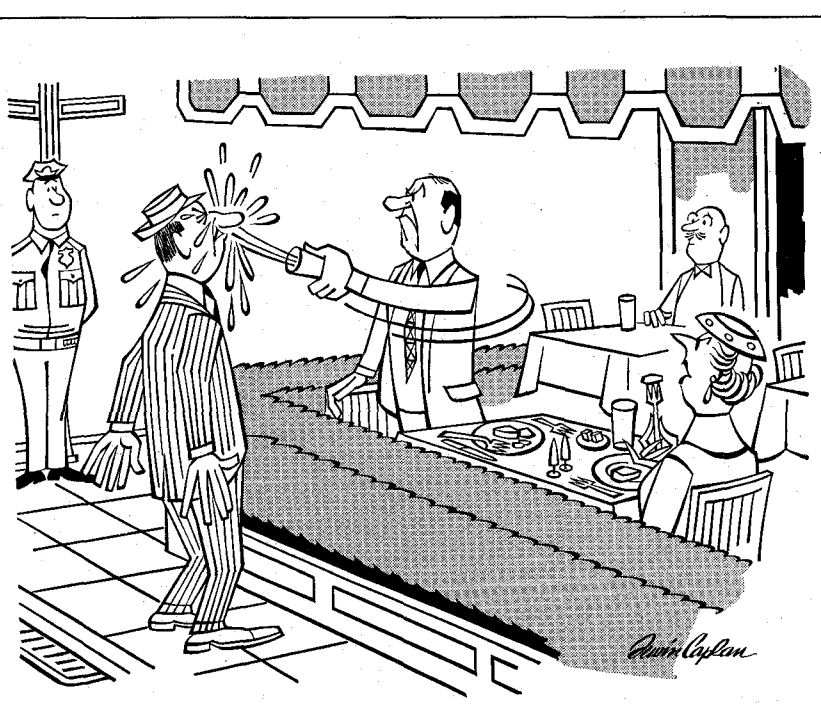
"I think I understand," my questioner replied condescendingly; "you Americans probably consider a subway primarily a means of transportation."

Though Moscow has a population of at least 5,000,000, there are probably fewer than 2000 foreigners from the West in the capital. The American colony numbers hardly 200, including diplomats and their families, journalists and occasional businessmen. Except for a handful of fellow travelers, they live in complete isolation from the local population. Some have lived many years in the Soviet capital without ever having seen the inside of a Russian home.

Such isolation, however, is not a communist invention. In the time of Peter the Great all foreigners were required to live behind a stockade in what was known as "The German Village." Today, Americans, British, French and other Westerners, deprived of non-Orthodox churches, assemble in their embassies for religious services. On Christmas Eve, for example, the British and American colonies gather in the cavernous ballroom of the American embassy to sing their Christmas carols.

To the Westerners, life in Soviet Moscow may often be grim, cold and hostile. To them, Stalin's acres of asphalt, stuccoed skyscrapers and twelve-lane avenues may lack the grandeur of Trafalgar Square, Fifth Avenue or the Champs Élysées. But to visitors from the east the Soviet capital has already reached the pinnacle of majesty. Every day awe-struck Chinese, Mongols and Indians, fresh from their mud villages and thatched huts, gaping wide-eyed at the city's wonders, hurry through the Alexander Garden on their way to worship like pilgrims at the tomb of the communist gods, Lenin and Stalin. To them "The Third Rome" is a reality.

And above, in the elms, the gloomy hooded crows peer down on the pilgrims contemptuously while they wait for the next intruder to disturb the Kremlin's brooding calm. THE END



"Norman, this is neither the time nor the place to argue politics!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Helpless in Love (Continued from Page 26)

door—as if he would be the only man, as if he would be overwhelmed.

Then suddenly everything changed. His whole life. The past withered. The future opened like a flower. Never had he thought he would see a girl like that, so small, so perfect, so alive—like a little *roi bekkie*, a little red-billed finch, in a bright frock that covered her as lightly as if it was a flame. She stood alone, as if looking for someone, as if waiting.

For me, he thought. *It has been meant. I have been directed here by the great forces which govern the world, by God.*

He walked up to her. "I am here," he said. He put out a hand as big as a soup plate. "I am Piet Marais," he said.

The girl looked up at him, her eyes wide open with surprise. "My name, *meneer*," she said, "is Francina Fourie."

"You are new," he said.

"*Meneer*, I am nineteen years of age."

"I mean I have never seen you before."

"And does Meneer Piet Marais imagine that he has seen everyone in the world?"

"*Ja*, in my world I have seen them," he said. "In the world of Boomspruit and the mountains which surround it. *Ja*," he said again, "there is not a man, nor a woman, nor a child for a hundred miles around that I do not know."

"And the girls," she said, "do you know them all too? Do you think that if you knew a child when she was twelve, you would know her as a woman of nineteen? Women are not like cattle," she said. "They change. *Ja*," she said, "they change from day to day—even from hour to hour."

Piet put an enormous hand on her back, seized her wrist and drew her onto the dance floor. He was alone with her. He saw no one. He did not have to. He was so large that everyone got out of his way. She was so small that she was scarcely visible against him.

Piet danced well. Like so many big men, he was light on his feet. He had danced a lot as a boy. It was only as he had matured and seen that the girls were setting snares about his feet that he had given it up. But it came back to him.

"It is like swimming, Francina," he said.

"What is?"

"Dancing with you."

"What do you mean? How is it like swimming?"

"That it comes back. You may not swim for years; then you fall in the water and you can still swim."

"You do not dance much?"

"I never dance now."

"Why not?"

"Girls," he said. "I cannot bear girls."

"And what do you think I am, *meneer?* A boy?"

He looked down at her. "I had not thought of it," he said, "but you are right ——"

"*Ja*, I am a young girl. Pretty, some say. Of marriageable age and looking for a husband."

"That's what always frightens me," he said, "girls looking for husbands. Girls with the riem of their beauty loose in their hands, holding it like a halter to catch the first man they can entice into their fathers' parlors. *Ja*, that is a terrible and frightening thing to consider if you are a man."

"You find me terrible and frightening?"

"You are not the same."

She drew away from him and swept him a curtsy. "*Meneer*," she said, "I am a young woman and, like all young women, I seek a husband. One who is handsome, rich and kind."

"That is good, then," he said, "for I am not handsome, I am not rich except in land and cattle, and I am not kind," he said. "Do you know what I am?"

"No," she said.

"I will tell," he said. "I am a beast in human form. *Ja*," he said, "I like to hunt and ride over the veld. And besides, I have no need of marriage. I have a splendid mother. A mother in a thousand."

"All mothers are splendid," the girl said. "That is what I should like to be."

He was staring down the parting of her hair. It was like a little trail through the veld, through the long grass of her hair. It was a miracle to him. It was as if he had never stared down on the top of a girl's head before.

"It is beautiful," he said. "Like a little pathway."

"What is?"

"The parting in your hair."

She said, "You did not hear what I said about what I wanted to be?"

"No," he said. "What do you want to be?"

"To be a wife and a mother."

"A mother is a wonderful thing."

"But there must be a man. A husband."

"You will find one," he said. "*Ja*, without difficulty. You are so beautiful."

It struck him, as he spoke, that he did not like the idea of a husband for her. "Come out," he said, "out into the air. I stifle here."

"*Ja*," she said.

The warm darkness of the yard enveloped them. The music was faint, the dancers pale, semiobscured by the dust of the dance floor that rose like smoke about their feet.

Piet felt very peculiar. "Let us sit," he said. They found some farm implements. He lifted her onto the seat of a hay rake.

He sat on the seat of a four-furrow disk plow. Then he got up and sat down on the spring tines of the hay rake below the girl. He found her hand in his.

"You have very small hands," he said.

"You have big hands."

"That is because I am big."

"And I have small hands because I am small."

He thought how wonderful she was. So beautiful, so clever.

Then he said, rising, "I must see you again."

"Why?"

"Because I must. You have done something to me."

"What have I done?" He could see her face, pale in the night, turned toward him.

"You make me feel queer," he said, "faint; and you give me a pain in the belly." He put his hand on his belt buckle.

"You say pretty things to girls, *meneer*. You must charm them all."

"I never speak to girls, but I am a truthful man. You give me a pain, so I tell you."

"It could be love," she said.

"Love is not a pain," he said.

"Some people say it is. Besides, *meneer*, I have a pain, too, when I look at you."

"It must be something we have eaten."

"But we have eaten nothing here. That is another sign. Not to eat is a sign of love."

"Oh, no," he said, "it is not love. If it was, you would not say so. You are a well-brought-up young girl. You would never say such a thing. But I must see you again."

"And get another pain?"

"I do not know. But I must see you."

"I shall not run away," she said.

"Who is your pa? How long are you here for? Are you visiting?"

"No," she said. "We shall be here for some time. My pa is Sergeant Fourie. He has taken over the police."

"A policeman's daughter! That is not possible!"

"It is true."

"I cannot believe it."

"Why not?"

"I hate policemen."

"You need not go out with my pa."

"But I must," he said. "That will be the only way." A plan had sprung fully matured into his mind. He must make friends with her father before he found out too much about him.

"*Ja*," he said. "I was wrong. Your father must be a wonderful man—quite different from all other policemen. Come along. I will take you home to your father at once. I cannot wait to meet him." He pulled her off the rake. She landed in his arms. He put his arms around her. "Do not fall," he said.

"I shall not fall if I cling to you."

She clung.

"Do not cling so hard," he said. "I cannot breathe." His breath was coming in gasps.

"And the pain in your belly is worse?"

"Worse?" he said. "It is unbearable."

"That is love," she said, and she stood on her toes and kissed his lips. He trembled for an instant; then he kissed her.

He said, "You must be right. It is love. Is that the way to kiss?" he asked. "That is what they do in the films. I have watched them carefully."

"Why did you watch?"

"I watch everything. It is good to learn. One never knows when things will come in. Strange knowledge is often useful."

"Like now," she said.

"Like now." He kissed her again.

"This is my car," he said, as he pushed her into an old open car. "It is a good thing to have a car if one is in love. I have seen that on the films too. They drive like this." He put an arm around her.

She wriggled away. "And the girls do like this. I have seen films, too, Piet."

He laughed. "But you will not always do like that?"

"No," she said. "But you are taking me home to my pa. Do you want him to see me all rumpled up?"

"You think I would rumple you?"

"*Ja*," she said. "If it is love, you would rumple and crumple me."

He thought for a moment. Then he said, "*Ja*, you are right. You are very wise. When I look into my heart I know I should rumple you. What surprises me is the wisdom of one so young. How do you know what I will do better than I myself?"

"That, Piet, is what they call a woman's intuition. A sixth sense that no man has."

He had no doubt she was right. Women had strange powers.

"Turn here," she said, "and it's the third house down."

"Why that was Sergeant Coetzee's house," he said.

"We took it over from him."

"I never heard of the transfer."

"It was all rather sudden," she said, "and perhaps there are some things you do not hear about."

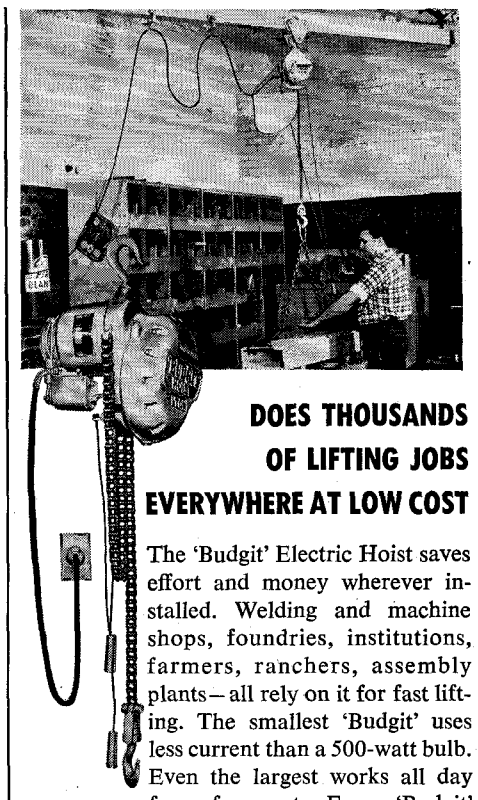
He said, "You are right. The times are changing now. New people are moving in. The old ways and customs are becoming lost with those people from the towns."

"I come from a town, Piet," she said. "From Pretoria."

"Why will you argue with me?" he said. "You are different."

"We must go in," she said. "My father will be waiting for me."

"And your ma?" Piet said.



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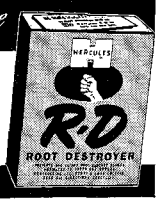

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"I have no mother. She died when I was quite young."

Her father greeted them. He was reading the paper, sitting near a table lamp, but got up when they came in. A tall man with graying hair. He was wearing his uniform trousers, but had on no jacket or tie.

"Meneer Piet Marais brought me home, pa," Francina said.

"That was good of him."

"Oh, no," Piet said. "I liked doing it."

"He has a fine car, pa."

"An old car, *meneer*, but it goes." Now he must do what he had come to do. "*Meneer*," he said, "do you like to shoot? Because if you do, would you like to come out with me on Saturday? I will fetch you in my car," he said. "We will have fine sport."

"That is very kind of you, Piet. I do not know many people here yet, and it will be good to get out on the veld again with a gun."

"Then Saturday," Piet said. "I will be here at half past eight. Good night," he said. . . . "Good night, Francina."

She said good night. Her father said good night.

As he went out of the door, Piet heard her father say, "That is a fine young man." For the first time he regretted some of the things he had done and must still do. What would he think afterward? What would he say? A week today. Less than a week, for it was late now—already Sunday—and there was a lot to do. He must go and see Stoffel. His friend, Stoffel.

"Now you understand," he said, "when you hear the shots you must come out and chase us. Come from the west, so that we can run toward the caves and hide there. It is clear?"

"*Ja*, Piet, it is clear," Stoffel said.

"Then, *till I see you*."

Saturday, like all winter days in the Transvaal, was crisp and clear. Later on, it would get hot unless a wind sprang up.

When Piet got to Francina's house—he called it that in his mind—he found her father ready. She was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Francina?" he asked.

"Busy," her father said. "Busy with some woman's work. She said we are to shoot plenty, so that she can make some biltong. She makes very good biltong."

"*Ja*," Piet said. "*Ja*, I am sure she does. Now we will go."

Sergeant Fourie picked up his rifle and bandoleer. "Are we going far?"

"About twenty miles. Most of the buck are shot out near the dorp," Piet said. "Poachers. There are some very bad poachers round here."

"I was told about them before I came. One in particular, called Marais—Piet Marais—was mentioned."

"A cousin," Piet said. "A bad lot, I am afraid, but every family has its black sheep. *Ja*," he said, "no one is perfect. And in every home there is a skeleton in some cupboard. Poor Piet is the cross we must bear. But it is hard that we should bear the same name. Two Piet Marais's. To a stranger it is at first confusing."

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"Many times. I have argued with him for hours at a time, trying to convince him of the error of his ways. But I have failed. *Ja*, *meneer*, when he sees a buck he is possessed by a kind of madness. Hunting," he said, "that is all he thinks of."

"Perhaps I can cure him," Francina's father said. "If I catch him I'll give him a good scare. A fright might do it, and the shame of a few days' prison, pending his trial."

Piet almost ran the car off the road. "You'd put Piet in prison?"

"Yes."

"Man," he said, "he would die if he were not free."

"It might cure him."

"No," he said, "he would die." He had the car under control again. Things were even worse than he had imagined; the police more brutal and unfeeling. Certainly Francina was no policeman's daughter. A foundling or, if not, a throwback to some earlier, more human ancestor.

He remained silent, lost in the horrors of thought. Suddenly he pulled up. "We are here," he said.

Now the great plan would begin. This was it. The rest had only been preparation.

"We'll leave the car here," he said, and drove it into a patch of bush beside the road. "We must go through the fence," he said, pushing his rifle under the wire.

"Shouldn't we go up to the house to tell them we're here?"

"Oh, no. They expect us and it's a long way."

The sergeant followed him.

They opened and closed their bolts to load their rifles, and put on their safety catches.

The country here consisted of clumps of heavy bush separated by low bare ground which in the summer was a marsh. Almost at once a herd of impala galloped into the open.

Piet dropped one.

"A good shot," the sergeant said.

They hung the dead buck in a tree to keep it safe from vultures.

"Now it's your turn," Piet said.

It came in a minute. A kudu bull stood looking at them fifty yards away. Sergeant Fourie hit it, but did not kill it. But Piet fired again and brought it down as it leaped and turned to run.

"There's some nice biltong there," he said as they dragged the body under a big hook-and-stick thorn.

He had led the sergeant out of the bush-patched country into the open. Suddenly he pointed. "Look, someone is coming," he said. There was a man on a gray horse riding toward them. He was still a long way off.

"We must run," he said. "I know a place. Come," he said, "we must run."

"Run? Why run?"

"Because if we don't we'll be caught."

"What does it matter? We are not poachers."

"But that's just what we are. This man—this Stoffel Pretorious, who owns this farm—is a terrible man for poachers. That's why there is so much game here," he said. "We should not have come, but I wanted you to have some sport. And my cousin, Piet, said there was always game here. *Ja*," he said, "I heard that Stoffel was away on a visit. But that's him. I know his horse and the way he rides. Come," he said, "we must run. I will save you."

They ran toward some low hills, bending down and taking advantage of every bit of cover. When they stopped to gain their breath, lying flat on the grass, Piet said, "There are caves over there."

"But won't he look in the caves? Do you know what this means for me, young man? It means my career. A sergeant of police caught poaching."

"Don't worry," Piet said. "You are safe with me. I will save you. You are Francina's father. But you must promise me something."

"What is it? You got me into this and now, to get me out, you want something. That is called blackmail. *Ja*," he said, "it is a crime for which you can be jailed for many years."

"Do not talk to me of jail. Either you promise or we all go. *Ja*, all two of us."

"I promise. But what is it? How can I help promising?"

"I wish to marry Francina," Piet said, "and I require your permission."

"And you got me into this for that. To try to force me. Young man, you do not know Francina. I could not stop her if she wants you—though why she, or anyone, should is beyond me."

"Is that a kind thing to say, when I will save you? And I only tried to give you some sport."

"These caves," Fourie said. "Why will he not look for us there?"

"I expect he will, but they are very big. Many men have been lost in them. Some have never come back. I have found the skulls and bones of men who died there. It is an interesting place. You will like it. *Ja*," he said, "it is just the sort of place a policeman would like. Like prison and full of bones."

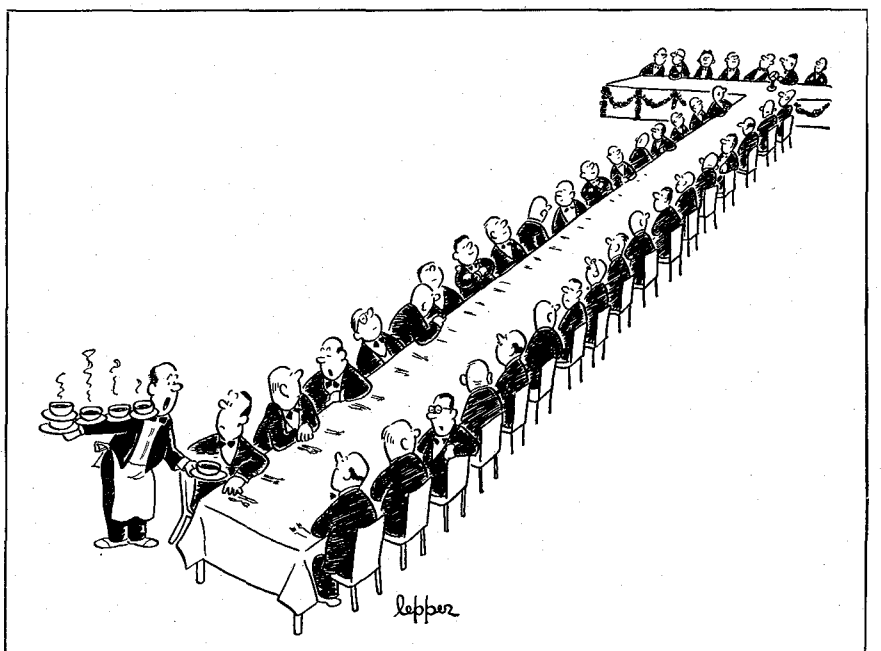
"And you will not get lost?"

"I hope not. My mother would be sad if I were lost. You see, sergeant—pa," he said, "I am the apple of her eye."

"I'm sure you are, Piet. But don't call me 'pa' till you have seen Francina."

"*Ja*, pa," Piet said, "and now in here." He parted some bushes and dived into a cleft in the rocks.

At last, after some hours in which there was no conversation, the two men came



"Pass it along."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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out. Piet did some scouting and returned to say the coast was clear.

"*Ja*," he said, "that is one thing about Stoffel—he likes to eat. He has given up, and gone home. By now he has had his food, and is fast asleep with his hands folded on his belly."

"You seem to know him well."

"I know everyone well, pa."

"Don't call me that."

"No, sergeant. You see, I study people and their habits."

"That must be interesting."

"It is interesting."

At last they worked their way back, crawled through the fence and found the car. Piet wanted to go back for the buck, but the sergeant would not let him.

"No," he said, "I have had enough for one day."

When they got back to Sergeant Fourie's house, Piet said, "Those are my horses!"

There was a cape cart tied up to the gate. He stopped the car and went up to look at them. He patted their necks. He checked the riem that tied the disselboom to the post. It was tied fast.

"Piet, Piet!" He looked up. His mother was calling him from the little garden. Francina was with her.

"Ma," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I wanted some things in the dorp. You had the car, so I drove. It is a pleasure to drive behind horses again."

"*Ja*," he said. "But here? With Francina?"

"Come in, Piet," she said.

He went up to Francina. "It's all right," he said. "*Ja*, I have fixed things with your pa. He says I can marry you."

"He does? And will I?"

"*Ja*, you will. Did you not come to me at the dance like a duck to a worm?" She began to laugh. "I did not mean that," he said, shuffling his feet, "but you know what I mean."

"*Ja*, I know," she said. "I came because I recognized you at once."

"How did you know me?"

"Your ma said you would come. She told me what you looked like—like a big yellow trek ox, a wheel ox as wide as you were tall and as big as a house."

"She said that? My ma did? Said I was coming to the dance? How is it that you know her?"

"Know her, Piet? Once she and my pa were sweethearts. Before she married your pa. Then when she heard he was coming here, she came to the house."

"And I never knew. She said she was shopping."

"She came to the house," Francina went on, "and we met and talked. She said it was time I got married. That I was a pretty girl. Naturally, I did not argue. She said she had a great son who was a good lad, but foolish, and she'd send him to the dance for me to look over. She also said that Sterkwater is a good farm. And that she and my pa are thinking of getting married. They have been writing to each other."

"Ah," Piet said, "so those were his letters. She said it was business."

"Is not marriage business? And having children and the like?"

"I do not know," Piet said. "I have no idea." He sat down on the steps. His mother and Sergeant Fourie were talking.

The sergeant came toward him. "Piet," he said.

"*Ja*, pa," Piet said. "I might as well call you pa, at once, since I am to be both your stepson and son-in-law."

"*Ja*, Piet," said the sergeant. "You may call me 'pa,' but now that we are one family there is something that must be done once and for all."

"And what is that?"

"Something must be done about this poaching cousin of yours. We can have no scandal in the family."

"That's right," Piet said. "Something must be done. I will put my foot down."

"You have a lot of influence with him?"

"*Ja*," Piet said. "I am very close to him." Prison, he thought. He would die in prison and his children be disgraced. "It is his children I am thinking about. Poor little things left fatherless."

"*Ja*," Francina said, "it is his children that I think about too." She began to laugh.

Ordeal by Canoe (Continued from Page 23)

busses from their wives, who had followed their progress all through the long night and day.

They also were resolved never to compete again in the 240-mile marathon. Having retired the trophy by winning it for the third straight year, they were going to retire right along with it. Bernie Fowler, twenty-nine, and Don Feldhauser, thirty-three, agreed that it was getting too rough for old men such as themselves, and their wives concurred. Bernie's wife, Patricia, almost wept at the sight of his tortured hands. June Feldhauser said of her husband, "Don was more rational this year and recognized me at the portages. Other years, I'd run beside him and talk to him, and he wouldn't even know I was there."

There was no doubt about the rigors of the course. Of the twenty-five teams that entered the 1955 race, only nine lasted to reach Oscoda. Some quit when their canoes were too badly damaged for quick repairs. Some were forced out by cruelly torn hands, by scraped shins, illness or exhaustion. Others lost too much time finding their way in the darkness.

The winners faced the same hazards, but licked them. Don Feldhauser finished the race with painful skinned shins. Stomach cramps seized Bernie Fowler a third of the way downstream, and he was given an antacid by the team of friends and family which raced by auto downstream. At Mio Dam, first portage on the route, their canoe banged violently against a rock as they charged wildly down the earth-fill bank, but the carefully reinforced outer shell prevented a time-consuming break in the hull. The team holds the all-time record for the course—seventeen hours, thirty-three minutes, set in 1953 and equaled in 1954—and were well ahead of this time until they hit the stretch below Alcona Dam, near the halfway mark.

"We ran out of water below Alcona and had to drag and push the canoe through the shallows," Bernie reported after the race. The power company hadn't released enough water by the time the leading crew reached this stretch, and the delay cost them an estimated nine minutes.

Both men have lived in and around Grayling all their lives. Both know the upper Au Sable thoroughly. Bernie Fowler, a sturdy 190-pounder just a shade under six feet tall, has been in all nine annual marathons. Feldhauser, a six-footer who trims his 190 pounds down to a sinewy 170 by race time through training and worrying, has been in five races, all as Bernie's partner. The Fowlers have a place called Edgewater Resort, near Stephan's Bridge, below Grayling, where they rent several large cabins to fishing, hunting and canoe parties, and Bernie guides on the river. Don Feldhauser lives a few miles upstream from the Fowlers, and guides fishing and hunting parties in season. Before the race, they made practice runs on long stretches of the stream, and Bernie, a licensed pilot, even flew his light plane the length of the river to spot obstructions. They spent days making their own paddles and polishing their canoe's outer shell to a shining slickness.

The marathon is the annual windup of the summer holiday season in the Grayling–Oscoda region and is usually held over the Labor Day weekend. The 1955 running took place September third and fourth, with the start at night in Grayling, so that the finish would be made in daylight at Oscoda. It is sponsored by the Crawford County Chamber of Commerce (Grayling), the Oscoda-Au Sable Chamber of Commerce, and the East Michigan Tourist Association, which put up the total $2050 prize money, except for the entry fees of ten dollars for each canoe.

Grayling long has been one of the great canoeing and fishing centers of Michigan. It started as a lumber town, deriving its name from the Michigan grayling, a fish which once inhabited the Au Sable River, but is now extinct in the state except for experimental plantings. Lumbering operations, which practically turned the river into a canal to float logs, helped eliminate the grayling. The banks of the main river and its north, south and middle branches were stripped of the virgin stands of white pine, maple and other valuable woods, and the logs were floated down to mills around Oscoda. Later a railroad brought logs to mills in Grayling, but the timber resource finally was exhausted and the last mill whistle blew in 1927.

The town fought extinction by turning to the tourist-hunting-fishing trade. The cutover forests attracted big deer herds. The Au Sable River, stocked with trout, began to provide superior fishing. The headwaters of the Au Sable and the equally well-known Manistee River are almost side by side near Grayling, but, curiously, they flow in opposite directions, the Au Sable eastward to Lake Huron, the Manistee west to Lake Michigan. Canoeing on both is just about perfect, with safe water, wild country, good camping and fishing along the way.

Unembarrassed

By Jane Merchant

This is a day of little shining showers
That do not pay the slightest heed at all
To whether it's on dusty-petaled flowers
Or freshly washed and spotless clothes they fall.

I stifle any impulse to berate.
The clothes will dry, the flowers are free of dust,
And we might blush, should rain discriminate
Too well between the unjust and the just.

Grayling naturally became a canoe center, outfitting parties and renting craft.

Canoe regattas were common long ago, with as many as 200 craft taking part, but the first marathon run to Oscoda wasn't staged on the Au Sable until 1947—when the winning time of Allen Carr and Del Case was twenty-one hours, three minutes. A few persons chipped in to provide small prizes, and nearly sixty canoes were entered. Hugh and Frank Bissonette won the next two races, but failed to retire the trophy when the team of Ted Engle and Jay Stephan came along to dominate the racing for three years. Then Bernie Fowler and Don Feldhauser took over in 1953, 1954 and last year.

Bernie and Don make their own paddles out of basswood—which is sturdy and doesn't split easily—and had five ready, carrying three spares. "Near the end of the race we sometimes throw the spares away if the ones we are using hold up," Bernie said, "just to reduce all weight and stuff in the canoe to a minimum. It's easy to break a paddle in the shallow upper river, and it's happened to us before. These paddles are five feet, three inches long and square at the bottom instead of rounded. We think the square end gives us more power on the stroke."

Each paddle weighs approximately three pounds and is reinforced with fibered glass around the bottom edge, where it might split, and at the lower hand grip just above the blade.

All canoes in the race must have what is called a rounded bottom, although it is nearly flat; they must be at least thirty-six inches wide at the widest part, and at least thirteen and one-half inches deep. Previously, racing canoes were used—narrow, shallow, and with a V-shaped bottom. Since many would-be contestants couldn't afford such expensive, specialized canoes, the sponsors eliminated them.

Bernie and Don used a standard canoe eighteen and one-half feet long, covered with two layers of fibered glass. "The sanded and waxed surface protects us to some extent from rocks," Bernie explained. "Especially on the portages, when we drag the canoes down the banks of the dams instead of carrying them. We put it on extra heavy at the stern end, which takes the banging."

I asked Bernie about eating and drinking during the race. "The river water's pure up at this end, and we just drink it as we go along," he said. "Later, we use warm tea handed to us at the portages, and then cold tea as the day warms up. Sometimes we use bouillon. The worst suffering on the trip is a raw and sore throat, from breathing so much through the mouth. We used to drink orange juice, but too much upsets the stomach. Canned peaches are perfect. We never know what's going to taste good. One year we found beef sandwiches ideal, the next year we couldn't stand the thought of them. Sandwiches are cut up into

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mouth-size pieces, and we eat and drink as we go along. When they hand us food at the portages, we never touch it until we get under way again." On the day of the race they always have a big steak dinner at Bernie's home about four hours before the start.

On the day before the race last year, the first apparent excitement hit Grayling when the teams present drew for positions in the Chamber of Commerce building. One man from each team present pulled a numbered slip out of the Marston Memorial Trophy—named for Tom Marston, an early developer of the East Michigan tourist trade—the cup at stake in the race.

Fowler drew No. 1. This meant that he and Feldhauser would get off first, and the pressure would be on the others to overtake them. The river is so narrow in Grayling that the canoes are started at fifteen-second intervals, one at a time, and the contestants' times are adjusted at the last dam, so that no one suffers from his position in the race, except psychologically. The defending champions' most likely contenders—Larry Kindell, National City, and Steve Kolonich, Tawas City, who finished second in 1954—were sandwiched in the draw at No. 16. At No. 9 were John Stephan and Jack Kent. Oscoda's favorites, eighteen-year-old Ralph Sawyer and twenty-one-year-old Tom Gildersleeve, drew No. 6. A pair of dark horses from Minneapolis, Tom Estes and Irvin Peterson, were No. 19. Others who came in later were awarded positions in the order of their applications, which were accepted up to an hour and a half before race time.

The holiday mood descended upon Grayling next day as friends and families of the contestants and other spectators started to pour in.

The canoes were lined up in a fenced-off lot near the launching spot, Ray's Canoe Livery, and late afternoon found the contestants making last-minute preparations. Some put plastic coverings over the centers of their canoes, to keep out water. Others fitted up elaborate drinking gadgets consisting of hoses stuck into plastic bags or insulated jugs containing hot or cold liquids, and taped tightly into place. The idea was that they could put the hoses in their mouths and drink as they went along. Some of the canoes had fancy footboards and air cushions for the paddlers. All had lights mounted in the bow for night travel. Veterans of former races agree that the lights are nearly useless except for emergencies or to let their teams know they are approaching the portages.

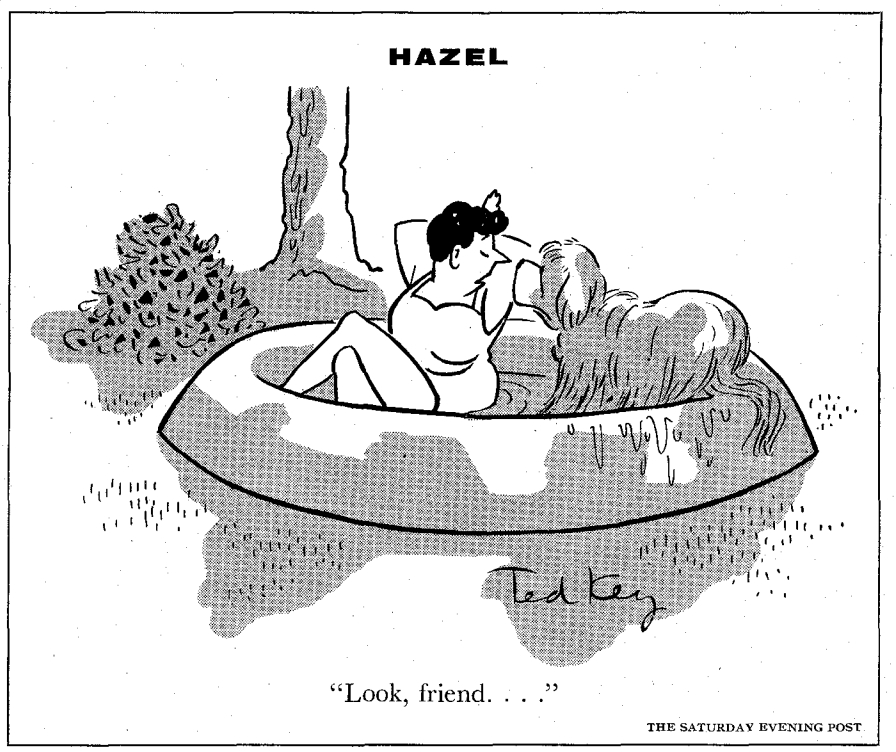
Although inspectors were supposed to see that all canoes and equipment passed the standards set for the race, none were in sight. Bill Turner, secretary-manager of the race, grinned when asked why. "The best inspectors are the contestants," he explained. "They look over each other's equipment, and if it doesn't come up to snuff they come running to us fast. Then we investigate."

They do check the contestants. Minimum racing age is fifteen years, and all under twenty-one must have the consent of their parents or guardians. The officials can demand a medical examination if there is any doubt about the physical condition of a contestant. There were a few collapses en route in earlier races. All who finish the race get a physical checkup at Oscoda. Usually they are found to be in good shape except for blistered hands, skinned legs and whip marks where they have been lashed by branches in the dark. All lose weight. "I lost twenty-one pounds in the first race, in 1947," Bernie told me, "but now I only lose four or five pounds."

Two boys' races, both short runs down the river, gave the gathering crowd a foretaste of the main event, as they also were started from Ray's Canoe Livery. There was a brief flurry as the last two teams entered just under the dead line and were announced over the public-address system. No. 24 was a father-son team, J. A. Kuenz, forty-eight, and Paul Kuenz, twenty, of Jackson, Michigan; the twenty-fifth entry was Edouard Gauthier, twenty-two, and Bruno Lucisano, twenty-one, of Detroit. Both teams were destined to finish in the money, in ninth and seventh places.

By nightfall, the canoes were moved out of the lot and lined up in numerical order at the floodlighted dock. The crowd filled the area, lining the street bridge across the river and the downstream banks of the Au Sable.

A huge moon added its glow to the scene, and there was only a hint of the chill to come later in the night. Heavy rains several days before had brought up the river, so that it was flowing with a steady current of five to six miles per hour.



"Look, friend. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Two men in waders entered the water to help steady the canoes and see that they got started properly. They would be the last persons allowed to touch the canoes, other than the actual contestants. One of the most strictly enforced rules is that no one may help the racers in the stream or on portages. Their teams may hand the competitors food, drink, changes of clothing, or notes, but they may not touch the canoes. Another equally strict rule is that the canoes must remain in the river at all times except for the six portages over dams. Watchers are stationed at unannounced points to see that no one takes a short cut overland, as at Burton's Landing or Pullover, a short distance downstream from Grayling, where a very short portage over the narrow neck of an oxbow could save at least a mile of river travel.

Bernie and Don, clad in jeans and sweat shirts, and wearing sweatbands on their foreheads, got into their canoe, Bill Hines waved a yellow starter's flag promptly at 8:30, the crowd roared, and they swept off in a bedlam of noise and flashing lights to disappear in the darkness around a bend. Every fifteen seconds another team started in the same uproar, until all twenty-five were launched.

The gala crowd took to automobiles and drove along the river to follow the contestants. Some were going to follow the race all night and all the next day, but everyone headed for the first spot where the progress of the contest could be seen clearly, Stephan's Bridge, about seventeen miles below Grayling. Long before the canoeists reached the bridge, every vantage point was taken by spectators. The Au Sable River Inn, located there, had standing room only, and very little of that.

At 10:15 P.M., a roar went up from the crowd, "Here they come!" Bernie and Don, who were never headed, swished into the glare of lights and the screams of well-wishers and swished right out again, looking neither right nor left. Several minutes went by before the next canoe reached the bridge, so the Grayling veterans already had a comfortable lead.

The same cry of "Here they come!" was to greet the racers from every vantage point along the route. One contestant came to grief in the first few miles when a rock punched a hole in his canoe. Five had dropped out by Wakely Bridge, some twenty-five miles from the start. Ten left the race in the first seventy-five miles. The river in this stretch, before the backwaters of Mio Dam are reached, runs one to four feet in depth, with an occasional rock, snag or overhanging limb to menace canoes running in the dark.

Estimates of the marathon's length range from 180 miles in the state-published book, Canoe Trails of Michigan, to the 240 miles claimed by the sponsors. The larger number seems more logical as the river is at least double the highway length between Grayling and Oscoda, approximately 100 miles.

At three o'clock, spectators at Mio Dam built bonfires to warm themselves and to serve as beacons. A light appeared far out on the lake, grew slowly in size, and then Don and Bernie were at the dock. A path was cleared for them through the spectators. They yanked their canoe from the water, grabbed it up forward and went charging down the dirt fill of the dam, with the canoe dragging behind them with a great clattering and bumping. There's no time for back-carrying a canoe in the popular manner of a portage. Their team raced beside them, asking them what they wanted, throwing food and liquids into the craft. The minute they hit the water, they were off again—almost twenty-one minutes ahead of the next team.

At Mio, the pattern of the race became apparent. Larry Kindell, of National City, Michigan, and Steve Kolonich, of Tawas City, Michigan, second-place winners in 1954, were in second place, a position they were to hold to the finish line. The teams of youngsters, Ralph Sawyer and Tom Gildersleeve, of Oscoda, and John Stephan and Jack Kent were battling for third place. Sawyer and Gildersleeve ran into trouble at the next dam, Alcona, first portage by daylight. During the wild dash down the earth bank and across the level to the entrance spot below the dam, they banged a hole in their canoe and had to stop to repair it. They stopped again at Loud Dam for further repairs, and Stephan and Kent moved comfortably into third position.

At Alcona Dam, too, James L. Dynes, of Otisville, stood quietly on the highway watching the progress of the race, holding his hands awkwardly in front of him. His palms and fingers were little more than raw flesh. The injury had forced him and his partner, Marion D. Ferris, out of the race at McKinley Bridge, between Mio and Alcona dams, and it was too early in the morning to find medical attention in that rural region. "It never happened to me in a race before," he said.

The Minneapolis team pulled out at Alcona. "We lost too much time getting lost," one explained briefly. Early-morning fog had added to the difficulties of the canoeists.

At Five Channels Dam, in the middle of the morning, Bernie Fowler dragged the canoe alone for about 100 yards from the top of the dam to the put-in spot below, entirely unaware that Don had slipped and couldn't catch up with him. The terrific strain was showing on all contestants by this time.

Times were adjusted at Foote Dam, a little more than twenty miles above Oscoda. Fowler and Feldhauser had to wait six minutes and fifteen seconds—the length of time between their start and the twenty-fifth starter in the launchings. Kindell and Kolonich, as No. 16 starters, had to wait two and one-quarter minutes. This adjustment of handicaps at the dam meant that the first team reaching Oscoda would be the winner. Foote Dam looked more like a stadium than a power dam as a colorful crowd from Oscoda lined it. The time was noon.

Fowler and Feldhauser pulled across the finish line first in Oscoda; Kolonich and Kindell were second—and winners of $500—fifteen minutes behind the leaders. Stephan and Kent won third and $200; Sawyer and Gildersleeve finished fourth despite their mishap. Twenty-one-year-old Tom Krause and eighteen-year-old Dick Curry, of Detroit, were fifth. A band played, boat whistles blew, a crowd of about 5000 cheered the early arrivals, and the tired contestants went off to have showers, physical examinations and a rest before the awards were made that night. There was a street dance and an ox roast—and then word got around that one more canoe was still out on the river. It was the Kuenz father-and-son team from Jackson, Michigan. The forty-eight-year-old father had become ill back at Wakely Bridge, but had insisted on pushing on after receiving medical care. At Foote Dam they were advised to quit because all the other remaining contestants had long since reached Oscoda.

"Son, we've come this far, and we're going to finish," the older man said. And finish they did in ninth place—worth twenty-five dollars—at 10:34 that night, to receive a huge ovation from the crowd that swarmed back to the finish dock.

THE END

Editors' Note—As we went to press, we learned that Bernie Fowler will race again, this time with John Stephan, who was on the third-place team. And thirty-four-year-old Steve Kolonich, whose canoe came in second last year, plans to enter with his teen-age son, Garry.

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Keeping Posted

When in Russia Collectivize Yourself

Russian experts Thayer, Kennan during a rendezvous in Munich.

Charles Thayer, former member of our Diplomatic Service, once was part owner of the only private stable of horses in the Soviet Union. The author who describes Moscow on page 34 first went there years ago, before the United States established diplomatic relations with Russia, and he boarded with a Russian family to learn the language. Soon he became secretary to the new United States ambassador, William Bullitt; then he and some other bachelors on the staff rented a house outside of Moscow, and got some riding horses. But their stable didn't stay private very long. The price of fodder was so awful that they decided to collectivize themselves—just told local authorities they were collected, pointing out that if their county were not 100 per cent collectivized, that would be a degrading situation. Result: nice low prices for fodder.

When Thayer made his last trip to Moscow, after serving elsewhere for many years, his former Russian acquaintances were afraid to speak to him, except one. "Old bewhiskered Marshal Budenny kissed me on both cheeks, and recalled the time he, my brother-in-law, Ambassador Chip Bohlen, and I drank whisky out of a watermelon in the Caucasus twenty years ago." Thayer, writer of several recent Post reports on Russia, adds that when he checked into Moscow's National Hotel, his room seemed vaguely familiar. Suddenly he remembered. Bill Bullitt had interviewed him there before giving him his first diplomatic job.

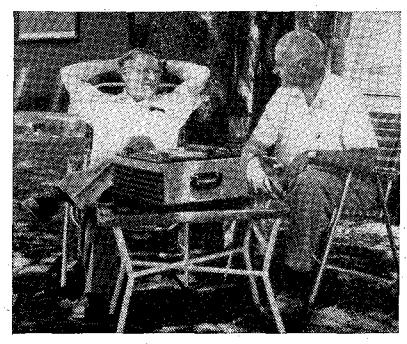
Reporter Off His Beat

As journalist George Weller, of the Chicago Daily News, habitually covers political and other shenanigans in the Middle East, it is surprising to have him turn up on page 30 analyzing ranching in the South American Chaco. Well, an able reporter can report ably about anything; for instance, this one once won the Pulitzer prize for describing an appendectomy on a submarine. Besides, Weller says he does have some cowboy experience; in earlier days, at the Evans Ranch School in Tucson, he taught Latin and Shakespeare. Simultaneously, he studied Western polo on an Indian pony named Ivan, but neither the pony nor Weller went far together, and pretty soon the Daily News said, "Come east, young man." The reason Weller went to South America had little to do with ranching; his purpose was to try to persuade the folks there to vote for Squaw Valley, California, for the winter Olympics in 1960. Our good neighbors did.

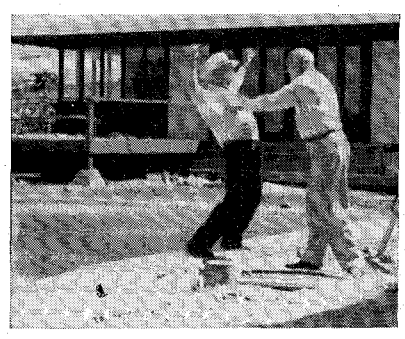
In Paradise Gardner Contemplates Murder

Comment on life by Erle Stanley Gardner, who launches another Perry Mason mystery on page 15: "My life still is dedicated to crusading for better administration of justice, writing books, and supporting the Government financially in the style to which it has become accustomed."

Gardner wrote that from an inner, inner sanctum. When this hyperactive man stays still in one spot long enough, he dwells on a ranch near Temecula, California—his outer, inner sanctum. But when too many worldly interruptions get in his hair, he tells his secretaries he is unavailable, "and I flee to a



Crime experts Gardner, Snyder. Below: Police! Is this murder?



sublimated camp in Paradise." Which place is actually on the map, a magnifying glass says.

In Paradise, when Gardner is not being interrupted by writing or something, he sits in a boat on a remote lake and with field glasses studies wild life, presumably considering it more composing and just than civilized life. Lest people think him crazy, he holds a fish rod in one hand, with or without bait on the hook. If a fish bumps into the hook by mistake, Gardner hurriedly turns it loose. "The idea of swimming under water with no incoming mail or income tax is so alluring I can't bear to deprive a fish of the golden hours of his existence."

When not writing or unhooking fish, Gardner is very busy these days on a crime-research project with Dr. LeMoyne Snyder, famous criminologist, who also has a sanctum in Paradise. Just now they are appraising a theory held by Arthur E. Bernard, warden of Nevada State Penitentiary, that murderers may follow certain basic patterns in hiding bodies; Bernard sent the crime scholars tape-recorded interviews with killers, which they are listening to in the photo. The other photo, which shows Snyder trying to kill Gardner by casting him into Snyder's empty swimming pool, is so hard to explain that let's not try to.

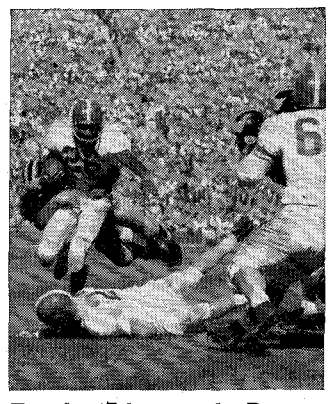
Western Writer Wins One of His Spurs

When the Western Writers of America held their annual convention in Santa Fe not long ago, during the final banquet, S. Omar Barker limped up to the speaker's table on a game leg. There, he was awarded the WWA's gold spur for the best Western short story of 1955—Bad Company, which ran in the Post. Regarding his leg, he told his 200 fellow writers that he was used to getting around in rough country and that when he arrived in the city he sprained his ankle on a flat sidewalk. As he and Mrs. Barker (see above) live in Las Vegas, New Mexico, which has sidewalks, his explanation makes little sense. "I have a horse," he remarks, "so all I now need is another spur."

Among many Post regulars at the meeting were Tommy Thompson (he has won two spurs and now is bucking for a horse); Col. Andy Geer, who has written on a variety of subjects, including the famed marine horse, Reckless; and Bill Gulick, who was re-elected WWA president. Barker has a special shift key on his typewriter which often makes his Western words emerge in verse form, such a switch being on page 72.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Pigskin Preview"



For the 17th year, the Post unveils a new football season, with expert ratings of players and teams. Analyst Fred Russell gives you a nationwide roundup.

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